

PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER

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Fashion
Authority

25¢



JUDY GARLAND
By Paul Hesse

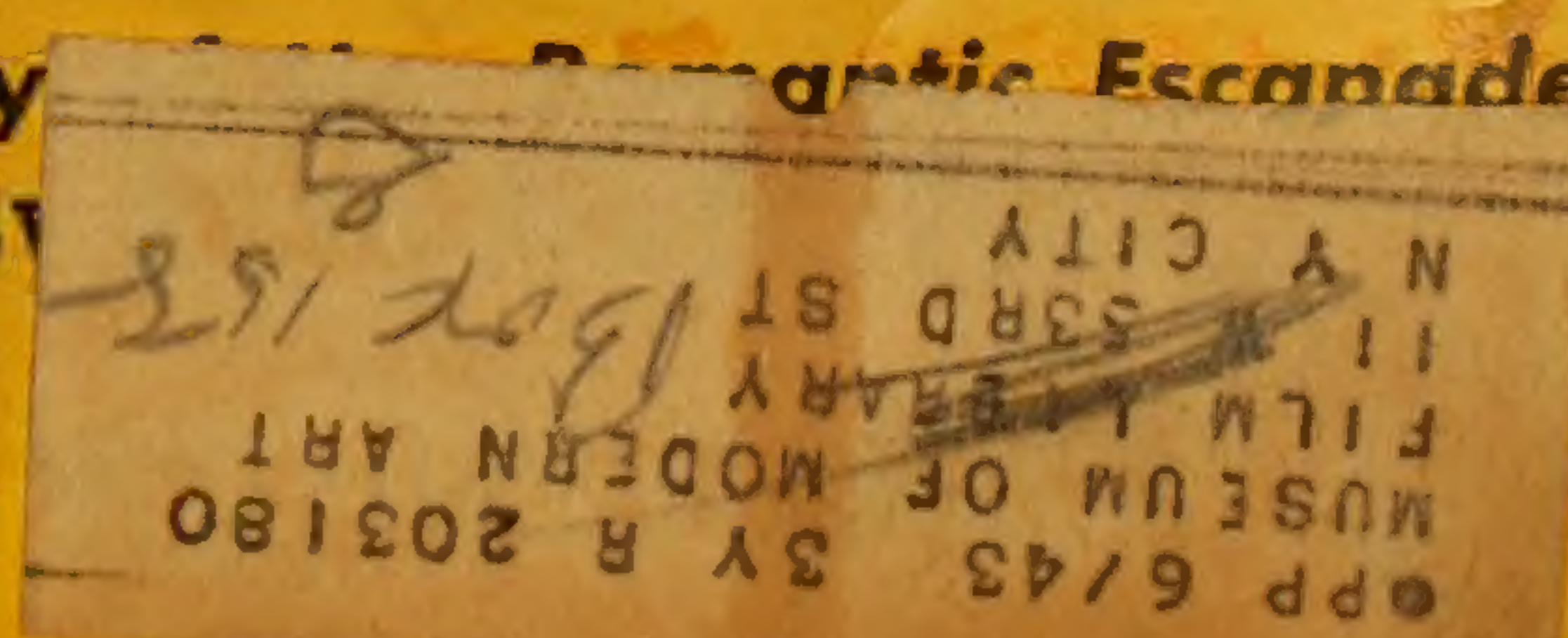
BOYS—AND JUDY GARLAND

CHARLIE CHAPLIN TALKS

The Story of Romantic Escapades

By

By



"Bud Vase"

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A sextette of exciting Eau de Toilette fragrances symbolic of the flowers of the Western Continent, in

"BUD VASES"

the glamorous and colorful Pan-American series of six stately, high-style porcelain-type vases. . . When the last drop of L'Orlé Eau de Toilette has been used, the flacon becomes a beautiful and adorable flower bud vase.

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with Flowers of Rio

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Mr. Bernarr Macfadden
requests the honour of your presence
at the marriage of his magazine

PHOTOPLAY

to

MOVIE MIRROR

on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh of November
nineteen hundred and forty

on the newsstands of the nation

It gives us great pleasure and pride

to announce this union of PHOTOPLAY, the
aristocrat of motion picture magazines,

to MOVIE MIRROR, with its warmth and friendliness

At home

to our readers

In the JANUARY ISSUE and thereafter

WATCH FOR IT

PHOTOPLAY
combined with
movie
MIRROR

now
only
10¢

FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE "NEWS" PAGE 3

DECEMBER, 1940

Sweethearts



Of all the musical thrills your singing sweethearts ever gave you, here is the greatest! Ziegfeld's memorable stage triumph—crowded with romance and melody—becomes in glorious Technicolor a picture you'll never forget. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly presents...

JEANETTE

NELSON

MacDONALD • EDDY

in NOEL COWARD'S

Bitter Sweet

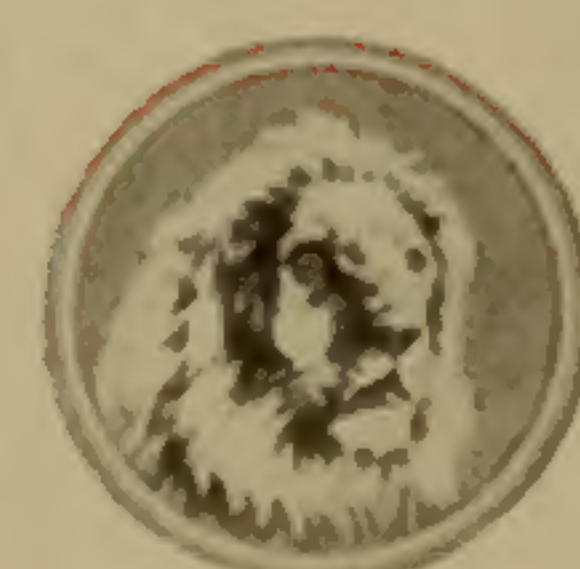
Photographed in Technicolor with

GEORGE SANDERS, IAN HUNTER, FELIX BRESSART

Original Play, Music and Lyrics by Noel Coward. Screen Play by Lesser Samuels

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II. Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Songs: "THE CALL OF LIFE" "I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN" "WHAT'S LOVE" "TOKAY" "DEAR LITTLE CAFE" "LADIES OF THE TOWN" "ZIGEUNER"

PHOTOPLAY

ERNEST V. HEYN **FRED R. SAMMIS**
EXECUTIVE EDITOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY **HEYWORTH CAMPBELL**
EDITOR ART EDITOR

News!

WITH its next issue PHOTOPLAY magazine takes the most important step in its history.

Since its inception twenty-nine years ago, PHOTOPLAY has been the mouthpiece of fans, stars and the cinema itself, a forum in which all the interests of the industry have been heard frankly and freely. In that time it has earned a place in the world of motion pictures never approached by any other publication.

When Bernarr Macfadden acquired the magazine six years ago, he determined at all costs to maintain its standard in quality and its leadership in the field of motion picture publications. In these days when every buyer is more than ever concerned about each penny, we have sought a way to maintain that standard in leadership and still make the magazine available to the hundreds of thousands of people who might not wish to spend twenty-five cents for it.

So now PHOTOPLAY magazine comes to what we believe is an even greater destiny. We believe that the usefulness of this publication beginning with the next issue will be extended far beyond its original frontiers. For you will now be able to buy PHOTOPLAY for ten cents.

Among Bernarr Macfadden's great magazines is one known as MOVIE MIRROR, which has been under the same editorial guidance as PHOTOPLAY. By linking these two publications into one it will now be possible to offer MOVIE MIRROR readers a greatly improved magazine and to give PHOTOPLAY readers their favorite features in addition to some outstanding new ones.

Beginning with the January issue, the merged publication will appear under the name PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. It will sell for ten cents. It will contain lifelike full-color pages, possible in no other similarly priced magazine. You will find in its pages Close Ups and Long Shots by Ruth Waterbury, Shadow Stage, Cal York, Casts of Current Pictures and many of the other features and writers you have grown to love.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR sets out on its journey to meet your approval with the prospect of a circulation greater than any other in its field, a distinction which will make it possible to keep this the leader in quality as well as in quantity.

Those of you who are PHOTOPLAY subscribers will receive two and one-half copies of the new publication for each copy due you on your present subscription. For instance, if your subscription now entitles you to eight more copies of PHOTOPLAY, you will receive twenty copies of the new magazine. Or let us say you are entitled to three more copies of PHOTOPLAY. In that event you will receive eight copies (instead of seven and one-half) of the new magazine—a full copy being served whenever a half copy is due you in the extension of your subscription.

To all PHOTOPLAY readers, the combined magazine will offer even more interest and greater enjoyment.

I look forward to meeting you all on the pages of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, the first copy of which you can obtain on November 27.

Ernest V. Heyn

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On the Cover—Judy Garland,
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

No matter who is elected, there is no doubt about the People's Choice.



Perhaps you should know some few facts about your favorite screen candidate. As follows:

In the last 17 annual polls of the nation's critics, M-G-M produced 53 of the 170 best pictures.

Of the 100 leading stars and featured players in the movies, 48 are under contract to M-G-M.

These include—in alphabetical order—Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Robert Donat, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Marx Brothers, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Mickey Rooney, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Ann Sothern, James Stewart, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner. To mention but a few.

The M-G-M studios in Culver City are the world's largest. They occupy 157 acres and employ 4000 people.

M-G-M pictures are produced on thirty giant sound stages, one of which, 310 by 133 feet, is 40 feet high.

The laboratory annually prints enough film to encircle the earth at the equator with enough left over to reach from Los Angeles to Boston. No one has ever tried to do this however.

The electricity supplied by our own plant could easily light an average city of 25,000 population.

Among the outstanding films M-G-M has produced are THE BIG PARADE, BEN-HUR, THE MERRY WIDOW, THE FOUR HORSEMEN, BROADWAY MELODY, ANNA CHRISTIE, THE BIG HOUSE, TRADER HORN, GRAND HOTEL, THE THIN MAN, SMILIN' THROUGH, DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE GREAT ZIEGFELD, MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, SAN FRANCISCO, THE GOOD EARTH, CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS, BOYS TOWN, TEST PILOT, THE CITADEL, THE WIZARD OF OZ, BABES IN ARMS, GOODBYE MR. CHIPS, NINOTCHKA, NORTHWEST PASSAGE, BOOM TOWN, STRIKE UP THE BAND, and ESCAPE. How many have you seen?

"Gone With The Wind", produced by Selznick-International, was released by our organization. In a few months we shall all be able to see it again.



For November we announce two outstanding productions. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet". And Judy Garland in George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly".

When the lion roars on the screen, you're in for a good time.

—Lea
Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures



From Racine, Wis., comes this inspiration: "Genevieve Tobin, Joan Blondell and Ann Sothorn ...



... look more alike than the Lanes! If you don't believe me, print similar poses of them ...



... and see for yourself." The result is the above—now you see for yourself

BOOS AND Bouquets

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your contribution. All we ask is that your contribution be an honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE DEPARTMENT

SAYS M. L. D. of Racine, Wis.: One of my favorite movie dreams is a picture co-starring Ann Sothorn, Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin as sisters—they look more alike than the Lanes. If you don't believe me, print similar poses of them and see for yourself.

GETTING shots of character actors and actresses in costume for my scrapbook is a job that even Frank Buck wouldn't envy. I went to see one of the best Westerns the screen has given us, "When the Daltons Rode." And I haven't any pictures of "the Daltons." Please, PHOTOPLAY, do something quick. Give me a print of Bob, Grat, Ben and Emmett singly or collectively, I beg of you.

PATRICIA SLOAN,
Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOPLAY gave Broderick Crawford honors as having given one of the best performances in "When the Daltons Rode." Won't you please print a picture of him? Such a grand actor deserves all credit due.

PATRICIA WINCHESTER,
Tucson, Arizona.

See the picture on page 94.

PURELY BOUQUETS

ORCHIDS to Hepburn!
Welcome back, Katharine Hepburn! Bravo!

As you can see, I am a Hepburn addict. I'm among the hundreds of thousands who think that Katharine Hepburn is about the top actress on the screen today. (Bette Davis is the tops, of course.) No matter how mean she is to the press—and I don't think they understand her—no matter what she says or does, or what she doesn't do, we all love her because she is Katharine Hepburn, the most superb and energetic actress of our day.

W. H. EGAN,
Adrian, Mich.

For a less orchidaceous view of Katharine Hepburn as she is today, see the PHOTOPLAY exclusive on page 19.

WHYS AND WHY NOTS COLUMN

PLEASE tell me why Hollywood does not produce a few baseball pictures a year? Surely baseball is as interesting as football or any other sport.

HAZEL CHAUDRON,
Jersey City, N. J.

Why should Ralph Bellamy always play dumb or lose-the-girl parts when there are plenty of others who can't play anything else convincingly?

JEAN O'BRIEN,
Portsmouth, N. H.

Why doesn't someone do something about putting "Jinx" Falkenburg before the public? She may never be a Bette Davis, but she wouldn't have to be. We just like to look at her:

BLOSSOM CHRISTOPHER,
Imperial, Mo.

Why isn't Rose Stradner given a chance to show that she can really act, act so well that only very few American actresses can compare with her?

SUZANNE TILDEN,
New York, N. Y.

Why not give Gene Autry a break? Too, could we have full reviews and casts of all Westerns? We, and all our "horsey" friends see every one that comes to town.

ENID FISHER,
Seattle, Wash.

INQUIRER'S COLUMN

I WOULD like to know who played the part of Tex Whitecloud in "Arizona Frontier"?

DOROTHY SIMON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The part of Tex Whitecloud in "Arizona Frontier" was played by Tex Ritter.

(Continued on page 78)

PHOTOPLAY POLL OF THE MONTH

Results of all "Boos and Bouquets" letters received are presented here in an "at a glance" fashion:



Best Actress

Greer Garson

"Cheers to Greer Garson for 'Pride and Prejudice.' Give her a role worthy of her talents and she leaves neurotic Bette behind!"

Barbara Toan
Vickery, Texas



Best Actor

Cedric Hardwicke

"He is one of the best actors I have ever seen ... some people do like character players better."

Barbara Young
Slingerlands, N. Y.



Best Film

"Lucky Partners"

"It is such gay and whimsical pictures as this that help to take us all away from today's troubled realities."

Marjorie Brouillette
Seattle, Wash.



Monthly Cheer

Humphrey Bogart

"Thanks to all those who helped give him a chance at something besides 'baddie' roles."

Linda Richards
Los Angeles, Cal.



Pet Peeve

"Waterloo Bridge"

"... a miserable picture. When I go to a movie I go to be entertained, not to see the miseries of life."

Patricia McDonald
West View, Pa.

TURBULENT ADVENTURE...SET AGAINST THE RICH,
ROMANTIC TAPESTRY OF EARLY ARIZONA!

The story of lovely Phoebe Titus, titan of a woman, and her love for dashing Peter Muncie, Sergeant, U. S. A.! Mighty spectacle! Tempestuous stampedes! War! Lawless raids! Intrepid men and women! At last, in all its wild, brave magnificence, the motion picture drama of Arizona's birth!

Created by a great picture maker...at incalculable cost...with a superb cast of thousands...in especially re-created Old Tucson!

Wesley Ruggles'
ARIZONA

starring
JEAN ARTHUR

with
WILLIAM HOLDEN

WARREN WILLIAM · PORTER HALL

and a cast of thousands

Based on the Saturday Evening Post serial and novel by Clarence Budington Kelland
Screen play by Claude Binyon · Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

A Columbia Picture

WATCH FOR THIS HIT
PRODUCTION . . . AT
YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Brief Reviews

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and
Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE
BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS—RKO-Radio

Dated melodrama of a young schoolteacher (Anne Shirley) persecuted by the ruling family of the small town where she goes to teach. Wholesome fare, but the cast—which also includes James Ellison and Henry Travers—seems depressed by the whole thing. (Sept.)

ARGENTINE NIGHTS—Universal

Carrying on the film career of the Ritz Brothers and introducing the Andrews Sisters, with little in the way of plot or authentic atmosphere. A lot of monkey business on ocean liners and such. (Nov.)

BABIES FOR SALE—Columbia

Rochelle Hudson plays a widowed young mother-to-be who falls into the clutches of adoption racketeers. The business is run by Miles Mander and combatted by Glenn Ford, crusading reporter. Morbid, but sincere and sensitive in its handling. (Sept.)

BLONDIE HAS SERVANT TROUBLE—Columbia

The *Bumpsteeds* (Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake) gleefully take over the boss's house—complete with servants—and discover that it's haunted! Fun for everyone. (Oct.)

★ BOOM TOWN—M-G-M

Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy as two rough-and-tumble guys making trouble (and money) in the oil business, Claudette Colbert as the girl who comes between them, Hedy Lamarr as the siren they meet in the big city! What more could an audience want? And it's all as grand as it sounds. (Oct.)

BOYS FROM SYRACUSE, THE—Universal

Streamlining ancient Greece with a plot from (far from!) Shakespeare and a swing score. Allan Jones and Joe Penner play two pairs of twins. Martha Raye, Rosemary Lane and Irene Hervey add to the mirth, melody and pretty settings. Tuneful and diverting. (Oct.)

BRIDE WORE CRUTCHES, THE—20th Century-Fox

Newcomer Ted North shows promise as a cub reporter who muffs his first assignments but has more success pursuing bandits. Lynne Roberts is the girl and Edgar Kennedy is a flustered policeman. Long on amusement and excitement, though short on credibility. (Sept.)

★ BRIGHAM YOUNG, FRONTIERSMAN—20th Century-Fox

The heroic saga of the Mormon trek to Utah and their early pioneer struggles. Dean Jagger leaps to stardom in the title role and Mary Astor is fine as one of his wives. There's not much about polygamy, if that's what you want to know, but plenty of history—and Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell for romance. (Nov.)

CAPTAIN CAUTION—Roach-United Artists

Victor Mature (in the title role) and Bruce Cabot slug it out in Kenneth Roberts' story of slave running and the War of 1812. Louise Platt is the gallant heroine. Plenty of fighting and excitement, but it's mainly for the menfolk. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN IS A LADY, THE—M-G-M

Ex-sea captain Charles Coburn winds up in an old ladies' home with his wife Beulah Bondi and gets into all kinds of silly scrapes trying to get out again. It's all creaky with age. (Sept.)

CAROLINA MOON—Republic

One of the best Gene Autry pictures yet. Not so Western, either, with the scene laid in June Storey's plantation. Nice songs from Gene and swell comedy from Smiley Burnette. (Nov.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WAX MUSEUM—20th Century-Fox

Rumored to be the last of the series, this is the best of the lot, with suitably gruesome settings and more than enough murderous skulduggery to keep Sidney Toler on his toes every moment. (Oct.)

COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—Paramount

A thin story and tired humor mar this Bob Burns vehicle, though the music is good and homespun radio favorites (such as *Uncle Ezra* and *Old Timer*) are plentiful, if that's what you like. (Nov.)

CROOKED ROAD, THE—Republic

Conflict among the ex-convicts, as delineated by such sterling performers as Edmund Lowe, Henry Wilcoxon and Irene Hervey—who, however, can't do much with this tired old plot. (Sept.)

CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE—RKO-Radio

The welcome return to films of Gene Raymond is the high light of this unpretentious picture about a youthful doctor driving to California and a sprightly heiress (Wendy Barrie) who stows away in his trailer. Farce in the frothy manner. (Sept.)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—RKO-Radio

An excellent cast (Lucille Ball as a burlesque queen, Maureen O'Hara as a ballet dancer and Louis Hayward as the millionaire playboy they wrestle over) is almost lost on this backstage story. Grand troupings helps, however. (Nov.)

DR. CHRISTIAN MEETS THE WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Lovable Dr. Jean Hersholt pits his wits against a quack diet fad brought into his home town by Rod LaRocque. (Sept.)

★ DR. KILDARE GOES HOME—M-G-M

No matter where *Dr. Jimmy* (Lew Ayres) is, you'll find an interesting story and good performances. Based on the pull between his loyalty to Lionel Barrymore's city hospital and to papa Samuel Hinds' country practice, this is no exception. (Nov.)

DREAMING OUT LOUD—RKO-Radio

Typical *Lum* and *Abner* (Chester Lauck and Norris Goff) homespun philosophy, with drama provided by country doctor Frank Craven and romance by Frances Langford and Irving Bacon. Rather disappointing. (Oct.)

★ DULCY—M-G-M

Picture Ann Sothorn as a lovable nitwit who does all the wrong things at the right time, especially when she "helps" Ian Hunter sell his plane invention to Roland Young—whose nerves break under the strain! Gay and very funny. (Oct.)

ELSA MAXWELL'S PUBLIC DEB. No. 1—20th Century-Fox

Heiress Brenda Joyce gets won over to Communism by butler Mischa Auer until she tangles romantically with George Murphy, 100% American waiter, and lands in the headlines. Light. (Nov.)

FLOWING GOLD—Warners

Another oil-field epic, but no "Boom Town," despite the earnest activities of buddies John Garfield and Pat O'Brien, who work hard to bring in an oil well owned by Frances Farmer's father. (Nov.)

★ FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—Wanger-United Artists

Joel McCrea, as an enterprising American reporter, digs into the political situation in Europe and learns too much for his own health. Herbert Marshall and Laraine Day are only two of the topnotchers who have wonderful roles in the thrilling goings-on. Graphic as a newsreel! (Oct.)

FUGITIVE, THE—An English production released by Universal

There's bound to be some superb acting in any film starring Ralph Richardson—particularly when he plays a small-time barber who succumbs to the temptation to steal and brings much suffering upon himself and his wife, Diana Wynyard. (Sept.)

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, A—Warners

Manhattan crime, as uncovered by insurance investigator Roger Pryor and highlighted by the humor of Eddie Foy Jr. Lucile Fairbanks is the girl. (Sept.)

GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY—Republic

Thrills aplenty in the struggles of doctor Chester Morris and nurse Jane Wyatt, up in the Alaskan "snow country." It's climaxed by Charles Bickford's attempts to capture Morris as a fugitive from justice. (Oct.)

GOLD RUSH MAISIE—M-G-M

Ann Sothorn—adventuring this time among the dustbowl immigrants in the Arizona desert—discovers that gold isn't everything. She teaches hard-boiled Lee Bowman a lesson, too. A heart-warming medley of laughter and tears. (Oct.)

GOLDEN FLEEING, THE—M-G-M

This time, Lew Ayres is a timid life insurance man who sells a policy to gangster Lloyd Nolan and then tries to "protect" his bad risk. Rita Johnson is his girl friend and Nat Pendleton adds laughs to the ludicrous situations. (Nov.)

★ GREAT MCGINTY, THE—Paramount

Brian Donlevy deserts his usual villainy for comedy as a fist-swinging political tool of crooked boss Akim Tamiroff—and for romance with Muriel Angelus, who shows him what it *should* mean to be governor. It's different and very swell. (Oct.)

GREAT PROFILE, THE—20th Century-Fox

It's no secret that John Barrymore practically plays himself as the skidding actor who saves a punk play by his ad-libbing, after wife Mary Beth Hughes has tried to put it over seriously. Gregory Ratoff helps keep you laughing every minute. (Nov.)

HAUNTED HONEYMOON—M-G-M-British

Robert Montgomery, as a dilettante detective, and Constance Cummings, as a mystery-story writer, run into a real murder right after their marriage. It's all slow and unexciting, nevertheless. (Nov.)


★ HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST—Columbia

More kidding the Communists, with Melvyn Douglas as one who hides out in Loretta Young's apartment after lightly shooting her estranged husband, Eugene Pallette. Screamingly funny farce in the old French manner. (Nov.)

(Continued on page 94)



New York City with an "Our Town" flavor: "City For Conquest" with Ann Sheridan and an outstanding James Cagney



*"I wish
I could say
I was sorry..."*

BETTE DAVIS

in WARNER BROS' glowing presentation of
the brilliant novel and stage triumph by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

with
HERBERT MARSHALL
JAMES STEPHENSON
Frieda Inescort • Gale Sondergaard
A WILLIAM WYLER PROD'N
Screen Play by Howard Koch
Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

The Letter

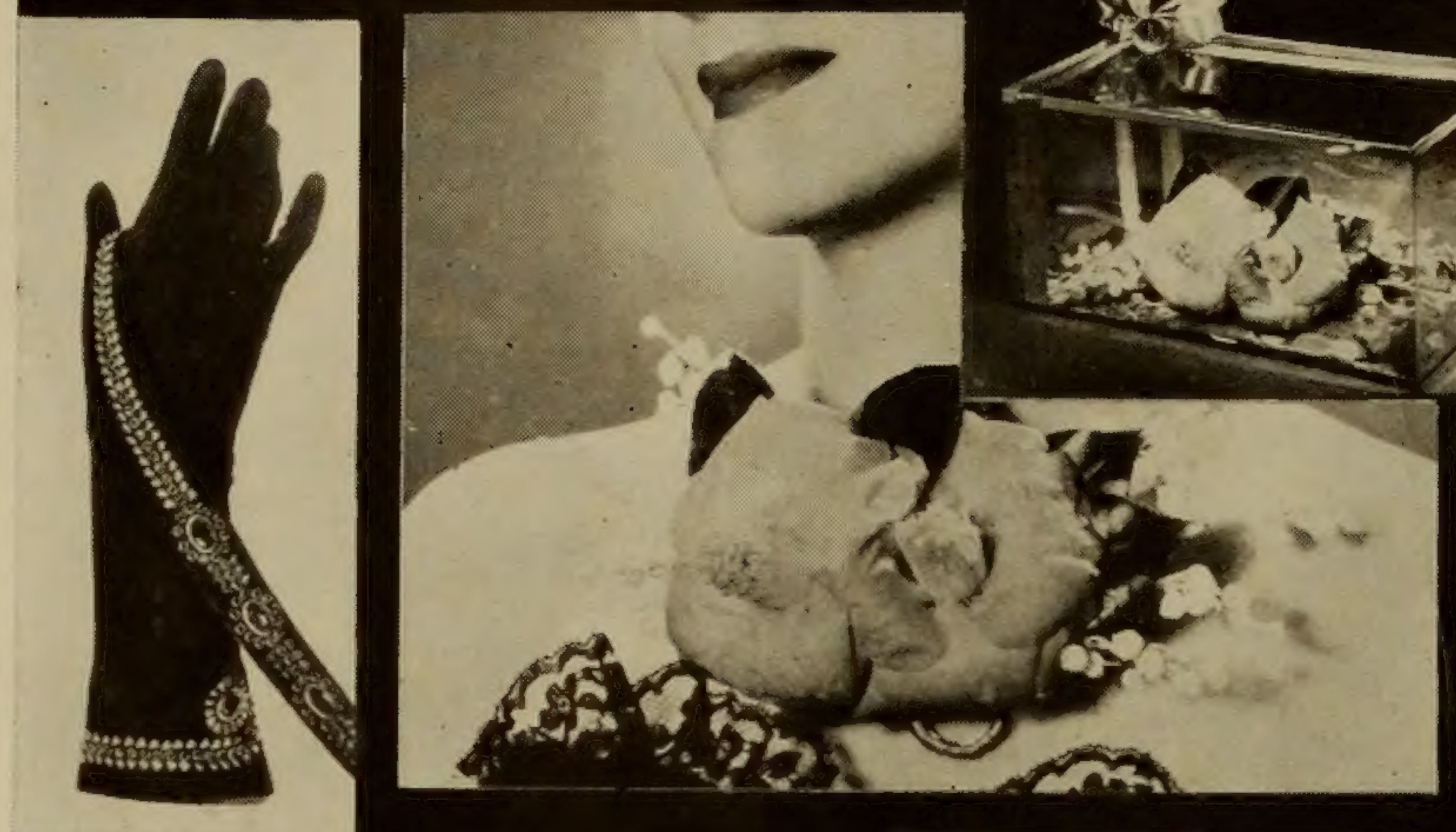
1. NEW SCENT BOTTLE

Olivia de Havilland of Warners' "Santa Fe Trail" seems to think an atomizer's a handy thing to have. The last rite in her dress-up program is to spray herself with her favorite scent from her favorite De Vilbiss atomizer—the bubble-bottle, as handsomely designed as a piece of modern architecture. A perfect gift for any gal. \$3 at department stores.



2. GLITTER-DUET

Any gal that loves glitter will thank her lucky stars for this two-way Christmas present. Gloves and matching belt that prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that this is a jewelry year—"and how!" It's done with colored stones and tiny golden hearts, and a glowing job, too! The gloves, \$5; the belt, \$3.50, from David's Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



3. GLITTER JEWELRY

It's a year for simple tops on dresses, so the gals we know are scouting the shops for jewelry that glitters to dress them up. This Silson conceit will do the trick—and do it brilliantly! Gilded rings combine with colored leather strips to make a necklace as gay as a gipsy's. \$2.00. Matching bracelet, \$1. From Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.



Christmas SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

We're just fresh from a huddle with Santa. "What," said we, "do you suppose Carole Lombard would like for Christmas... and Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert and Olivia de Havilland and girls just like them all over the country?" Well, with a quartette like that for inspiration, Santa extended himself and produced the very best that's in the shops this season. Here it is—and if it's good enough for Carole and Joan—well, you know the rest!

BY FRANCES HUGHES

4. INDOOR GIRL'S DELIGHT

The "buy" of the season—a dressing sacque that looks like a million but costs a mite—only \$1.86! Torso-length quilted pink rayon satin, abloom with flowers and styled to rival your best blouse. Start checking gals on your list right now who would love to find this boudoir beauty under the Christmas tree. From R. H. Macy, New York.



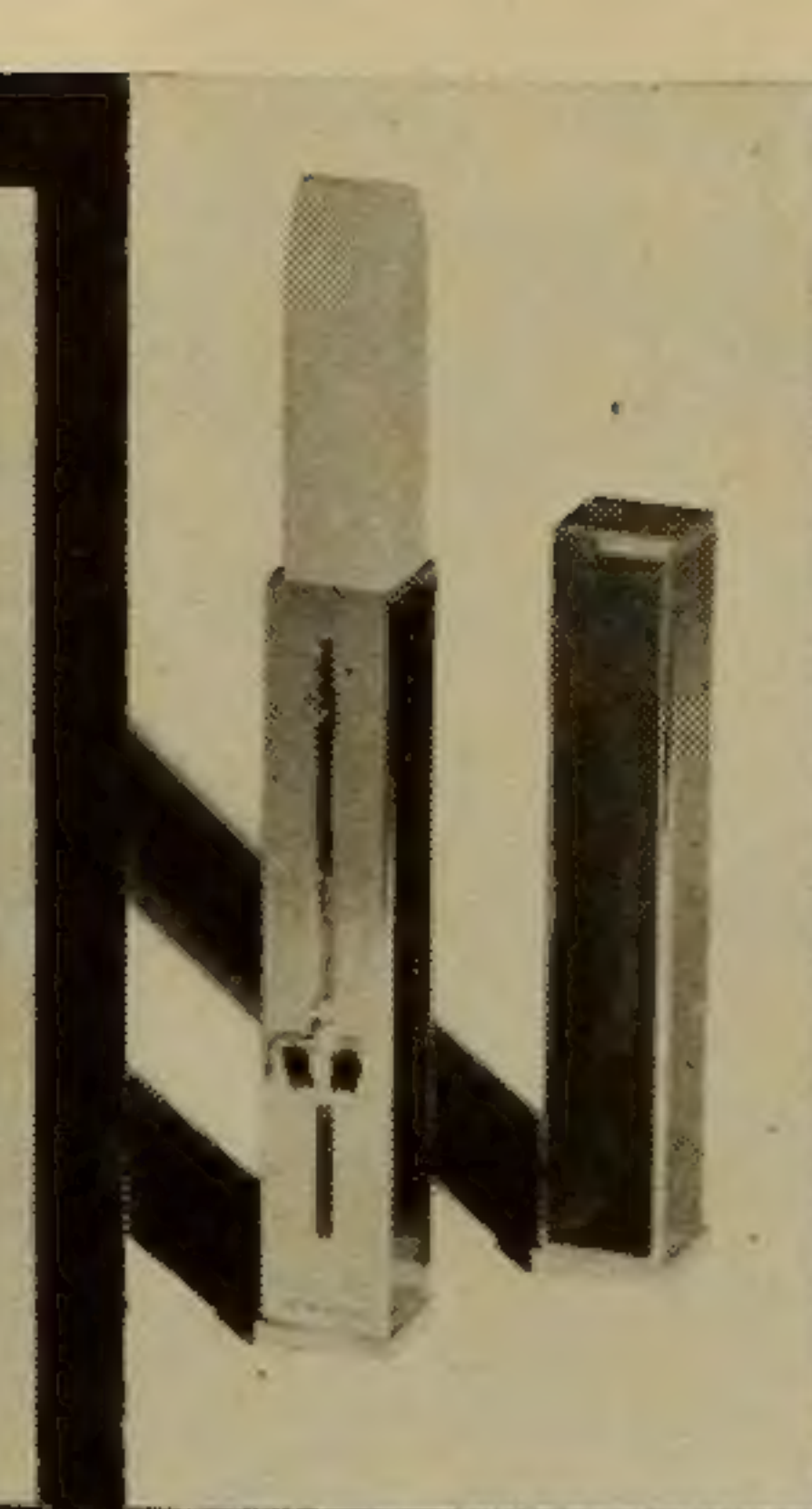
5. SEWING SURPRISE

This quaint old wood-veneered sewing box with the red velvet pincushion top turns out to be a container for Shulton's tangy "Old Spice" soap, toilet water, talc and bath salts. When the toiletries are gone the chest can again be drafted for its original, useful purpose. The perfect \$1 gift—at leading drug and department stores.



6. THE BIGGEST LIPSTICK IN THE WORLD!

If you like to do things handsomely—and who doesn't!—here's the biggest lipstick in the world—to make an impression no gal can forget. Put out by Matchabelli, who always does things in a princely manner, this "Giant" measures three and a half inches tall, works with one hand, lasts indefinitely! Black or white container; \$2 at leading stores.



7. WIRE FLOWERS

Fresh flowers for your current heart-beat. Not just an ordinary arrangement, either, but an enchanting camellia necklace, flanked with fresh and fragrant valley lilies. Half the fun's the beautiful cellophane box, tied with ribbon and dangling a jingling Christmas bell. Less than \$5. Irene Hayes, N. Y.



8. POMPADOUR PICK-UP

The smartest girls are wearing their hair in glossy pompadours. So for them the perfect Christmas gift is a pompadour headdress—red velvet flowers that sprout from an arch of satin tubing, firmly anchored with an elastic band. You'll be highly praised for your taste and ingenuity! \$1.95 at Lord & Taylor, New York.



9. GIPSY BEAUTY KIT

A traveling beauty kit that says "Merry Christmas" as gaily as if you shouted it yourself from the housetops! Gipsy-colored taffeta stripes, rubber-lined and slide-fastened with a bright red Christmas bell for a puller. In its depths sit jars for creams and a bottle for lotions. Christmas-boxed and only \$2 at leading Notion Counters.



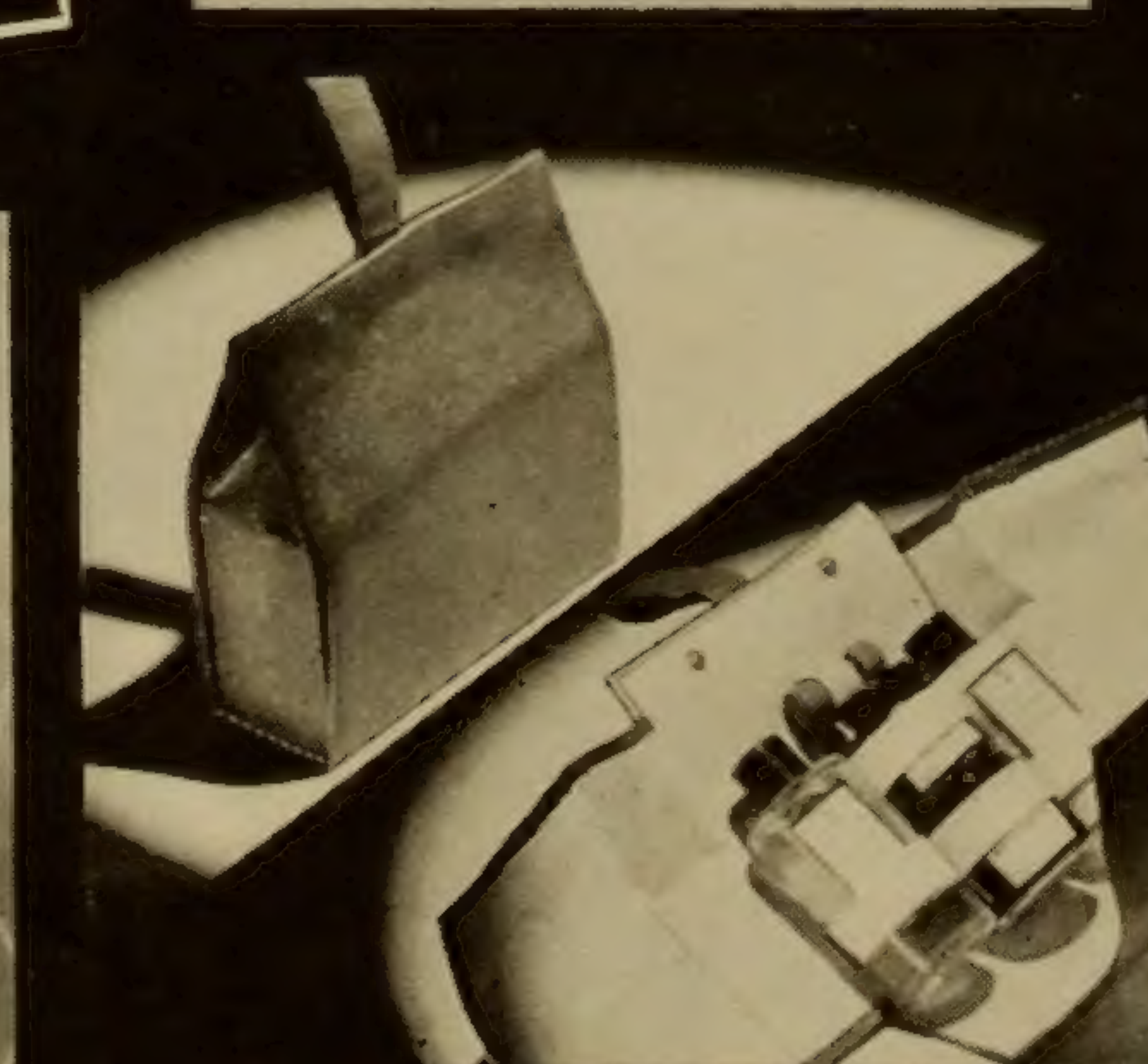
10. ART IN LEATHER

In developing its own fashion resources, America also discovered its talent for turning out beautiful leather vanities of the kind that brought European craftsmen their great reputation. Here's one with a quilted, nail-head-studded top that looks very costly but can be had for an Xmas gift for around \$3.50. Kargere, New York.



11. SAY IT WITH A "WEE KIT"

Quick, check off the college girls, the business girls and the traveling girls on your Christmas list. There's nothing any one of them would rather have than a beauty kit that has what it takes to keep her looking fit. Tussy cooked this up complete with creams and lotions, lipsticks and powder—and for a mere \$2.50. Bloomingdale's, N. Y.



12. DINNER DRAMA

The slickest little dinner duet of the season, at the most amazingly tiny price, \$2.95. Part one is a bright red puffed-knit lacy sweater threaded with gold and closed with a row of bright gold buttons. Part two is a twist-your-own turban to match. Together they'll make the gal who gets them the belle of any party she goes to. From Franklin Simon's, N. Y.



Kay's In a Daze In a Maze of Bad Humor Men!



He's back—in the hit this rage of radio had to make after the sensational success of his first screen show last year. You'll shiver while you swing as Kay plays six haunting new song hits with his band, and the band plays hide-and-seek with a haunted houseful of villains!

KAY KYSER

In A Mystery With Music

"You'll Find Out"

**With PETER LORRE • BORIS KARLOFF • BELA LUGOSI
HELEN PARRISH • DENNIS O'KEEFE • ALMA KRUGER
and KAY KYSER'S BAND Featuring GINNY SIMMS
Harry Babbitt • Ish Kabibble • Sully Mason & "The College of Musical Knowledge"
Produced and Directed by DAVID BUTLER**

Screen Play by James V. Kern



With the Swellest Songs the Old Professor's Ever Taught You: 'I'd Know You Anywhere'—'You've Got Me This Way'—'The Bad Humor Man'—'Like the Fella Once Said'—'I've Got A One-Track Mind'—'Don't Think It Ain't Been Charming.'





TYRONE
POWER

Exciting as never before . . . in the
most famous of all screen roles!

THE MARK
OF
Zorro

with **LINDA**
DARNELL

and
BASIL RATHBONE

GALE SONDERGAARD • EUGENE
PALLETTE • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
ROBERT LOWERY • CHRIS-PIN MARTIN
MONTAGU LOVE • JANET BEECHER

Associate Producer RAYMOND GRIFFITH • Directed
by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN • Screen Play by John
Taintor Foote • Adaptation by Garrett Fort • Based on the
story "The Curse of Capistrano" by Johnston McCulley

A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

*A masked adventurer . . . the
jagged mark of his sword striking
terror into every heart but hers!*

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Ruth Waterbury

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THERE is no occasion in all of today's Hollywood that tops "Irene's Showing" . . . that event is the only thing in Hollywood that will get every glamour girl present on time . . . it's the only event I've ever witnessed that will make the whole lot of them wear gloves . . . and it is, when it is all over, the most de luxe cat fight in the world. . . .

Irene, in case you haven't been following your fashion world too closely, is that amazing, pretty young American girl who has her own shop inside Los Angeles' swank Bullock's-Wilshire store . . . she could dress every feminine star in Hollywood if she chose to do so . . . she doesn't choose to do so . . . she dresses the ones she wants to dress . . . she dresses them in the way she wants to dress them . . . she dresses them, not on the stars' terms but on her own . . . and with it all she is not arrogant or conceited and not even the smallest bit temperamental or phony . . . with Paris out of the clothes picture she is probably the most important woman designer working today (and I'm not forgetting Schiaparelli). . . .

With American fashions coming into their own this autumn (and why they haven't come in long before this is way beyond me) . . . "Irene's Showing" was more important this year than ever . . . there were a lucky sixty who had bids in all the film colony to the "preview showing" . . . (I had one and practically expired with pride over the fact that PHOTOPLAY was the only movie magazine that got itself invited) . . . the whole sixty showed up . . . while "Irene Regulars" like Roz Russell, Virginia Bruce and Marlene Dietrich gritted their fair teeth in rage over shooting schedules, preventing their attendance . . . and beauties like Maureen O'Sullivan, off in Canada with her warrior husband, and Loretta Young, off in Mexico with her husband, Tom Lewis, for a honeymoon, sighed over the distance. . . .

It was a glittering, perfumed group packed into the little theater where Irene displays her models before the most famous audience in the world. . . .

It is first come, first served always, and the first to arrive this year, also as always, were those inseparables, Dolores Del Rio and Lili Damita . . . they were closely followed by Norma Shearer and Norma's good friend, the clever and intelligent Minna Wallis . . . they got the best

BIG Hats, LITTLE Hats, NO Hat

High, wide and handsome—the hats of Dolores Del Rio and Lili Damita Flynn. Two of the A+ audience at Irene's show

Coy decoys are the choice of Janet Gaynor and Claudette Colbert. Right is Janet's husband, designer Adrian

Back-to-nature movement: Paulette Goddard twists daisies in her tight braids

seats, right up next to the small stage and near the exits . . . and being near those exits is mightily important for a reason that I shall tell you in about two paragraphs. . . .

Immediately after them the fifty-six descended . . . there was Paulette Goddard, rushing up from "Second Chorus" between takes and in such a hurry that she had to eat her lunch off a chair beside her while the models passed . . . there were Mary (Mrs. Jack) Benny, Ann Sothorn and Mrs. Ray Milland all sitting side by side . . . there were Annabella, fresh from the hospital still looking a little pale, and Claudette Colbert, who buys her flawless suits from Irene by the dozens, and her closest friend, Mrs. William Goetz . . . there was Adrian, generally conceded the most creative of all Hollywood's clothes designers, with his wife

Janet Gaynor, saying with a perfectly straight face, "I had to bring Janet down here so that she would have something to wear" . . . there was that delicately beautiful creature, Joan Fontaine, with Mrs. George Murphy . . . there was Ann Dvorak with Mrs. Fred MacMurray and Mrs. Gary Cooper, sitting just in front of an eager-eyed Irene Dunne and the serene Madeleine Carroll . . . there was Gail Patrick, also eating lunch, as she peered over the shoulders of Helen Vinson and Genevieve Tobin. . . .

The clothes on that audience were nearly as interesting as the clothes that were passing in review . . . and nearly all of those clothes in the audience were Irene models, too . . . Shearer's and Colbert's and Goddard's suits were all Irene-labeled and it was interesting to see that all these extremely smart women





Annabella, who has no time for hats of any kind, has plenty of time for this net dress. Right is Mrs. Gary Cooper

wore similar blouses . . . absolutely plain, magnificently tailored pure silk shirts open at the throat, with the collars worn out over the suit collars . . . each of them wore big, jeweled lapel ornaments in gold and semiprecious stones. . . .

When it came to hats, the girls' impulses seemed to be high, wide and handsome . . . Annabella, who never wears hats, made no exception this time . . . the always chic Miss Goddard had her hair in tight braids against the back of her shapely head and clusters of real yellow daisies pinned behind her fully exposed ears . . . Madeleine Carroll's golden locks were uncovered but except for these three you never saw such width of hatbrims and such yards of veiling in your life . . . Lili Damita, Dolores Del Rio, Ann Sothorn, Ann Dvorak, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Fred MacMurray were all veils swathed and when the models began coming out in street clothes you realized how these ladies had anticipated the fall vogue . . . for the mannikins had on big hats, too, not only wide-brimmed but often high-crowned, also, and veils were over everything. . . .

It was fascinating to discover that in a year when Irene has gone more severe and tailored than ever (not that she is ever "tailored" in the harsh sense; her clothes are always soft in line even when occasionally worked out in a "hard" fabric) it was still the "feminine" clothes that got the crowd . . . but the reasons for wanting to buy—or not wanting to buy—certain numbers were amusing Hollywood reasons. . . .

There was, for instance, one dinner dress in black velvet in which half the skirt was in velvet to the knees . . . from the knees an underskirt of black chiffon over a fine flesh-colored slip fell to the floor and through this underskirt the outline of a pair of seductive legs could just be glimpsed . . . every movie neck craned forward, excitedly as this alluring dress appeared, but Joan Fontaine whispered to Mrs. George Murphy, "That wouldn't really be a wise dress

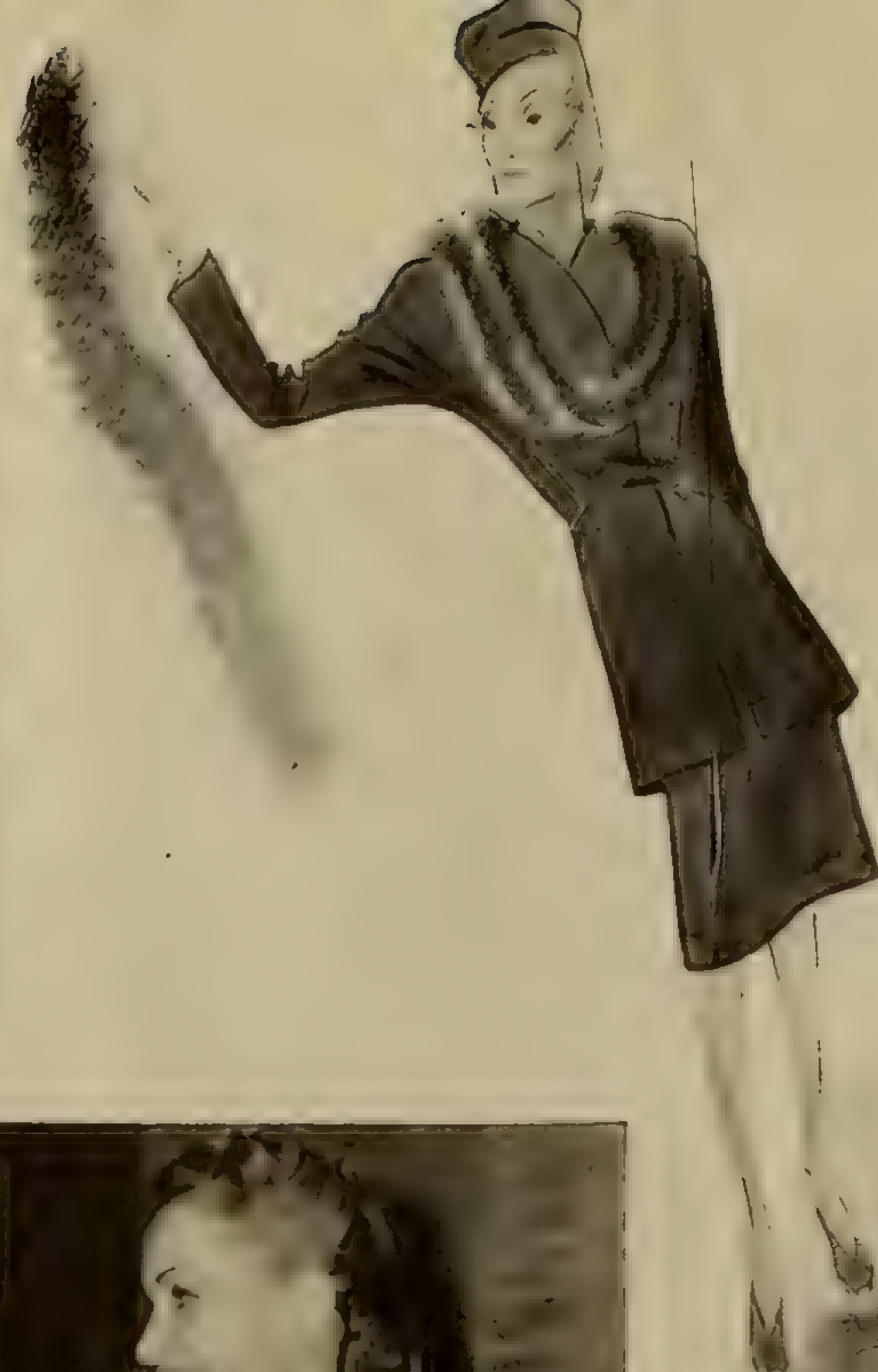


Center of new styles is now America. Center of Hollywood styles is Irene (left). Center of attention at her showing was this brocaded evening dress

to buy because if you wore it out to the theater or a club, think how cold your legs would get while you were signing autographs!" . . . think of having to remember autograph hunters when shopping . . . but a generous star like Joan does. . . .

The instant the thirty-eighth and final creation had been shown the stars, like one mad woman, pounced for the exits . . . this was because they wanted to buy the original models, the difference between getting the original model and a copy being a matter of some three weeks. . . .

That's where the de luxe cat fight comes in and where Irene has to exercise all her diplomacy . . . Claudette Colbert beat the gang to a glorious orange brocaded evening dress with a matching orange full-length evening coat . . . Norma Shearer grabbed off two of the most stunning tailored suits even as Paulette Goddard and Dolores Del Rio began grabbing at the



Two reasons why the stars pounced for the salesroom at the end of the show: Typical "Irenes." Severe and tailored is the designer's credo this season

same velvet afternoon suit (a demure-looking business until the jacket is removed to reveal a startlingly cut blouse of sheerest, blackest chiffon that would make any feminine chest look white as alabaster). . . .

I don't know which star got that one for I was suddenly busy looking at the very little girl who was playing among the emptied chairs . . . she was a very old-fashioned little girl in her tiny brown dress with its matching pinafore and her hair in pigtails . . . she had an arresting small face in which humor and intelligence were strikingly combined . . . I realized, looking at her, that I knew some adult face that had just that combination and with that realization I knew who she had to be . . . she was Bob Montgomery's little daughter, that same Bob Montgomery who only a little while ago was driving a Red Cross ambulance in what used to be La Belle France, the capital of the world of fashion . . . and as I turned to see her mother busily engaged in ordering a new dress and thought of her father happily working away under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock in Carole Lombard's new picture . . . I thought, for the millionth time, how blessed we are, we Americans, here in America, where a little girl has nothing more serious to think about than about the exciting game she can make for herself by happily climbing around a fashionable dressmaker's gilded chairs. . . .

Speaking of Alfred Hitchcock I want to go on record as saying that for my money the Hitchcock direction as currently demonstrated in "Foreign Correspondent" is the finest direction I've ever seen. . . .

DID you know that the surprise hit of the movie year is "Pride and Prejudice" and that the most disappointing picture, as far as earnings are concerned, is "Brigham Young," which they are now calling, "Brigham Young, Frontiersman" though how they think the addition of that one word will help matters is beyond me . . . in between the success of the first picture and the failure of the second there rises up that old, old argument of mine . . . "Pride and Prejudice" is all about romance . . . about five romances, the
(Continued on page 83)

HOLLYWOOD



Texas Ranger Gary Cooper
man, but loses his heart to M
Carroll in "North West Mounte



Exciting Paulette Goddard
havoc with the heart of
lant "Mountie" Robert



"Arise, my love, and fly a
Ray Milland and Claudette
in-love in Paramount's "A

*She started out when she was 10
and she's had more romantic es-
capades than any teenster in
Hollywood. These are the facts—*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE first time love struck Judy Garland, now the beloved of a hundred million teensters the world over, what with her "Strike The Band" and "Little Nelly Kelly," to say nothing of her radio appearances, she fell for it. In fact, it knocked her silly—and no wonder. She was only 10 and what hit her was a brick, wielded by the object of her affections (he was 10, also, and a classmate of hers at school in Lancaster, California).

Buddie hadn't meant to demonstrate his cavewoman impulses quite so definitely. He had been showing off for his ideal among the weaker sex, tossing the brick about with a certain nonchalance, when he missed and the brick hurled itself toward Judy, clipping the side of the head and giving her a shiner.

He rushed over to her crying "Oh, Frances, are you hurt? Oh, Frances, how could I do that to you? Gee whiz, I could kill myself" and so on. (He had to call her Frances, for she was still undiscovered by fame and was going under her real name of Frances Gumm.) He raised her off the dusty ground, brushed her, tear-stained and battered, to her feet, and he kept his arm around her all the way home with all solicitude.

Judy bore up like a little soldier. She was conscious about bearing up like a little soldier. She was being doggoned brave and she was being doggoned smart. Buddie told her so. It was fascinating. It beat louder than a snare drum and it was clear that this was love. Life's miracle had come to her.

But life's miracle happened to Buddie a few days later in school, to which he returned after her shiner had departed, and the episode of the fire drill.

Now how fire drills are in schools, pop-gun one when they are least expected. The drill was sounded at ten-thirty one o'clock, just at the moment when Miss Frances Gumm was safely hidden behind her school books, and going to town on an all-day sucker. The gong sounded she had to spring to her feet and fall into line. Buddie fell into line behind her. He saw her conceal the sucker within his hand and it was at that moment that he took advantage. Thinking she couldn't defend herself, he leaned forward and tried to kiss her. Miss Gumm turned upon him, sucker and all. The candy landed on his face while the other children laughed with glee. Immediately the fire drill was discontinued. Judy and Buddie got called to the teacher and in that horrid instant, as it was born, Judy's first love died. She never was the same ever thus, ever since. Her loves have been like a tropical sunset only to fade and have been speedily experienced and speedily forgotten except in the cases where they have turned into what Judy, her mother, and her friends, now terms "Solid Friendships."

A Wonderful Friendship has developed, for example, in the case of the dynamic male who did give her that first kiss, which event is to any woman the thrill which most literally comes only once in a lifetime.

The kiss, like the brick, came to Judy by accident. She was in Hollywood by this time, a little girl learning how to put over a blues song and a regularly enrolled member of the Lawlor Professional Children's School. She was still living with her daddy and mother and her two sisters. Her dad was managing a Hollywood theater and her mother was her singing teacher, but just the same there she was in a real acting children's school and it was all gorgeously thrilling.

One day in class, however, she did something she shouldn't do. She can't remember now what it was. The year was 1934 and she was twelve and as punishment she got banished out into the cloakroom to think over her sins, whatever they were. She found there another culprit, a small tousle-headed boy with a very funny face.

The boy was sulkily engaged in trying to comb his hair but he'd got the comb caught in it. He was yanking away furiously when Judy offered to help. She came necessarily close to him, trying to unsnarl him and as her face drew near his, he leaned forward swiftly and planted a kiss full on her ripe young lips. She gasped with excitement. He gasped, too, and blushed as she was blushing.

"Maybe I'd better present myself," he said, when they had regained their breaths and the air of a man-about-town was heavy upon him. "My name's Rooney, Mickey Rooney, but you may call me Mickey."

Instantly, being the boy who had first kissed her, 13-year-old Mickey became her Hero. The vision of actually co-starring with him some day was impossible even to dream. He was something for a girl to look up to, a trouper since his babyhood, a fellow of 13 who actually had a contract and with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at that, an absolute pal to stars like Montgomery and Crawford and Gable. She was all prepared to worship him, and nearly did, until he crushed her with a wisecrack.

THIS is how that happened. Judy had gone to some movie (again as in the case of her first love she can not remember all the details) and in it there was the most poetic speech made by the heroine to the hero. It was one of those flowery speeches all about, "You remind me of high trees tossing in the wind, of lakes across which the silver shadow of the moonlight falls on a summer night"—keen stuff like that. And how, Judy memorized it and wrote it in a letter to Mickey. She wrote, giving him to understand that this was the



and medicine for nearly two years.

Case No. 320. Aged character actor. Ill. Reported by studios as begging at studio front gates. Man was given occasional quarters by people who didn't know him, never heard of him, gave him quarters because he was begging. He had no home. He had made fifteen hundred dollars a week for nearly twenty years. He had spent sixteen hundred dollars a week for nearly twenty years. Fund fixed him up in a rest home. Bought him a new wardrobe. Keeps him happy.

Case No. 2885. A world-famous dramatic actress. Has been suffering excruciating pain for nearly three years. Shut up in her home. Her money gone in doctor bills. The Fund provided the finest specialists, nursing care, footed all bills. It will be necessary to keep this up for some time. Cancer is a lingering disease. The Fund is prepared to keep caring for her until eternity.

THE Motion Picture Relief Fund was organized on December 21, 1934. It was the outgrowth of an organization founded during the first war when it was known as the Motion Picture War Service Association. Studio executives formed the unit to assist families of actors at the front and funds were obtained by passing the hat on studio lots. People who passed the hat included Frank Wood, Mitchell Lewis, Fred Beetsen and Mary Pickford. The war ended and the organization continued mildly on.

Hollywood had to have an organization of its own. It was formed in 1929, the year of the panic. A dominant name of Father Neal Dodd was put in the name of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. The fund has since handled 200 cases,

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HAS A HEART

WELCOMES THE STRANGER

Homeless exiles, they turn to Hollywood. Their stories can best be told in the words of this powerful novelist

BY VICKI BAUM

THERE'S no denying it: Hollywood is tough. It is like a sleek, sophisticated gambling casino where you win, you lose at the turn of a wheel. The people are hard; they have to be hard where fortune in its moods is more whimsical than the weather. If you cast your lot and lose your all, Hollywood expects you to be able to take it on the chin. No one, it says, asked you to play the game. If the town breaks you, well, it has broken others, thousands of others. Yours is the oldest story in Hollywood; no one is interested in hearing it. "If I helped everyone who came to me," is the stock answer of those who have the lucky breaks, "I wouldn't have a cent left to my name."

And as a matter of fairness, I must admit that perhaps they're right. From a humane standpoint, I say the attitude is wrong. I've seen my share of heartbreaks in this town. I understand where Hollywood gets its calloused hide. I understand why it's called the heartless town. That's why I've had more sorrow than condemnation for the place.

Everyone out here was once an ordinary human being. He had his dreams, his hopes, his considerations, his regards for others; in brief, he had a heart. But somehow in the mad rush for wealth, for fame, in the uncertainty of life, the bitterness of competition, many lost their perspective. They became tough; they became wealthy and famous exactly as they had set out to do; and somehow they were sick of it all, because their success had cost them the price of a heart.

Then one day a miracle happened. Hollywood was confronted with a new kind of misery; and as it gazed in its hard-boiled manner on the sufferings of a few thousand people, something broke loose beneath that calloused hide of it, and warmth, a strange old warmth, welled in the region where its heart had been.

It was the refugee problem that Hollywood was facing. What was to be its attitude toward those unfortunate people who, fleeing from the vengeance of Hitler, had come to the town, seeking in it a haven and a lease on life again?

Why did they come here in the first place? I can answer that. It has something to do with



Only a town like Hollywood could understand these exiles . . . two young girls sharing one coat; a great Berlin actress selling hats; a handsome Hungarian actor earning a livelihood as a perfect butler

geography lessons such as we have in school. We have all, unfortunately, had to learn a great deal of geography during the past two years. The outlandish names of towns, of rivers, of mountain ranges, of borderlines in far away countries of which we had never thought before have become familiar terms to us.

We have learned all about Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland, Norway, Holland—with Belgium and France the last on the list, but God only knows how many are yet to come. Happily, the people of Europe have had no such sad reason to learn the geography of America so intimately. They have never heard of, let's say, Waco, Texas, or Bowling Green, Iowa. Of such places as St. Louis or Kansas City they perhaps have a faint inkling, but it doesn't occur to them that these are huge cities, with space and opportunities for new settlers.

In actuality they are familiar with only two places: New York and Hollywood. So that's why they are flocking to these towns in ever-growing numbers. Of the two, Hollywood has the greater fascination and—to the exile, seems to offer more opportunities. Most of the people formerly connected with the stage and movies over there have been made homeless by Hitler—and where else should they go but to Hollywood?

And so they arrive here; actors, directors, producers, writers, cameramen, musicians, people who had four-star rating in their own countries, people of great talent and experience, people who were used to success and international fame. They have escaped somehow, leaving behind whatever belonged to them. Some have gone through the tortures of concentration camps; some have seen their friends and relatives die, disappear, commit suicide.

And here they are now, suave, well-bred, well-educated, well-dressed even, in the one suit they were allowed to take out of their former country. In their pockets they may have only a remnant of the small sum of money which they were permitted to keep; yet in their hearts they carry a big lump of gratitude and the determination to make good and not to complain, to start at the bottom again and to forget their past—the glamour of it as well as the misery.

You can easily recognize them as they walk down Hollywood Boulevard—for they have no cars. But that does not matter; they brought with them the love of hiking and California streets are filled with wonders: The abundance of the markets, the bright blaze of flowers and the gold of the sun on one's back. Yes, you can recognize them too by their slightly foreign ways. By their slow, careful, well-enunciated but stiff English which they have learned with so much zeal. Above all, by the little lines around their lips which speak of self-control and a memory of suffering.

And what has Hollywood done with these people? The answer is simple. That heart-breaking town with its reputation of toughness has merely rolled up its sleeves and gone to work finding places for them.

It wouldn't do to mention names here, because part of these exiles' tragedy is that their names—so well-known over there—don't mean a thing to the American movie audiences. "Nevertheless," Hollywood says, "let's see what can be done about them?" How about this charming actress who was Berlin's Ina Claire? She can sell hats in one of the big department stores. And this handsome Hungarian actor with the grey temples? Wouldn't a few weeks of training make a perfect, dignified, noiseless butler of him? The movie star who had been famous for the parties she gave in Vienna could bake pastry for the parties of her more fortunate colleagues in Hollywood, couldn't she? But only for the time being, you understand, only until the break comes, only until we find some opportunity for giving you a part in a picture.

So what do those former headliners do? They settle down to their tasks; many of them make good at it, because they are ambitious and used to concentrating on their work. And after a while they might even feel happy and contented.

(Continued on page 80)

Velvet Volcano

—John Carroll, who's not exactly the ideal boy to take on a Sunday-school picnic



Paradox: Directors cast him as a gigolo (i.e., "Hired Wife," with Brian Aherne and Roz Russell); he himself yearns to be a dark-eyed Errol Flynn

BY JERRY ASHER

It was on sound stage 29—out Metro way where "Susan And God" was being filmed. Gathered together in a far corner, cast and crew formed an intimate little circle around Director George Cukor. Standing directly opposite Cukor and towering head and shoulders above them all was a young giant of a man. His long body was rigid—his attitude tense. Strange eyes that were both green and brown peered quizzically into the faces before him.

With a neat little speech the director praised the young man to the skies. Then he placed a beautifully wrapped box in the towering listener's hands.

Slowly it was accepted. Gingerly the young man tugged away at the strings.

All eyes focused on him, this young man who was on a spot—and knew it. He took one look inside. Then he started to roar.

For, in that box, banked with sweet peas and carnations, was a huge Virginia baked ham! Lettered in baby rosebuds on the ham were the words: "To John Carroll."

In that picture lies the secret of Hollywood's magnificent madman, John Carroll—the newest sex sensation in Hollywood since his swell bid in "Congo Maisie," his bigger-and-better role in "Susan And God" and now his screwball characterization in "Hired Wife." For that joke revealed his main characteristic—the ability to laugh at himself. Long ago he learned the secret—to laugh at himself *first*, especially if he thought others were about to do it.

It is no state secret that Cukor, who has directed everyone from Garbo to Virginia Weidler, really had a problem handling one Mr. Carroll during "Susan And God." Still they parted good friends—no one could really stay angry very long at a man possessing John Carroll's sense of humor.

Back in New Orleans where he was born Julian Lafaye (pronounced Lafie), his French father and mother soon realized they had an unusual deep-thinking child on their hands. It happened the day little Julian came home from school and discovered someone had poisoned his dog.

All night long he trudged the streets, his air gun tightly clenched in a trembling hand. At

He loves to eat, has a flair for cooking. He also possesses a stalwart figure, a fabulous face

dawn a tired sad-faced little boy crawled into bed. "Why—why?" he kept sobbing to himself. Right then and there John Carroll's hatred toward injustice was born.

To list further events of John Carroll's life in their chronological order is as futile a task as to fathom the facets of his fantastic personality. John himself cannot remember all the things that have happened to him. Or when. He has faint recollections of a restless boy of ten, who fled from home driven by the thought: "I *must* be free. I *must* keep moving."

He *does* vividly remember this same boy six years later. Shipping out on a freighter that took him around the world, the 16-year-old lad leaned far over the rail and gazed down into the mysterious depths. Then his brown eyes

changed and grew the same color as the churning, foaming expanse before him.

"I'll try anything once," he screamed out defiantly at the sea. "And if I'm wrong—I'll *always* remember to laugh."

There have been many turbulent seas since that memorable day in John's personal history. This modern Marco Polo has lived! Out of it all has come something as unpredictable as a trade wind, as individual as a fingerprint on a police record, as refreshing as that proverbial first day of spring. He has learned to take people as he finds them. He likes anyone who likes him. He's touchingly receptive if you want him for your friend, but it doesn't surprise or concern him too much if you dislike him intensely. Life has taught him to look out for himself.

DESPITE the hullabaloo being made over John's rising star, his fabulous face and stalwart figure are not unknown in Hollywood—ten years ago his

name graced the extra list in every casting office.

Oddly enough, the first time he ever faced a camera he got in simply because he wanted to see the inside of a studio. Warner Brothers were casting a picture called "Hearts In Exile." John asked if he could watch. Of course, he was promptly refused. In the drugstore opposite the studio, he overheard two extras say that singers were being signed. John went back and told them he could sing. He got the job and they passed him through the gates.

John sang in the chorus. An unknown girl named Harriette Lake was given a singing solo—her first picture job, too. John never recalled the incident again until one day on the set of

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"Good guy"—in public, Hepburn of "Philadelphia Story"

What happened to Hepburn ?

Hollywood didn't want her back; now she's the darling daughter. The story behind the year's biggest surprise

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

MISS KATHARINE HOUGHTON HEPBURN likes to beat people to the punch.

When she unlimbered her long legs from a transcontinental plane some weeks ago and trod Hollywood soil for the first time in two years, she was greeted by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity men masking their fears with smiles.

"We're glad to see you here again, Miss Hepburn," they beamed bravely.

"You won't be before I leave!" snapped Katie.

The funny part is—they were right and she was wrong.

"The Philadelphia Story," Hepburn's comeback picture, is filmed now. Katharine Hepburn's new screen fate is safely "in the can" for better or worse. She has left Hollywood. And—believe it or not—everyone who knew her this trip is genuinely sorry Kate has gone. The Hollywood story of Katharine Hepburn—second installment—packed a solid surprise. Hepburn, the horrible hoyden, turned out to be human after all. She made Hollywood like her—and believe you me, that is something—considering her roguish record.

It's no secret, of course, that when Katharine

Hepburn shook the star dust of Hollywood from her impudent heels, she was about as popular as the fabled skunk at a garden party. Professionally, she was officially labeled "poison at the box office." Privately she had long been spotted as spoiled, rude, queer, antisocial and snobbish. She had snubbed and was snubbed in return. Her own studio was sick and tired of her and vice versa. The men paid to glamorize her glared instead and Katie glared back. As for the press, it was taking more cracks at Katie than Joe Di Maggio takes at the old apple.

It's no secret, either, that despite Hepburn's latter day success on Broadway, she got back in Hollywood on a pass. M-G-M bought "The Philadelphia Story" and Katharine Hepburn went with the lease. It was love me, love my dog. She owns a third of it, with the author, Philip Barry, and the Theatre Guild. Hepburn wanted more of Hollywood; Hollywood wasn't crazy about any more of Hepburn.

With that setup, the old flame nobody longer wooed, Katharine had her work cut out for her. It demanded technique.

There are some who claim today that a great change has come over Miss Hepburn. Her suc-

cess on Broadway, they say, has mellowed her. She has grown up, she has reformed, she has changed her mind about Hollywood. She loves everyone and everyone loves her. She is a new woman. She has learned her lesson. Peace—it's wonderful! Well, I for one don't believe it. Leopards don't change their spots. Not that Katie is a cat or troubled with spots, but just the same, I think Hepburn is the same old gal, only much smarter. She has just remodeled and enlarged her technique.

The first person who referred to Katie as the star of "The Philadelphia Story" on her Hollywood set was startled to hear Hepburn state, "Oh, I'm not the star! There's Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart before me. I come third." When someone else expressed pleasure at her return, Hepburn replied frankly, "Yes, 'Philadelphia Story' came in the nick of time, or I'd never have made it." A party who tactlessly mentioned Hepburn's biggest movie flop, "Sylvia Scarlett," saw her turn archly to Cary Grant who was standing near by and crack, "Do you suppose I was so loathsome that they wouldn't even come to see you?"

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HAPLIN

*... with an accent still a bit "London,"
with an unpretentious honesty ... on a
subject that is one of the most im-
portant in the film world of today*

BY DIXIE WILLSON

Chaplin with Meredith Willson, musical director of "The Great Dictator"

AT the Chaplin Studio a few weeks ago, I happened by great good luck to find the world's best-loved comedian spending one of his rarely unoccupied noon hours in a lazy chair in the dooryard of the one-story yellow frame bungalow which serves as his office and dressing room, and is his favorite spot for luncheon. It was a typical California day of warm sunshine and cloudless sky. Half a dozen flowering petunia vines straggled across the ground going nowhere in particular, Mr. Chaplin sketching a trellis for them on the back of an envelope as he waited for an afternoon session on Stage One; final recordings of the music for his picture, "The Great Dictator."

His brown flannel trousers were not particularly well creased, his tan sport shirt and yellow sleeveless sweater were most informal, his prematurely gray hair making him, as always, a distinctive figure. There is nothing whatever in his appearance or manner to remind you of the character and personality we call Charlie Chaplin; nothing save the whimsical almost shy way he has of smiling; that fleeting indescribable manner of lips lifting at the corners.

"Well, and so after all," I said, "you've made a talking picture."

"Whether I would or wouldn't talk has been a very great mystery hasn't it?" he laughed. "... I never quite followed all the strange stories about why I *couldn't*. It's very amusing, for actually I'm quite a talkative fellow. And the most amusing thing about it was that with

all the reasons everybody propounded, nobody ever stumbled on the *right* one. I suppose just because it was so simple.

"You see," he explained, "I haven't a very large studio, just one sound stage and not a very big one; not much extra space about, and I just couldn't figure out how to have a lot of big bulky sound machinery in such a small place. Also," he said, "I always like to understand things I work with and the first sound mechanics were so complicated I didn't know what it was all about. Now the equipment is simplified ... and I'm delighted ... That's the extent of the mystery."

The voice about which the world has been so curious, is an unusually pleasant one, Mr. Chaplin's manner of speaking, still a bit "London." His eyes are a lively gray-blue, seeming to anticipate the whimsey, the fun he finds in everything. And he has a boyish way of sitting with his right knee drawn up, his hands locked around it, his foot resting on the edge of his chair. His friendliness, his lack of pretension, is immediately evident. His quick and frequent laughter is delightful. But I like him best, I think, in those moments when something brings back a memory of himself as a boy; of dreams like the one he always had in England of someday getting together as much as two thousand pounds for a little farm in Sussex.

Though there was a lot I wanted to ask him about his newest picture, I hoped for a bit of reminiscence too.

"In the days when you were a music hall actor in London," I said, "did you ever plan great things as a comedian, with yourself headed for extraordinary success?"

"Never," he said instantly. "Not in the least. If anyone had suggested it, I would have been amazed. I expected to go along like my father and the rest of my family who were all theatrical though none of us ever thought of any better luck than to keep working. My father," he said ... (and here came my reminiscence!) ... "was a little stout man who looked like Napoleon. He sang in the Varieties. My brother Sidney and I, still so young I just barely remember it, were already in a Rep company when he died.

"I didn't go to school much," he said. "Just once in a while. I got most of my education walking about Piccadilly."

"Looking in at the shop windows?" I guessed.

"No," he said, "looking into the big hotels at the gilt trimming, and at the men and women milling around. Or hearing a little chamber music if I could. I liked the feeling of being in the same place with the so-called nice people. I loved the beauty of it. Since we lived on the other side of the Bridge where things were commonplace, the West End seemed wonderful and exciting.

"And there was something else I loved to do," he said. "That was to sit in the audience of the theater where Lily Harley would be playing. She was a mimic. Very little. Very petite.



He turns property man with Clem Widrig (far left)



He turns hairdresser for Goddard



He makes up with make-up man Voight

Talks

Very clever. And very very beautiful . . . I thought her the most talented person in London. No matter how often I saw her, I was always waiting for the next time. . . .

"My third exciting place to go," he went on, "was the Lion's Cafe. In order to make myself gentleman enough to go there, I would brush my knickers and pull them down as far as I could and straighten around the long black stockings I wore, which otherwise were always twisted. And I would order French pastry and tea; Sidney and I, with our own money, because we were still playing in the Rep company. We felt that all the chi chi in the world," he laughed, "began and ended in the Lion's Cafe.

"I was given only small parts in the company," he went on, "but I spent a lot of time thinking up funny business and trying it out to see if I could make myself a little more important. And so I kept doing slightly better and finally got the news that I was to go with the company to America.

"I LOVED the adventure of that," he said, "but England was so intimate and New York was so big that, once I was there I had a terrible sense of loneliness which lasted for months. When Mack Sennett saw me . . . that's how I got to Hollywood," he said simply, as if that quite finished the story . . . "Then I built my own studio," he added, "and sent for my mother . . . She's buried here.

"But she didn't like my pictures," he went on, after a minute . . . with that fleeting indescribable smile of his. "She didn't like the violence of comedy. After she had been in Hollywood a little while she became very religious, and she used to say she was sorry I felt called upon to be an actor; leading a false life, she called it, because in pictures I was always pretending to be someone I was not. She thought that I could be doing a great deal for God's world instead. She was always sure I had a great message to give.

"However," he went on, "her regret about me didn't spoil her gay outlook, and we were very

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The skylight fall by the little barber in "The Great Dictator" was one of the high lights. This was how it was done:

1. He steps on a shingle



2. It's greased!



3. He aims at a skylight

Chaplin used no double for filming this fall. The crash through the skylight was an actual 15-foot drop



He acts, inimitably, with Oakie in his film



4. A big crash finale

T A L E N T S C O U T T E L L S A L L

*He only needs to be a combination of Job,
Casanova, Machiavelli and Jupiter—
even then he sometimes guesses wrong!*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Didn't I know that people
starved to death in this
town? "Okay, Mabel, you
can bring him in," I said

OF course, to speak of the young actors and actresses I shall call Clara Parker, June Fleur, Alice Burton, Sonja Horthy, Ray Morley, Cress McKenzie, Jack Plumber, Ben Day and the rest—and that is not their names—as the product of a cinema school is as inadequate as to call me a talent scout. I call myself a talent scout because Hollywood, which doesn't make very fine distinctions, calls me that. There was a time when I thought of calling my job Hell, but I've given that up; I rather like it now. But maybe the best way to begin this story, or any story, is at the beginning.

There is a meeting every second Monday at my studio which is obligatory for all directors and producers not actually on a stage with a working company. I also attend. It is a meeting in a dark projection room where we sit on hard leather seats watching a spear of light from the booth to the screen, over which the images of a lot of boys and girls with their hearts in their mouths are traveling at the rate of ninety feet to the minute. These screenings are what are known as tests. A hundred feet of them, marked off anywhere, might reveal a couple of kids sitting side by side on a bench supposed to represent Central Park in the spring, popping peanuts into their mouths to keep their teeth from chattering and reading a few lackluster little lines that might go like this:

He: You're kinda young, ain't ya, to be all alone in New York—an' not married.

She: Did I say I wasn't married?

He: If you're married—when did ya hock the ring?

She: I—I—you can't talk to me like that! I don't need your help, and I don't need your advice, and I'm going away from here—Oh!

That "Oh!" is likely to be when the gangling boy gets up and grabs her and hugs her awkwardly just as she is about to make a bolt for it.

And then there will be nothing but a blank white space on the screen for a few seconds while the next test is being strung on and I open my ears to hear what the men around me have to say.

"Cute girl, but too dumb-looking," a director says.

"Girl's too fat, too," another adds. "I don't mean they have to be like sticks, but the style is still in favor of the thin ones. I like the boy better."

"Who is the boy, Brisco?" another one asks me. "I sort of like him. He's got a cocky air."

"He's out of one of the little theaters in Hollywood," I say, as casually as I can. I don't open up that I'm pretty elated because the whole idea of this test was to get them to notice this kid. "He's ambitious, but he isn't very experienced," I say. "I don't think you'd like him, Jack."

"Did I ask you to tell me what I like, Brisco?" he flares back. "Did I say I had to have an experienced actor? D'you think *you're* the only one on this lot can teach anyone to act? I say he's got talent. I like him and I want him. La Rosa's been howling for a year for a new leading man and now she's going to get one. Bring him to my office in the morning."

That, I might say in explanation, is the cream. But it isn't happenstance. We plan for that director to say within three words of what he does say and in ten seconds of the time he says it. Not that he always falls in with our plans. Between cream meetings like that, there are a lot of days when we have to be satisfied with plain milk, or even skim milk. But the fact that we have a success now and then encourages us to think we may be on the right track. I show this gathering of directors and producers as high as 300 tests a month. Out of that 300, if I'm lucky, six new people will go before a camera in the next two or three months. Or maybe only three get their chance. I could be satisfied with one a month.



I wrote out a check, told her to go back to the stage. For selfish reasons, I'm glad not many of her type come my way

The big kid I've introduced on the screen came into my office four months before that test was made. He came in awkwardly, but he came in with a sort of set look on his face, as if he would have come in anyway if the marines, and the studio cops, and the balance of the office force had been there trying to keep him out. He'd been persistent about wanting to see me for three months, and the last two weeks of that time he'd been sitting all day every day in the outer office, waiting. I let him sit.

ONE of two things would happen, I knew; it always does. Either he'd get tough and convince Mabel, my efficient secretary, that I ought to see him, or he'd get discouraged and go away. As it chanced, he finally got tough. Mabel told me I had to see him. She told me with some unusual emotion, for Mabel isn't emotional. She said he'd been hanging around, and his face was getting thinner and thinner, and didn't I know people starved to death in this town?

"Okay, Mabel, you can bring him in," I said.

She was so elated I made a mental note to tell her boy friend to caution her about actors. She made a dash for the door and told him to come in, I would see him now. She didn't have to scream it, because he was already in the door by the time she put out her hand to open it—and I resolved again, as I have a hundred times in the last year, that this studio has got to give me a double soundproof door like the boss has in his office, or I will quit.

"Sit down, son," I say. "I understand you want to go in pictures."

"Gee, Mr. Brisco, that's swell of you! Swell! I've been wanting to get a crack at this picture

stuff for so long it makes me ache inside. I've done a lot of amateur acting—but that doesn't count, does it? Gee, I'd give my neck to get to act a piece opposite Martha Murro! She's—she's my ideal!"

For maybe ten minutes after that, in unbroken four-letter English, he gets my idea of anyone who would waste his time coming to Hollywood trying to be an actor. The point I try to get over is that I have not called him in to give him a job acting opposite his ideal, but to give him a little good advice about Hollywood, and the business of acting, and the picture business in general. I tell him as gently as I know how that if he had looked over every foot of ground in the U. S. with a magnifying glass, he couldn't have found a worse place to come to.

Then I tell him he may think he's an actor, but that so do 125,000,000 other people in this country and there can be an intelligent dispute about the matter with any of them. I make it as plain as I can that he will be devoting himself, if he stays here, to the most miserable existence it is possible for any healthy and free young animal to know. He'll have nothing to keep his hands and his mind occupied, I tell him, except sitting in a room with four walls waiting for a call. He'll be a slave to a telephone, tied to a receiving cord that's got to stretch with him, wherever he goes from that room, with someone left there to call him if a message should, by any miracle, come. Not three strikes and he's out, as it's been at St. Paul's, or wherever he's been at school, but one ring and he's out, if there's no one there to get

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HOLLYWOOD



Evenings out may be rare, but Claudette is every inch a French wife in adapting her hours to those of Dr. Joel Pressman

*Step over this charming
threshold and meet—not
a star and her husband—
but a doctor and his wife*



At Home



The added-on playroom with embroidery-covered picture screen and big gate-leg table—on which she's perched to tease Heinie (right) and which, she says, "I thought would be a sociable gathering place like our dining table used to be"



HOW CLAUDETTE COLBERT LIVES

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

With specially posed intimate photographs by John Swope

"T'S very strange and very wonderful indeed about Claudette," Mrs. Colbert says. "When my son, Charles, was seven years old I told my husband I wanted to have another child. He shook his head. 'You are not strong,' he said. 'Another baby would tax you!'"

"But one morning soon after that I didn't enjoy my tea and toast. 'I'm going to have another child!' I announced triumphantly.

"My husband was convinced by my conviction. 'I hope it is for the best,' he said.

"'It is!' I told him. 'It is! You'll see! She's going to be an artist . . . very famous, very lovely!'"

Sometimes prophecies are fulfilled overnight, as if by a miracle. Usually, however, it takes time and all the things that transpire with time to make them come true.

In her serious big-eyed way Claudette was very lovely as a child. Not for twenty years, however, was she to reach for the bright fame of her mother's prophecy. Among other things she was lazy. "I well remember," her Aunt Emily says, "when she was graduated from high

school. She wore her hair flowing and her white robe was fastened with a silver belt. She looked beautiful. She read a composition called 'I, the Spirit of Work!' But her father only laughed. 'How can she?' he asked. 'The laziest girl in the world!'"

Shortly afterward, she chose to enter the theater, for adventure. The Provincetown Players cast her in "Aria da Capo," by Edna St. Vincent Millay, her idol. When she discovered that Norma Millay, her idol's sister, was one of the cast and, on the same day, found "This is where Pegasus was hitched!" scrawled on the wall of her dressing room she was filled with the wonder and glory of it all.

She often brought two or three boys from the cast home for dinner. She would telephone from the theater, breathless. "We're having baked chicken tonight, aren't we?" she'd ask. "Well, couldn't we get another bird? These boys—they're artists! And they're starving!"

"She always thought," says Mrs. Colbert, still amused, "that we should be thrilled to know starving people like that!"

Claudette's father died suddenly when she was 20 years old. Sad and lonely months followed. But they were productive, too. They imposed responsibility on Claudette. She had her mother, Grandmère and Tantine Emily to support—practically and spiritually. For her brother was married and away. And it was this necessity, undoubtedly—not any instinct—that made her a career woman.

"Claudette always reminds me of her grandmère," Mrs. Colbert will tell you. "This is what I have to do and I'm going to do it—that's her attitude. And it was my mother's attitude, too."

No one on Broadway worked harder than Claudette during the next few years. Having committed herself to a career she slaved—albeit with humor and good spirit—that she might be outstanding. And she succeeded so well in doing this that Paramount bought her contract from Al Woods and put her to work in their studios.

At last Mrs. Colbert's prophecy was being fulfilled. And Claudette was well on her way to the beautiful white house in Holmby Hills which is the background for this story. . . .



Cherished possession is the tiny skiing trophy barely visible at top of the dressing-table mirror in Claudette's room (upper right)

She spent weeks shopping for such treasures as the Manet over the drawing-room fireplace (above); painting (left) is of her mother

Flowers fill the grounds, from a brick terrace (where Claudette's talking with her gardener, left) to the spacious "cutting garden"

Mother has her own home now, too—where they sit on a sunlit terrace, beneath a map of their beloved France, knitting patiently



Houses always reveal the secrets of those who live in them. And Claudette's house tells how she has outdistanced the loneliness that used to plague her, tempered the sense of responsibility that used to drive her and come to a late youth and happiness.

It's difficult to find your way in Holmby Hills. The roads curve and dip and rise with the terrain. There's no rhyme or reason to the faintly English-sounding road names. And often the little corner signs are hidden by bougainvillea or flowering shrubs that sweeten the air and prompt you to take off your dark glasses to enjoy the true colors.

On one of these winding roads, just beyond Irene Dunne's rose beige house, you come to Claudette's house. It's a formal house such as you see on the fine avenues of great cities. The doorway, chastely beautiful, opens directly on a semicircular driveway that curves in and out around a sycamore tree. When the door is opened "Heinie," a dachshund with a coat of brown satin, peers around the butler's striped trousers and barks furiously if he even suspects he won't like you.

We said this was Claudette's house. We should have said it was Doctor and Mrs. Joel Pressman's house. For, essentially, that's the way it is.

It's an old human law that women, to be fully happy, must be married to men who command their respect and consideration. And it's not easy for girls, like Claudette, who have a fabulous earning capacity and fabulous fame to find such men.

The Pressman household is run to accommodate the uncertain hours of a doctor. Dinner is at eight, unless it's postponed an hour or more by an emergency call, a hospital visit to a post-operative case, or concentrated effort in a laboratory.

Claudette says, "Anyone who comes to work here understands the hours are part of the job. I try to make up for them in other ways. A doctor can't be made nervous about the time he gets home."

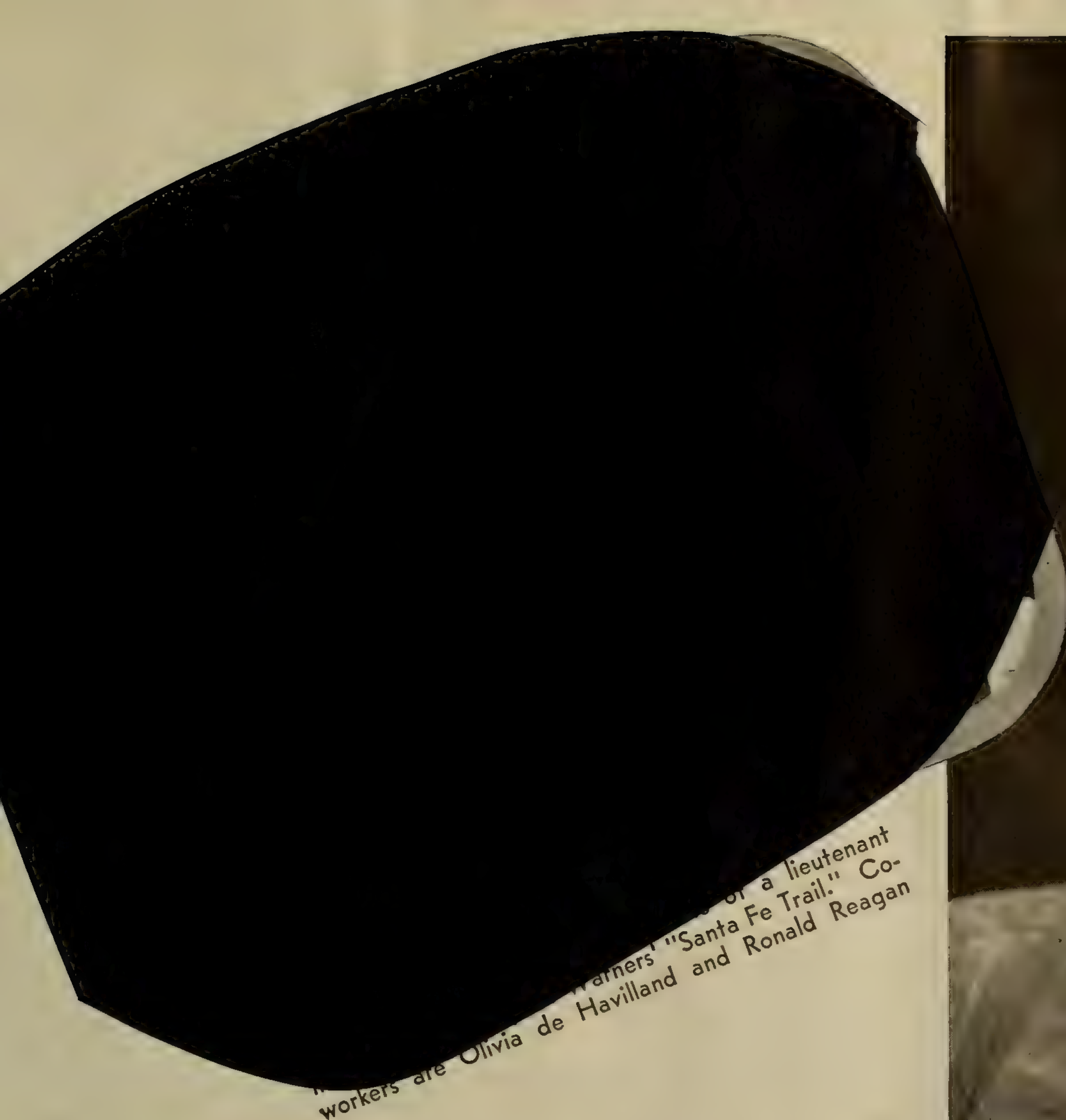
Claudette also protects the doctor socially. "Be careful," she warns hostesses, "that it isn't a dinner for fourteen."

"Nine times out of ten," she says, "Jack won't arrive at a party with me and leave with me, too. Many times he can't be there at all!"

Once it would have been fantastic to expect a great star to sublimate her comfort to the never-ending demands of a physician's life. However, anyone who gets to the top in pictures must be equal to *plenty* of self-discipline. And it is, besides, the instinct of French women, like Claudette, to look after the physical comfort of their men.

Claudette built her house in Holmby Hills for her mother, her aunt and herself (Grandmère had died several years earlier) before she knew she was going to marry Joel Pressman. She worked with the architect and the builders, con-

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workers are Olivia de Havilland and Ronald Reagan
of a lieutenant
"Santa Fe Trail." Co-



THE MAN WHO *found* A COUNTRY

BY WILLIAM A. ULMAN, JR.

"I always thought I had to be fancy-free to get the best out of life. That's freedom—of a sort. But there's one thing bigger"

*You may call yourself an American
before you read this piece on Flynn.*

Afterwards you may not be so sure

FIVE years ago I met a nomad.

He was a big, lusty, gusty, brawling sort of man. He loved life because life made him laugh. He loathed work and ties and permanence and people who took themselves seriously. Whenever people like that crossed his path he took his delight in bedeviling them out of countenance. He was like the bear who went over the mountain to see what he could see. Preferably trouble. Trouble for the sheer hell of it.

His name was Errol Flynn.

Nobody knew who he was. He was just a guy in a town full of good-looking men. But you remembered him because of his grin and his air of mocking diffidence. He'd just finished a part in a picture in which he portrayed a very dead corpse. Not even a walk-on—just a corpse.

"Captain Blood" hadn't been filmed when Er-

rol and I were parked on the balcony of a hillside home on Appian Way overlooking California's most astonishing city.

"Willie," he said, "it's you that's crazy—not me. A career's the thing for a man founding a dynasty—a man who is content not to look beyond the horizon. Me, I find the whole bloody world barely large enough to hold me comfortably."

"Okay!" I said. "Then what did you come here for? Why sign a contract at Warner Brothers? Why try to be an actor?"

He frowned at me with amused impatience.

"Because I'm broke, idiot! I didn't have a feather to fly with when Irving Asher saw me in London and gave me a chance at this pot of gold. What would you do? I had everything to gain and nothing to lose. I'm no actor—I'm a prospector, an Island constable, a labor runner, a pearl diver, bêche-de-mer fisher—but if they think I'm an actor and are willing to pay out to prove it, that's their lookout." He lit his cigarette and flipped the burnt-out match over the balustrade. "Meanwhile," he grinned, "I'm acquiring a few feathers."

The next time I saw Errol he was in "Captain Blood" and another Hollywood miracle was under way.

To me, the miracle hasn't been making a top-

rank star out of the Flynn. Whether he knew it or not at the time, he had the stuff on the ball and his whole air of amused mockery projected through to the screen. Hollywood expected him to change—to go Hollywood in a big way. They said he wouldn't work. He did. He worked like the devil, but it was characteristic of him that he was slightly ashamed to be caught doing it—he'd always sworn that you didn't have to work to get by. All you needed was an infectious grin, a good right hook and no responsibilities. The cardinal sin was to take anything seriously—especially the boss of the studio.

To disappear a week before a picture was scheduled to start production was just a minor caprice—it was much more fun to take lessons in aerobatic flying during the middle of production or to strike for a raise at just the moment when it would create the greatest anguish.

Errol had one avowed purpose—to garner \$100,000 and pull out, contract or no contract. There was a schooner and an island waiting off the coast of Papua. With that in view, there was no future to worry about, so why take things the hard way? . . .

The cries of anguish rent the high heavens and sundered the Hollywood hills. Even Lili's

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Four generations—Edward Robson Gore, May's grandson, little Virginia, her first great-grandchild, and Edward Gore, her son (right)

LESSON in LIVIN'



At seventy-six, May Robson is still going strong in films like "Irene" and "Texas Rangers Ride Again"

Forty years ago May Robson was rocking Broadway in "Are You A Mason?" as the result of a lesson she learned in her first stage appearance

Courage and common sense about heartbreak are the secrets of May Robson's fifty-seven fabulous years in the limelight

BY MARIAN RHEA

MAY ROBSON, 76 years young, sat in the comfortable little den of her comfortable big home in Beverly Hills and "remembered when." She sat easily erect, feet scorning the footstool near by, hands busy with her inevitable needlepoint. . . .

"Let me," she said, "go back to the beginning—to a day as long ago as 1871. We, the Robison family (I lost the 'i' in our good Scotch name along the way of my career, also the 'r'

in Mary, which was my Christian name) were living in a place called St. Kilda, near Melbourne, Australia. My father, Captain Henry Robison of the British Royal Navy, had died when I was a baby. But on this day I speak of, I was standing before his crayon portrait in our parlor contemplating the letters, H.E.I.C.S. inscribed beneath. To me, these letters made a word, 'Hikes.' I turned to my mother and asked her, 'Was that Papa's name?' In answer, she explained what the letters really meant—Honorable East India Company Service. 'Your father was a distinguished man,' she told me proudly. Then she drew me close to her and whispered, 'Oh, little Mary, I miss him so! You

can help me by being like him!'

"After that I found myself wondering as small temptations came my way, 'Would Hikes do this?' And the question helped me to make my small decisions. As the years went on, it got to be a habit. I do it to this day."

When May was 7, her mother took her and her two sisters and brother back to England where she was sent to school, first to the Convent of the Sacred Hearts in London, later to Sisters' schools in Brussels and in Paris. She says she didn't distinguish herself scholastically but that she did learn to speak French and German perfectly and that she was leading lady in practically all the school plays.

It was when May was home in London for the Christmas holidays of 1880 that she met a boy whose name was Edward Gore. He, too, was vacationing from school. He was a good-looking boy, 18 years old. They fell in love madly, forever—they thought. They stole away

(Continued on page 90)

Laraine Day, the engaging little nurse of M-G-M's Dr. Kildare series, illustrates the versatility of Hollywood's pet fur coat fashion—the finger-tip jacket of lynx which goes to the races or comes to the ball with equal éclat. Laraine's willow-slim frock is gaily decorated with gold and turquoise embroidery. Costume from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills

PHOTOPLAY *fashions*

Carpenter

GWENN WALTERS

Fashion Editor

Associate Fashion Editors:

Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet

Prices quoted on these pages may vary in different sections of the country

Spot News



Ruth Hussey of M-G-M's "The Philadelphia Story" spots ocelot as one of the winter's smartest younger fur coat fashions. The length's important—thirty-two inches of warmth, yet it's short enough to show off her new slim-making frock. For more spot news: A matching beanie to make this a costume that will stand out in smart spots everywhere

Carpenter

Girl in Snow



Deanna Durbin of Universal's "Spring Parade" chooses a first grownup winter ensemble in gray—deep gray velveteen tier-tucked bow-tied dress; lighter gray Persian lamb swagger with big-time sleeves. She tops things off with a rose suede pompadour-beret and gloves

Merry Christmas to an Indoor Girl—

Anita Louise sends you a cheery Christmas greeting in a pretty pink quilted rayon crepe boudoir coat the like of which any indoor girl would give a good deal to own! Yet it is only \$10.95 at Stern's, N. Y. For all its baby-pink coloring and delicate flurry of flowers, this coat zips purposefully from tailored collar to knee and ties itself trimly at the waist. You will next see Anita in Columbia's "Glamour For Sale"

Fink



Other gifts that will bring a pretty "Thank You" from your favorite indoor girl...

1. Yolande's will-o'-the-wisp blue chiffon nightie, Val lace-trimmed and tied in a fluttery bow at the back. \$5.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York

2. Yolande's baby-blue satin slip bordered in matching peekaboo net and inserted with net under the shirred bra-bodice, too. \$5.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York

3. "High-Kick," Joyce's sueded jersey mule with squared ramp-sole and toe, bordered in gold or silver kid. Dyeable. \$3.95

4. A bedjacket—young... dainty and appealing in flowered pink rayon crepe. Quilted like your grandmother's, too. Only \$3.98 at Stern's, New York

5. "Yes" and "No" earrings, one red; one green. With them a flirt can invite or repel her young man's advances. \$1 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

6. A pink breakfast tray for your pampered darling. Cellophane mat, linen napkin, Rogers 1847 silver and polka-dot breakfast set—all for \$9.38 at R. H. Macy, New York

Merry Christmas to an
Outdoor Girl—



Willinger

These beaming little M-G-M actresses, Mary Howard and Ann Morriss, are playing "Santa" to the outdoor girl, toting between them a basket full of gifts. Right cute and pert, these modern Santas, too, in their gray flannel Lanz of California reefers, spruced up with red and green oak leaves and silver buttons. Also from Lanz come the white felt hats with puff-ball feathers and embroidered mittens. Duplicate the coat (\$53), the hat (\$6.95), the mittens (\$2.95), or all three and you'll delight any outdoor girl that you know

Inside the bulging tote-basket are more tricks to intrigue every outdoor girl who's on your mind . . .

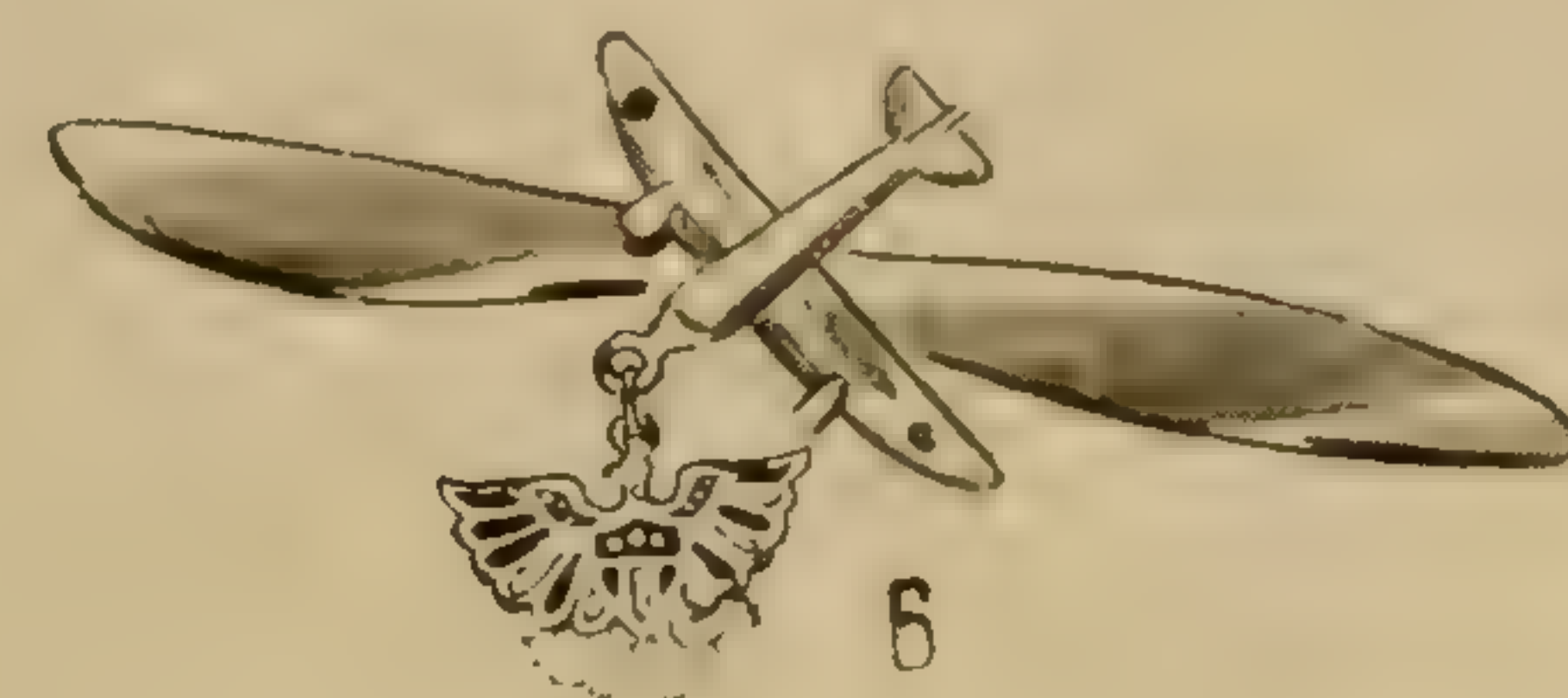
1. A bright red Sacony helmet with cable-knit panels for decoration and a neck-warmer for comfort. \$2.95 at Franklin Simon, N. Y.

2. Sacony's cable-knit turtle-neck sweater to match. Pure zephyr, ribbed at the bottom for waistline fit. \$7.95 at Franklin Simon, N. Y.

3. Fireman red woolies—Kumfortites fashioned to fit like a stocking—in fact, they can serve that purpose, too. Anchored under the arch. \$2.34 at R. H. Macy, N. Y.

5. Cable-knit mittens, too, to defy frozen fingers, fashioned like their sister-socks to hug hands and arms in a warm embrace. \$1.95 at Franklin Simon of New York City

6. Outdoor girl's Airfleet pin of two-toned gold, sporting a plane, the blades of a propeller and a patriotic eagle. \$2.98 at Bloomingdale's of New York City



4. Knee-high Sacony socks with slimming cable-knit panels, fashioned at top and ankle to fit as snugly as silk. Around \$3.95 at Franklin Simon, New York



4

3

2

1

Posed by Miss Martha O'Driscoll of RKO's "Lil Abner," in a "Gay Gibson" wool-embroidered bolero-frock. About \$12 at Powers, Minneapolis

Here's a smart new thing to do for Christmas! A boy and girl who go about together should exchange identical presents. Picture the stir you'll cause when you wear the same gloves, pull out the same cigarette case or—and this is most significant of all—wear the same Fidelity Rings on your little fingers. Here are five interchangeable gifts; each one would "make the grade" with every boy and girl we know.

Girl Gives Boy

Hendrickson

Wm. Block Co., Indianapolis
The Paris Co., Salt Lake City
Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham

1. Twin Fidelity Rings to wear on your "pinkies." Sterling silver, engraved or plain, awaiting your inscription. The rings are only 94c each at R. H. Macy, N. Y.

2. For him, "After Shave" and for her, "Eau de Cologne" in Fabergé's most exciting odeur, "Aphrodisia." \$2.50 each at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York

3. The newest way to wear a watch—part of a golden clip that protects your paper money. \$13.25 each at Ovington's, N. Y.

4. Volupté's "King Size" cigarette case in black or brown English morocco leather. Each \$4.95. Each Signature, \$5 extra B. Altman, New York, has it

5. "Hand-Mates," Hansen's identical capeskin shorties, casually whipped in contrasting color. \$3 a pair at B. Altman, N. Y.

Boy Gives Girl



Pin Money Presents

Wm. Block Co., Indianapolis
The Paris Co., Salt Lake City
Loeblin, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham

Posed by Diana Lewis (Mrs. William Powell) of M-G-M's "Go West," wearing "Gay Gibson's" embroidered suspenderdress (of black Gaycrest Crepe). About \$12 at Powers, Minneapolis

Christmas "at a price" can still be a merry, merry Christmas if you'll pick your presents properly. The least expensive stocking-stuffer on this page costs just \$1.00. The most you can pay for any gift you see is just \$4; while any one of these elegant-eleven will make someone on your Christmas list extremely happy!

1. "Jingle," Proper McCallum's new Christmas stocking, packed in a cellophane Christmas bell to hang from the tree. \$1 at leading department stores

2. "Corsage," Natascha's new glove with Milosuede palm and leather back embossed with a flower. \$1 at Kayser Stores, N. Y.

3. "Ticker-Tape" bag and belt-ensemble of colorful costume-suedes, bordered in golden beads. Bag, \$2.95; belt, \$1

4. "Safety First," Coro's amusing two-toned metal necklace and bracelet of giant safety pins. 95c each at Richter's, 5th Ave., N. Y.

5. Chiffon evening hankie, monogrammed in color after the technique of fine European embroideries. 95c at Wanamaker's, N. Y.

6. Aztec Indian-influenced Echo scarf of wool so fine it's called "Mirage." Redman colors in the border. \$2.77, R. H. Macy, N. Y.

7. "Hi-Ro," the new Parker game that makes a social success of a dull evening. Two or four can play. \$2 at F.A.O. Schwarz, N. Y.

8. Gabilla Perfume ensemble of "Reve à Deux," "Sinful Soul" and "Foolish Virgin" Composés, beautifully boxed. \$2.25 at leading department stores

9. Pink rayon satin princess slip with new snug-fit Laton back, Alencon-bordered for extra allure. \$1.83 at R. H. Macy, N. Y.

10. A rhinestone bird on a gilded pillbox, for toting aspirin, saccharine or any other pills you carry. \$1 at Bonwit Teller, N. Y.

11. Joan Kenly zip-front housecoat of wine moiré with pegtop pockets and heart-shaped neck. About \$4 at Franklin Simon, N. Y.



Black Tie—

When your beau says, "Dinner at eight," you can plan a costume that will captivate, says pert Miss Phyllis Brooks, now on leave from RKO to play in the Broadway musical, "Panama Hattie," as does her attentive escort, Jack Donohue. Phyllis does it with jersey "separates"—a jet-embroidered crimson jersey blouse teamed with a flowing jersey skirt that musters its fullness in front. Blouse, \$6.50; skirt, \$6.50; duet—under \$15 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.



Wilson



Here are the builder-uppers with which you add to your chic on a "black tie" date . . .

3. Lelong evening pochette of red silk bengaline, Facile-fastened and fitted with Lelong powder, lipstick and rouge. Yours for only \$2.50 at leading department stores

1. Sparkling jewelry—pearl-studded leaves that follow the curve of your ear and twine around a wide gold bracelet. Earrings, \$2.98; bracelet, \$4.98 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

4. Red doeskin dinner gloves. Kay Fuchs "shorties," whipped by hand and bordered and tasselled with sparkling jet. A smart way to more glitter! \$6.50 at Lord & Taylor, N. Y.

2. Alternative dinner-sweater of black chenille with dazzling diagonals of golden sequins. Side-zipped from surplice-neck to hem. You can have it for \$8.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

5. A sports-shoe favorite, the ghillie, becomes an outstanding evening slipper. Gold kid with open toe and heel and golden laces. It's just \$5.98 at The Ansonia Shoe Shops, New York

White Tie—

For an evening gala, Phyllis follows the cover-up code and picks a dazzling suit of white flannel to match the elegance of her escort's, Jack Donohue's "tails." Phyllis' longer jacket is bright with glistening pastel pearls and gold embroidery. Her slim skirt is slit in front and dips into a modest train in back. The jacket, \$10.95; the skirt, \$7.95; the duet—under \$20 at Bloomingdale's, New York



Photographed at the Cafe Pierre



The important trifles with which you add to your elegance on a "white tie" evening . . .

3. Alternative white velvet evening jacket with pretty décolletage, ornately embroidered with gold sequin flowers. \$7.98 at Stern's, New York

1. Glitter jewelry — magnificent rhinestone-studded flower earrings and flexible bracelets with square-set colored stones. Earrings, \$6.44; bracelets, 94c each at R. H. Macy's, N. Y.

4. Jeweled gold kid melon evening bag, studded with colored stones and dangling a silk-fringed tassel. It holds a slew of gadgets. Just \$7.50 at David's Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

2. Kay Fuchs cowboy gloves—the last word in American-Indian accessories—white doe-skin fringed with gold kid. \$7.95 at B. Altman, New York

5. Cinderella step-in of crystal-clear Vinylite with gold kid bands and heels. Open toes, backs and perforations. \$5.98 at The Ansonia Shoe Shops, N.Y.

Cosmetic Counter

Photoplay's own Cosmetic Counter is piled high with gifts to make you beautiful . . . Gifts you'll want to give or get . . . Suggestions to your best beau on what you'd like if you could reach into the beauty grab bag and pull out one or all of these fragrant delights...Peggy Sweet



1. Merry Christmas by Elizabeth Arden comes in a minuscule Christmas tree. Exciting Blue Grass perfume is bedecked in fancy holiday dress. Yours for \$2.

2. A haunting fragrance and a lovely way to say Merry Christmas. . . . Try Chevalier Garde's Duchess of Kent—with eagle perched atop the bottle. \$5.

3. Coty's decorative pottery casks, copied from old-world wine vessels, are filled with their famous toilet waters. The color of the jug tells you the scent. \$2.50.

4. Wembon's Lavender gift basket is laden with scents for your bath, your lingerie, and you. All done up prettily. \$2.50, and one of the nicest of gifts.

5. Wisley goes sentimental by way of a bath set in Sweet Clover with bath powder, cologne and crystals for your personal self. Such luxury for \$2.50.

6. A make-up case from the House of Westmore to give your skin a satin-smooth appearance like all the famous movie stars. Useful and practical. \$2.50.

7. Shulton's little Treasure Box filled with Early American Friendship Garden goodies is a "find" for budget laddies to give their lassies. \$1 and worth more!

8. Gentlemen's delight—a shaving set complete with mug, after shave lotion and talc in Shulton's popular Early America Old Spice. This cheer, \$2.75.

9. Apple Blossom luxury is one of Helena Rubinstein's shining gift stars. The star studded box contains everything for your bath. \$2.50 buys it.

10. A "lush" new fragrance by Fa-bergé is called Daytime Perfume. It's a hybrid scent that is part cologne—part perfume and very "yummy." \$2 to \$8.

11. To give a man—Colgate's popular Palmolive shaving set on a removable tray. In a simulated tan leather traveling case. He'll love you for it. \$1.50.

12. One of the most luxurious gift sets to come our way (and yours) is Bourjois' Mais Oui designed by Lester Gaba and John-Frederics. \$35 but oh, so elegant!

13. Glamour the Hollywood way. Rita Hayworth, Columbia star, shows you Max Factor's double vanity and lipstick gift box. Always a welcome gift. \$3.

14. Lovely hands for you at Xmas and all year in Peggy Sage's musical manicure case "Skynote" that plays an old fashioned tune. Our choice at \$15.

15. Lucien Lelong's Castles of perfume will bring out the best in you—and give the man in your life that "knighthood in flower" feeling. A grand gift at \$5.



The Camera Speaks

A haunting moment snatched from time by candid camera: Virginia Field and fiancé Richard Greene have a last dance together—the night before he sailed for England

Fink

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES
PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

Nautical as can be are Mary Martin's "balloon-jib" slacks — distinguishable from sails only by their stripes—but nice for seagoing holidays, now that Mary's finished "Love Thy Neighbor"

McAlpin

SUPER
CARGO



SUPER CONGA

Ahead of any "line," on dance floor or beauty platform, is Betty Grable—who recently achieved graduation (by way of the stage) from collegiate films to a leading role in "Down Argentine Way"





Fashionable young matron in finest mink: Joan Fontaine—recovered from the illness which has kept her from the screen since the sensational "Rebecca"—enjoys time out as the real-life Mrs. Brian Aherne before starting her next David O. Selznick film

"North West Mounted Police" and "Moon Over Burma" have left Robert Preston little time for the latest love in his highly publicized romantic life—his boat!

McAlpin





Only catch to catch-on-quick Dick Foran of "Rangers of Fortune": His red-gold hair photographs an insignificant brown



Marjorie Rambeau: Aristocratic nose, democratic ways and an Irish reincarnation of the "Tugboat Annie" character



Cross - our - heart hope - to - die truth about Dr. Kildare's Nat Pendleton: He has an economics degree from Columbia

Round-Up of PAGE SETTERS

A movie-goer's index that gives the answers to all the questions about all the "faces with a future"

BY SARA HAMILTON

Redheaded He-man

IN a Hollywood penthouse (three stories up from the geranium-covered ground) out on Sunset Strip, Dick Foran and Broderick Crawford live together. Whether by coincidence or providence I couldn't say, but directly across from their dining-room balcony flashes the sign of the Cock 'n' Bull Restaurant. On one side of the fabulous boulevard then, sit Dick and Brod. On the other a cock, in the act of crowing, and a plain old bull. Make of it what you will.

The tragic part of Dick in movies, his latest being "The House of the Seven Gables," "Four Mothers" and "Rangers of Fortune," is that his brilliant red-gold hair comes out an insignificant brown. Even in Technicolor it's not the same old golden red. Which is a pity, for many an evening Brod will sit and stare at what he imagines is a glorious sunset only to discover—you're right—it's Foran's mop.

Dick Foran is an American lulu doing a Northwest Passage with Livingstone through this Hollywood mess and clutter of *artistes*, horribly, horribly clevah Englishmen, don't you know, and terribly, terribly ultra people that go to make up Hollywood. He's like that bull across the street, tramping through Ouida Rathbone's china shop. After all, Dick's a Princeton halfback, typically American, who may go helling a bit now and then and is about as actor-conscious as Gable.

He came from Flemington, New Jersey, where his dad is Lieutenant Governor of the state, president of an iron works and Inspector General of the 44th Division of the National Guard.

All Dick wants to be is a cowboy star. Just one little (well, no, not little) cowboy star. He *was once*. That was after his debut with Shirley Temple in "Stand Up and Cheer" and several Warner Brothers pictures (remember "Petrified Forest"), but after six Westerns they decided Dick should be a romantic hero or something and they buried his cowboy hopes out on the lone *prairie*.

After Princeton, he was working for the Pennsylvania Railroad as a special investigator when his work brought him to Los Angeles. Lew Brown of the musical comedy production trio of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, spotted Foran and persuaded him to take a test. That's when he left his railroad job behind to the puzzled bewilderment of father, mother and four brothers who had never dreamed their Nicholas (his right name) would turn out to be an actor, of all things.

In his spare time he hunts, fishes, rides, is father to his 1 and 2-year-old boys Pat and

Mike (Dick and his former wife, socialite Ruth Hollingsworth, are divorced), teaching them to ride out on his ranch where he lives when they're with him.

He's six foot three inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, has a mello baritone voice, eats one monstrous slice of ham among other things for breakfast. But that's the only ham about him. There's a lad for you, that Foran.

Rambeautiful

BEHIND Marjorie Rambeau stretches twenty-five years of acting, twenty of them in stardom on the stage. Ahead on the screen, if we know Marjorie, are twenty-five more, with the pictures, "Primrose Path," "20 Mule Team," "Tugboat Annie Sails Again" and "East Of The River" serving merely as a filling in the sandwich; and decidedly *not ham*. For if ever there was a actress it's the Rambeau lady, with her talents, her aristocratic nose, democratic ways, her Irish eyes (are smiling is right) and her sense of the ridiculous. That latter reaches from San Francisco where Marjorie was born, to Nome, Alaska, where she was taken as a child by her medico mother, to South Africa where her father's diamond business transported her next and back to California where as a kid of 13 Marjorie was killing the people as a dying *Camille* up and down the Pacific Coast. She died in every big city in the West and, brother, she died good, taking as long as twenty minutes to expire while the rest of the cast stood around waiting for the demise so they could go home and go to bed.

"Why I remember you way back there forty years ago," decrepits will often quaver. Which



Deanna Durbin's sidekick and one of the best new faces in Hollywood: Peggy Moran of "Spring Parade"



Marjorie Main in "Wyoming": A lady faintly reminiscent of a lanky harum-scarum kid in Indiana

burns Marjorie to a crisp, for with all her experience and years of stardom on Broadway she's still youngish, beautiful to see, grand to listen to and an actress of the old school.

She literally slid into a theatrical career. After her final return to San Francisco Marjorie, who had skinned whales in Alaska and shins in Africa, was sent to dancing school. But would Marjorie behave prettily? Oh no, she had to go sliding down the banisters, sprawling at the feet of a visiting theatrical producer who was so impressed he placed her in small roles in a stock company.

She was tall and buxom for a child of 13 and easily stepped into leading lady roles. In 1913 she was on Broadway and for eighteen years never left it, going from one hit to another. Her first movie venture was in "Her Man," a grand picture, and her next "Min and Bill," with more to follow. Her present Annie of Tugboat fame is not Marie Dressler's version, for she feels that was Marie's alone. Marjorie's is Irish. But just to prove her versatility, her *Mama Ravioli* in "East Of The River" is so Italian you expect spaghetti to spring up around like mushrooms.

Years ago she divorced the famed Willard Mack and later married Hugh Dillman McGaughy. Ten years ago she married an old suitor, Francis A. Gudger of the South Carolina Gudgers, suh, a former vice-president of the Sam Goldwyn company. On a special ranch he raises chickens and to Marjorie's horror calls their product Marjorie Rambeau eggs.

As if the business of laying eggs should be mentioned in the acting profession for heaven's sake!

Farmer's Son

NAT PENDLETON'S face—because it's the most remarkable thing about him we speak of it first—is a belying factor. I mean with its longitude and latitude equaling the square of X or something, Nat looks as if he didn't know a thing more than the law allowed. He looks it and acts it in all the *Dr. Kildare* stories, in "The Golden Fleecing" and in "Flight Command." And that's where we're all wrong in believing our eyes and ears, for Nat, short for Nathaniel, is one of the knowingest guys in all Hollywood with that Columbia University Bachelor of Arts degree in economics, plus his ability to speak fluently Portuguese, Spanish and French—and perfect English—and his three very beautiful careers, the final one being acting.

You sport fans know already that Nat won the wrestling championship for the United States in the 1920 Olympic games and later, as a professional, was acclaimed the world's champion wrestler when he defeated Robert Roth, Swiss manhandler, in Paris in 1924.

If that isn't hitting the peak of a career you name it.

Then along came the businessman venture where Nat, as part owner in a Portuguese export and import firm operating out of Lisbon and covering all of Europe and America, rose to the top. Was chosen, in fact, by the United States Government as its purchasing agent in Spain during the war.

That's how smart old muff-mouth was. That's all!

Then came acting. He'd had a wee taste of it as a kid when he worked at bits in movies for

his famous uncle, Arthur Johnson, who was then a director and Mary Pickford's leading man. Years later his wrestling fame brought him to the attention of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden (hello, boss) and with him Nat joined in producing True Story films with Nat acting and directing. It was only a step to the stage. And only a step between acts from the stage to participation in more wrestling matches with Nat hurrying back to the third act with a spasmodic collar bone and a bunged eye to the delight of the audience and confusion of the cast.

Then came movies again with Nat winning away a role from Johnny Weissmuller in "Laughing Lady" and years later Johnny winning *Tarzan* away from Nat. And with Nat all set to give it a swell interpretation, too. Nat was going to give it two grunts instead of one, which would have been sensational.

He's married, writes in his spare time and even acted in a film he wrote himself called "Deception." He beat Spencer Tracy out in a test for a role a long, long time ago at Fox and thinks it's the high light of something or other, sprinkles sugar on his melon and runs yowling like mad from raisins cooked or uncooked.

Back on a farm near Davenport, Iowa, Nat was born. When just six months old he was taken to Cincinnati where his two brothers, Gaylor and Edmund, were born. His father was president of the Davenport Gas Works, so I guess in a way that makes Nat one of the Gas House boys.

But, dear me, what a smart one and what a sense of humor. And what a face! But that's where we came in, isn't it?

(Continued on page 79)

Warner's

AHEAD



A bowl of white caracul for a hat and the biggest muff in the world to match. You can see the lavish hand of Lilly Daché at work, abetted by her own decided flair for making women very, very beautiful

Smartest "brimmed" fur hat of the season—a fantasy from those famed Mad Hatters, John and Fred of John Fredericks. Brown and white Persian streaked like marble cake, matched to a giant melon muff

From Walter Florell—rising young star in milliners' heaven—comes a dashing mink topper for a luxury-loving lady. A swagger hat with a braggadocio brim, a dented crown, and a mere wisp of speckled veiling

On the screen, Brenda Marshall appears in Warners' "South Of Suez." Off screen, she stars in three fur ensembles guaranteed to sweep men off their feet and make women miserable until they, too, own such fashion favorites!



EVENING

Finery

Beautiful Brenda Joyce, 20th Century-Fox's talented starlet, turns up for a party magnificently wrapped in mink—topping her Saks Fifth Avenue gold lamé pleated-skirt frock with a cape from Russeks, exquisitely simple in styling, but so soft and supple it's the "skin you love to touch"!

Povolny



RITA
HAYWORTH

Break of the month: Her best role to date—opposite Doug Fairbanks Jr. in "Angels Over Broadway"—gives full rein to all the talents of this dramatic daughter of a dancing family

Wishes have made it so! With "New Moon" still shining brightly, Jeanette MacDonald has already made another film with Nelson Eddy—"Bittersweet"

Bud





Speaking likenesses from the Atlantic Coast: Dick Foran, in "Four Mothers," has the edge in height (a couple of inches taller than Nelson's six feet) and Nelson Eddy of "Bittersweet" has the edge in age (a decade more than Dick's 29 years)

Look Alikes



Put similar bonnets on Jeanette MacDonald and Lana Turner and look what you get! Though, of course, Jeanette (co-starring with Nelson in "Bittersweet") had already become a star of the very first magnitude long before Lana (currently appearing in "Ziegfeld Girl") ever saw a movie camera





20th Century-Fox goes very much on the gold standard with a classic pair of Southern belles—both from St. Louis, Missouri! Betty Grable (left) sings and dances in "Down Argentine Way." Mary Beth Hughes (above) cavorts with John Barrymore in "The Great Profile"

Two Bills with a single grin! The left version helped William Holden, now in "I Wanted Wings," win a California talent search. The right one was hidden by a New York microphone till films beckoned William Lundigan, now in "East Of The River"

One touch of Hollywood "nature" makes the whole world "twin—" but some of these resemblances would be cause for confusion anywhere!

Long one of the loveliest women on the screen, Virginia Bruce (left) now has a double! Not only does Carole Landis look like Bruce, but they both specialize in sophisticated light comedy—Virginia, at present, in "Hired Wife" and Carole currently in "Road Show"



Could the similarity in type between these two have had something to do with Phyllis Brooks' (above) leaving 20th Century-Fox? She completed the last of her series of features there just as Brenda Joyce began her climb to fame—and her present big role as "Elsa Maxwell's Public Deb No. 1"

1935-1939
Study the fates of
these screen fashions
launched during the past
five years! See why some
caught on, while others
missed—then try your
style sense on the
newer crop below.



CAUGHT ON—"The Loves of Cel-
lini" inspired interest in rich fabric and
"Becky Sharp" promoted neckline bows
of velvet, making Dolores Del Rio's
lamé cocktail frock a 1935 favorite

MISSED—Marlene Dietrich herself
couldn't put over the divided-skirt
suit for general wear in 1936 (just
too unbecoming for average figures),
though it paved the way for slacks

CAUGHT ON—Even Carole Lom-
bard was subdued in 1937, for float-
ing mists of chiffon (fine-pleated for
flattery) were the keynote. Tailored
severity gave way to slim femininity

Are You a Good

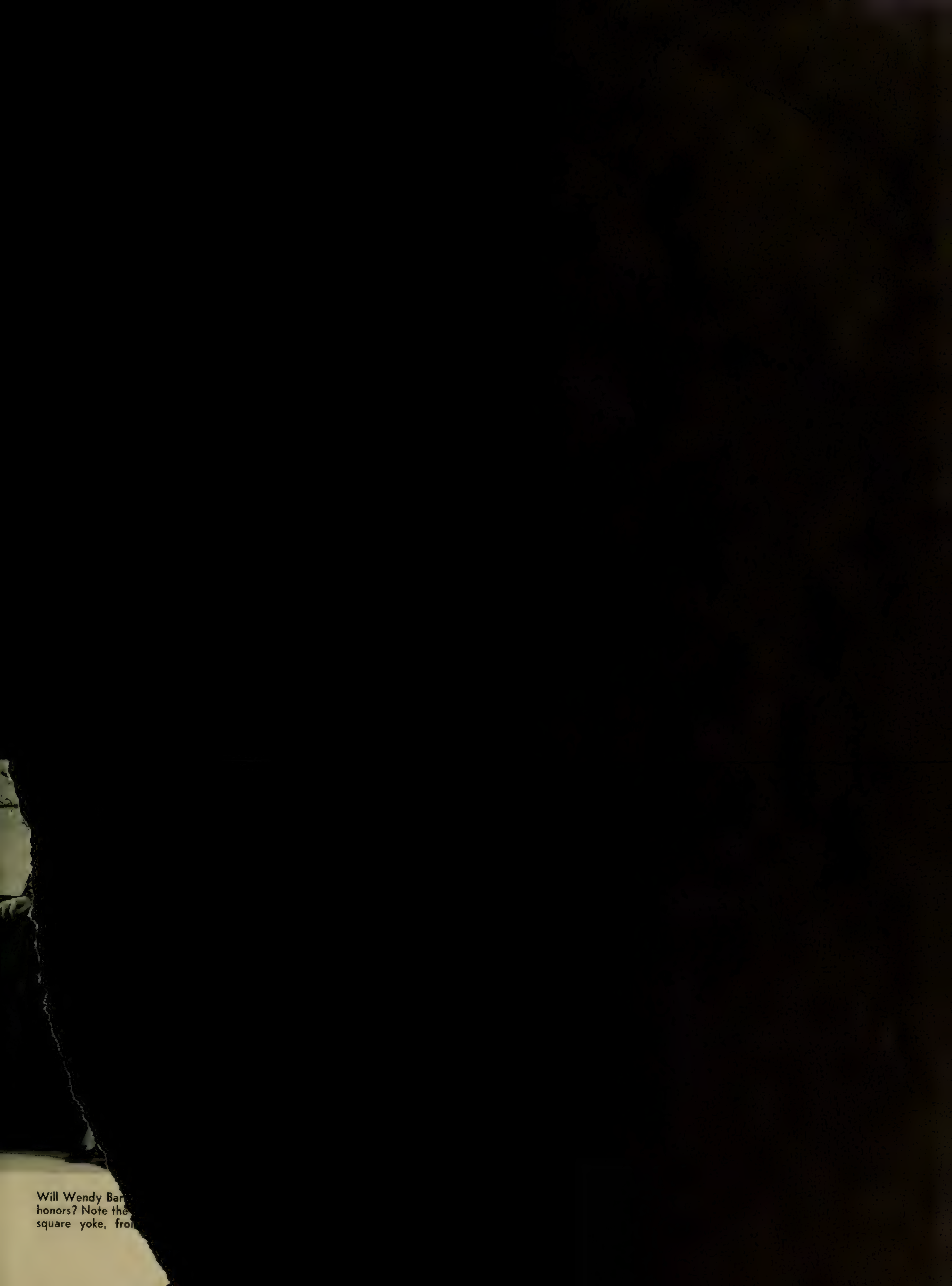
Now that you have had a
glimpse of the way film
influences worked in the
past, look at the current
offerings. Can you predict
their fashion future? See
how your best guesses com-
pare with ours on page 80



Will Virginia Bruce's boxy jacket be
a favorite? Note the very straight
up-and-down lines and flap pockets!

Is Paulette Goddard's smile prophetic?
Will peg-top silhouettes come to stay?
Note wide hip drapes and sheath top

Will sparkle make the evening news?
Note the shoulder yoke, gold braid
and sequins of Merle Oberon's gown!



Will Wendy Bar
honors? Note the
square yoke, froi





Epitome of Something

THE town is abuzz with the result of Chaplin's meeting with Barbara Hutton. In fact, we doubt if Hollywood will ever be the same.

It happened at the home of producer Jack Warner where Cary Grant presented Charlie to Miss Hutton.

"You are much too thin," Mr. Chaplin began, remembering the once-buxom Barbara. (The lady now weighs under a hundred pounds.) "And why are you idle in this busy world?"

Ten people, including Barbara, looked ready to drop through the floor. But Chaplin is Chaplin, so on he went.

"You look unhappy and probably are unhappy because your life has no meaning. Think now. What have you done with it? How can you have happiness unless you earn it? Work. Do something. Believe me, as long as you're idle, you'll be unhappy."

And one of the richest girls in the world murmured, "Thank you."

Cal Warns!!!!

THAT certain blonde glamour girl who is treading the same path that brought wreckage to

a good studio, if they don't get out of there soon, will tell you what to do for a change.

Exemptable Hollywood actors who have been exempt from the draft because they

They had better enlist quickly unless they want to suffer the fate of poor Richard Greene who left Hollywood heartbroken. Already the rumblings of complaints from all over the country sound like distant thunder in Hollywood's ears.

... That blonde starlet who has already thrown a cog into her golden career by a hasty and silly marriage. She had better stop, look and listen; one more such step in the wrong direction and she's out.

Jimmy Stewart, Take Notice

THE real-estate woman had taken the young man as far as the dining room of the vacant house before she stopped to inquire the size of his family.

"Oh, it isn't for me," he said. "It's—well—it's for a young lady."

"Say, what is this?" the realtor demanded. "You're the third young man that's looked at this house for a young lady. What's going on?"

Burgess Meredith got out of there as fast as he could. Then he checked with his pals, Jean Negulesco and Tim Durant. It seems Olivia de Havilland had asked all three boys to hunt a house for her while she was away on a vacation and the boys had all patronized the same real-estate agent.

The boys have decided to let Jimmy Stewart do Olivia's house-hunting in the future.

to possess some-
once belonged to your
then let Cal tell you exactly
to Ann Lehr's Hollywood Gu-
Hollywood. Include in your note what-
money you wish to spend and ask to have
a memento sent on to you. Prices for
kets range from 25 cents to \$5 and since all

funds are to be used for Mrs. Lehr's actors' fund, it might be wise to include postage as well.

Such stars as Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman, Ty and Annabella Power, Norma Shearer and dozens of others have already loaded the shop with their own personal possessions to sell.

Here's your chance, fans, and one that will aid a worthy cause as well.

Play "If" with Cal

IF Olivia de Havilland imagines her night-club shenanigans cute and attractive, she's wrong. Her friends deplore Olivia's lack of usual dignity. In fact, it's become a Hollywood topic of conversation these days.

If friends hoped to heal the Norma Shearer-Joan Crawford feud, they're doomed to disappointment. The frigidity continues.

If anyone thinks Bob Stack hasn't become the most sought-after young man in Hollywood, ask any youthful swain whom his own particular girl is mooning over. And then listen to him grumble.

If George Brent and Ann Sheridan don't marry before Christmas, you can bet it will never take place. Mr. Brent is just that marriage-shy.

Romancers This Month—

John Shelton, the boy who clicked in "We Who Are Young," and Maureen O'Hara.

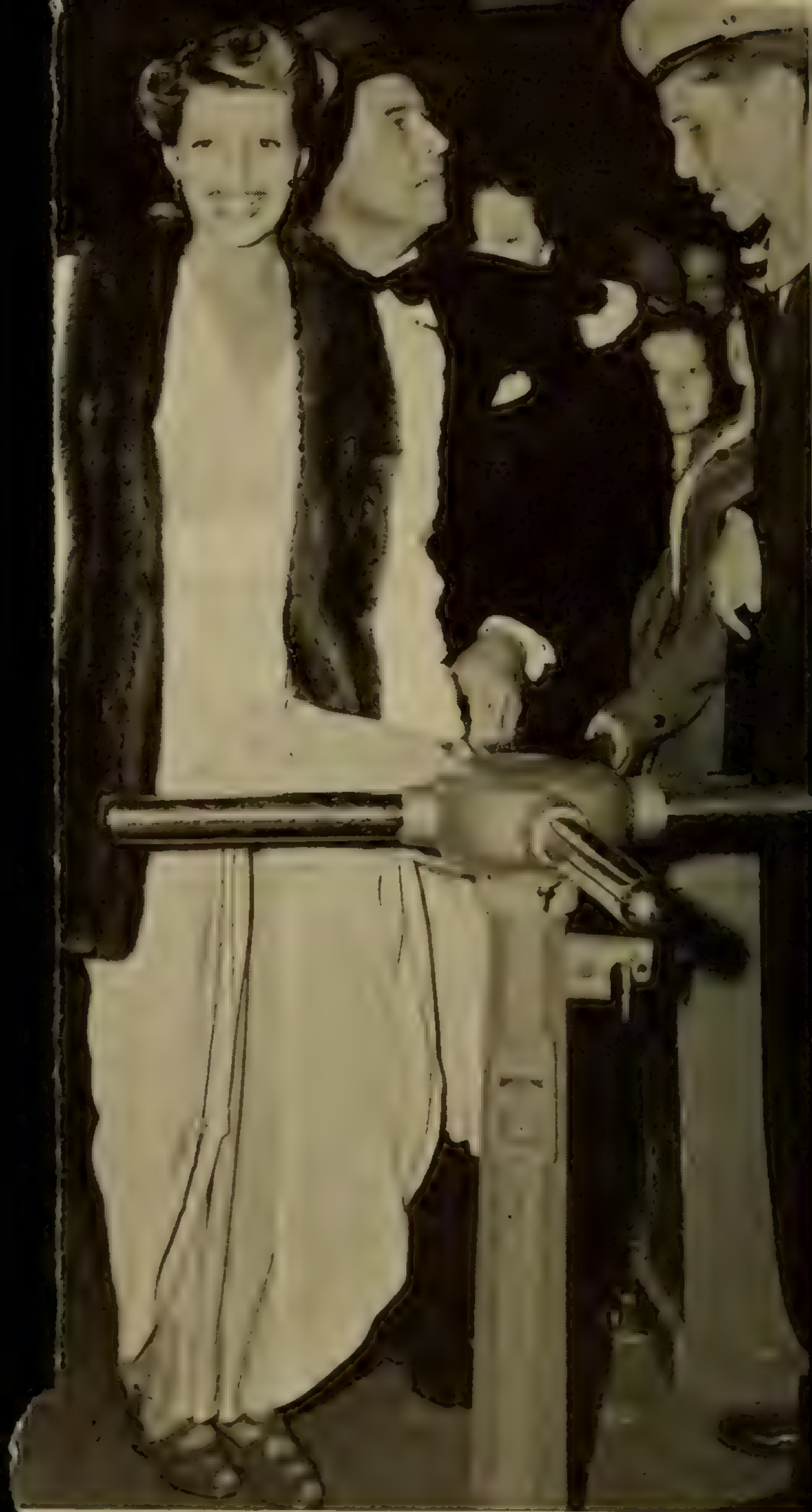


Style headline at the tennis tournaments — Claire Trevor



Study in hilarity and hats at Ciro's: Rita Johnson and Sally Eilers, whose necklines prove that clips are holding!

At the Will Rogers polo game for the Red Cross—ZaSu Pitts, with two more highly uncertain entries in the who's-going-with-whom sweepstakes, socialite Elizabeth Whitney and Randolph Scott



"Best-dressed" Rita Hayworth also endorses white evening—with a shorter, fur-trimmed jacket at the Ice Follies with husband Edward Judson

grab onto a
let them te
... Elig
proclaimed
are actors.
they w
wh

A slight but perceptible unbending between Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland may mean that very soon this duet may be registered again on Cal's Cupid list.

Broderick Crawford and Kay Griffith. They may be Mr. and Mrs. by now. And we were so sure Kay would marry John Howard one day.

Nancy Kelly back with Edmond O'Brien. And this is where Cal came in.

Cal's A B C News

Ameche, Don: With the amicable settling of that threatened lawsuit by Paramount, Don is his old smiling self again.

Bennett, Joan: Strange is Hollywood. Miss Bennett, wife of Walter Wanger, is offering decorating suggestions for the new home of her ex-husband, Gene Markey, now divorced from Hedy Lamarr.

Cooper, Gary: The wonder of cinema village





Leading starlights of the younger set, Bob Shaw and Laraine Day, at the film-cutters' party, the Florentine Gardens



There's a "hidden-Hollywood" story behind the girl Brown-Derbying with Richard Alden. Under the assumed name of "Katherine Stevens," she tested for—and won—a good role in "Kitty Foyle," which is being directed by her father, Sam Wood!

is lanky Gary out walking with little daughter Maria. Maria will not accompany Daddy on his hunting trip.

Durbin, Deanna: Shhh! But before spring, we hear on final authority, Deanna will be Mrs. Vaughn Paul. Everything is all planned.

Ellison, James: The example set by this smart young star in building and selling small homes at a reasonable profit has brought on a new building boom among the cinema colony members.

Faye, Alice: The busy signal on Alice's telephone means Tony Martin is on the wire day and night and that romance is not over for these two. Too bad they divorced in such haste.

Garland, Judy: Judy is doing her best to forget Dave Rose with tall and handsome Dan Dailey by her side.

Hughes, Mary Beth: Mary Beth neither denies nor affirms her engagement to Robert Stack, but Bobbie's friends say it's only friendship.

"I," the favorite word in Hollywood, is responsible for the cooling between two egominded stars, and not another love, as reported.

Jagger, Dean: To all the fans who have written Cal about this—Yes, Dean is just as handsome without the Brigham Young bob. And yes, he's married. Sorry.

Kanin, Garson: This young genius of a director is patiently awaiting Katharine Hepburn's answer while Katie is in the East to talk it over with her family.

Lamour, Dottie: The meagre sarong handed Dottie for her newest Paramount opus sent the star in tears to her lawyer, Greg Bautzer, who is also her best boy friend. She came back meek and agreeable. Paramount loves Greg.

Montgomery, Robert: Since Bobbie's hobnobbing with the Wendell Willkies in Hollywood, he's quite the political social lion of the town. Does he love it! And why not?

Neagle, Anna: Listening to Roland Young sing in "No, No, Nanette," her next film, has so aged her, the star claims she can go right back to "Queen Victoria" without make-up!

Olivier, Laurence: He stood patiently before the jewelry counter for one hour designing the engagement ring to put on Vivien Leigh's hand.

It is to match the wedding ring he'd already placed there.

Powell, William: The sparkler placed by William on his bride's finger, just because he's happy in his marriage, has all Hollywood thinking. There's news for you.

Q stands for the question of whether Richard Greene and Virginia Field were secretly married before he departed for England.

Raft, George: Strange—now that Georgie has settled his Warner Brothers feud he doesn't seem happier. Is it because of the Shearer romance which is either wearing itself out or has hit the barrier of George's unbreakable (?) marriage?

Sullavan, Maggie: They never dreamed down at M-G-M that it was Maggie up there making her first solo flight and when they discovered it two producers fainted dead away. What with Maggie in the midst of "Flotsam" . . . yep, she's grounded.

Turner, Lana: It's the same old concentration routine . . . eyes only for the one man. Lana Turner gave it to Greg Bautzer and then husband Artie Shaw and now Victor Mature, and is Victor going down for the third time under it? Well!

U: Unity in thought and ideals marks the intelligent program of happiness in the marriages of:

Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman.
Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin.

Vallee, Rudy: His pals say Rudy will be back in Hollywood and find that career he longs for if he has to write, direct and act himself. And he could, too.

Welles, Orson: Nicknamed "Pauncho" because of his romance with Mexican Del Rio, Orson is ahead of schedule with his picture "Citizen Kane." And without whiskers photographs so beautiful he's to be our next glamour boy. No less.

X—are kisses sent by all Hollywood to Davey Niven's new bride in England.

Young, Robert: Bob claims he's found so much peace and contentment with his family on their valley ranch he no longer worries over B's that comes his way.

Z is for the Zest for living that belongs to

Jackie Cooper, Mickey Rooney and May Robson. May they always keep it.

Tribute

THE two of them, Lionel Barrymore and the colored woman, opened the door of Sound Stage Five and walked into the huge emptiness. "It was just about here Miss Dressler sat for that big testimonial dinner," the colored woman said softly. "I'll never forget her that day. I think she knew it was about her last appearance. And because you were in her last picture, Mr. Barrymore, I just had to come to see you again."

"I'm glad you did," Lionel said. "I'm glad you did, Mamie."

Then Mamie Cox, Marie Dressler's beloved maid for years, and actor Barrymore silently left the sound stage.

A visiting queen had never had more welcome than Mamie received from every star and producer on the lot, for every one had been genuinely sorry when she left for her home in Savannah, Georgia, after the actress' death.

Hollywood appreciates nothing so much as loyalty and no one can bear the banner of loyalty higher than Mamie Cox.

Garboisms:

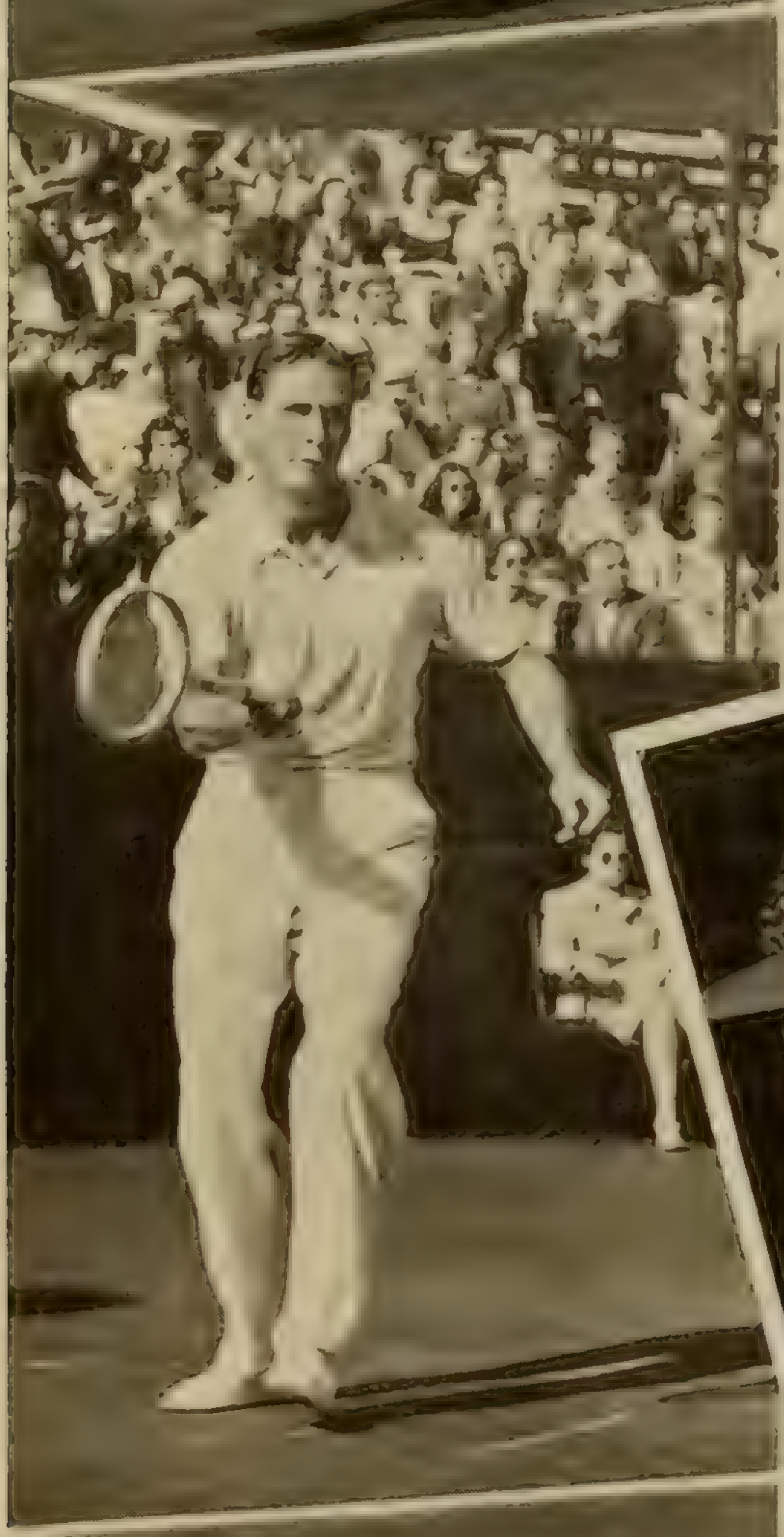
THEY were dressed to the hilt (with the exception of one member) and made a gay party with the women in trailing evening dresses and men in white ties. After they were seated in the restaurant with fans properly overcome at their good luck in spotting so many celebrities, one puzzled, middled-aged diner said to his wife: "I recognize Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton all right, but who's the funny little old thing in the gunny-sack thing?"

"Huh," his wife shushed, "that's only Garbo."

Which reminds us of the Garbo tale that is rocking the town. It seems at Mary Pickford's party Greta admired a gown of Lady Mendl's and the guest graciously insisted that Miss Garbo should have an exact copy. So, true to her promise, the dressmaker arrived next day



Filmland field day at the Pacific Southwest Tennis tournament: Connie Bennett watched the games with Rosemary Lane before residing in Reno—and Errol Flynn played an exhibition match (left)!



Also tennis fans: Mrs. Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert



Another stellar watcher from the sideline: Bob Montgomery



with the unbleached muslin lining used for measurements and fitting.

Garbo looked at it quite a while with admiring eyes.

"Never mind about the other," she finally said, "I'll just keep this."

And, to the horror of the fitter, Garbo kept the unbleached lining!

This Is It, Brothers—Hollywood!

THE eyes of the neighbors popped wide as Charles Laughton's chauffeur opened the limousine door and two old Italian workmen stepped out and entered the Laughton house.

A second day and a third they came back, staying through luncheon each time. Finally one neighbor could restrain himself no longer. Strolling over he came upon Charles and his friends having luncheon in the garden and all three talking with a heavy Italian accent!

The secret was out. Charles had discovered the old characters down in the Italian section of Los Angeles and had been so intrigued with their lingo that he had hired them to lunch with him so he could pick up the accent for his role in "They Knew What They Wanted."

When Carole Lombard heard the story she hung garlic and salami in Charles' dressing room every day so that his character would smell Italian as well. Watch for it in the picture.

News from the Marital Front:

IT took just six weeks of marriage for Carole Landis and Willis Hunt to call it a brief day; all of which shot even the blasé eyebrows of Hollywood toward the sky.

Myrna Loy insists those persistent rumors of inharmony in her marriage to Arthur Hornblow, Paramount producer, are just that—rumors.

There seems to be no further mystery in the status quo of Charlie Chaplin's and Paulette Goddard's marriage. All those "Are they wedded?" or "Aren't they wedded?" queries were laid to rest last week when Charlie introduced Paulette to friends at a luncheon party as "My wife, Mrs. Chaplin."

Mischa Auer looks lost and unhappy as he strolls in and out of Hollywood's night spots alone since his surprise separation from his wife. And just after they'd built a new home, too. Friends are hoping this is one breach that will be mended.

Sad, Sad Joke

JACK OAKIE found himself in an odd predicament recently, one that grew odder by the minute. It seems ever since Jack undertook to play Mussolini in Chaplin's picture, "The Great Dictator," he's come in for quite a bit of kidding. When he'd drive up to a gas station, for instance, the attendants would kiddingly snap into the Fascist salute, screaming for Il Duce. It got so that friends in the barbershop, clubs and restaurants took up the cry. Then one day Jack became conscious of the fact that he was being followed. He did his best to shake off the pursuers but to no avail.

Finally one day as he was driving away from a gas station, his shadowers drove up beside him and ordered him to stop. Jack obeyed. "We're government agents," the men explained. "Just what is all this Fascist business? We've had you spotted for some time."

Oakie talked for at least twenty minutes and finally had to drive the G-men to Chaplin's studio before he could convince them. Now, every time a hand is lifted to Oakie in mock salute, he ducks and runs.

The Big Idea

FROM all over the world they come, visitors to Hollywood's strange monument to genius and talent, imbedded in blocks of cement in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater—the hand and footprints of the stars as well as their symbols of talent. Any hour of the day or night and even before dawn visitors with flashlights may be seen gazing at the hoofprints of Tony, the famous horse of Tom Mix, or at the print of Bill Hart's guns beside his own cowboy boots prints. There are Shirley Temple's small bare feet and Jean Harlow's tiny ones and Marie Dressler's worn hands and Eddie Cantor's enormous eyes and Al Jolson's knees—and now John Barrymore's profile.

"There is one of the greatest sports in the business," Mr. Sid Grauman told us, indicating Barrymore. For five minutes John "Hamlet" lay prone in the forecourt, his face held in the wet cement, while crowds stared, newsreels

reeled and flashlights flashed. And never a complaint.

How this renowned monument came into being is interesting. It seems that shortly after the theater had been constructed, Mr. Grauman, the owner, stepped from his car onto the cement sidewalk before it had completely dried. On the walk were left traces of his footprints. Like a flash, he had an idea.

Rushing over to United Artists Studio he grabbed up Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Norma Talmadge and had them walk on the damp sidewalk. Faint traces of their steps, like memories fading with time, are still discernible. So began the idea that is known around the world, the hand and footprints of the stars forever retained in blocks of cement.

Mistake That Paid—And Paid

THE young man hurried down the hospital hall to his wife's room. It had been a long day at the office and he was worried about his wife, although she had seemed so much better the night before.

Her smile reassured him. Yes, she told him, she felt better. "And no wonder," she laughed, "for Clark Gable smiled at me!"

Fear gripped the young man's heart. She must be delirious. "Mr. Gable just opened the door and said: 'Oh, hello,' and smiled," she explained.

The young man, frantic by this time, rushed out in search of the head nurse.

He came back smiling, too, for Clark Gable, bringing flowers to the wife of a studio electrician, had come to the hospital that day and had gone to the wrong room.

"Boy, I'm so relieved," the husband cried, "I'm going to see every picture that Gable guy makes!"

On the Record

M-G-M has the most luxurious musical of the fall season in "Strike Up The Band" with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney and Paul Whiteman and a swell collection of tunes. The best is "Our Love Affair," which will haunt every loud-speaker and bandstand.

Tommy Dorsey, who has a way with such ballads, shows the way with his new wax impression. He backs it up with "That's For Me" from the Crosby "Rhythm On The River"—which double-guarantees the whole thing (Victor 26736). Glenn Miller, too, demonstrates his way with "Our Love Affair" and lets the sleepy-tempoed "Call Of The Canyon" accompany it (Bluebird 10845).

"Strike Up The Band" also has the many-talented M. Rooney playing around with the drum-sticks on a made-to-order special called "Drummer Boy." Gene Krupa, the original drummer boy, settles the drum-stick opus in the record groove and gives Mickey a demonstration. The other side is "Looking For Yesterday"—which is heading steadily for the best-seller lists (Okeh 5747).

"A Night At Earl Carroll's" has a pleasantly romantic interlude which features "One Look At You." Two young men with heart-throb voices have sung it into the recording microphone. One is Jack Leonard, who left the band of T. Dorsey to be a star. The other attraction on Jack's disc is "Only Forever," an additional Crosby picture hit (Okeh 5750). Kenny Baker's clean clear tenor is the second "One Look At You" worker. "Cynthia," which has the possibilities of a "Sylvia," is the partner (Victor 26734).

"Young People" let Shirley Temple take a farewell bow to her Twentieth Century contract with a song: "I Wouldn't Take A Million." Posterity can take its choice of two records of

(Continued on page 72)



Still another tennis fan from films: Cesar Romero



One rising star (Helen Parrish) pins a flower on another rising star (Charles Lang) at that film-cutters' gathering



The casual note in evening clothes, as struck by Lee Bowman, Helen Del Valle, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Eddy review "Charlot's Revue"—as revived for British war relief in Hollywood



More celebs at Irene's style show (described in "Close Ups and Long Shots"): Mary Livingstone, Ann Sothorn, Mrs. Ray Milland



★ **CHRISTMAS IN JULY**—Paramount

DICK POWELL again proves he was right when he fought with producers for "straight" instead of singing roles. The boy really can act. Add to that the brilliant direction of Preston Sturges and you have something! Of course, the story of "Christmas in July" is pretty fantastic—all about the adventures of a young couple (Dick and Ellen Drew) who set out to spend \$25,000 which they think they have won in a slogan contest, only to learn that their celebration is a bit—oh, quite—premature! Dick's and Ellen's performances, Sturges' direction, and clever high lights, such as the antics of the slogan contest jury and the satire on slogan contests in general, add up to excellent entertainment.



★ **MEXICAN SPITFIRE OUT WEST**—RKO-Radio

A HOTEL, always a pretty good background for bedroom farce, provides most of the setting for this only faintly amusing piece starring Lupe Velez. Feeling that husband Donald Woods is neglecting her, Lupe runs to Reno as a "scare-method" of bringing him to heel. Well, Donald wants to follow her, but business won't let him so he sends his uncle, Leon Errol, to try to bring her back. This results in complications and situations which should please a "custard-pie-in-the-face" sense of humor, but leaves something to be desired by a more sophisticated movie fan. In a dual role, the highly diversified characters of *Uncle Matt* and *Lord Ep-ping*, Leon Errol is at his best.

The Shadow Stage

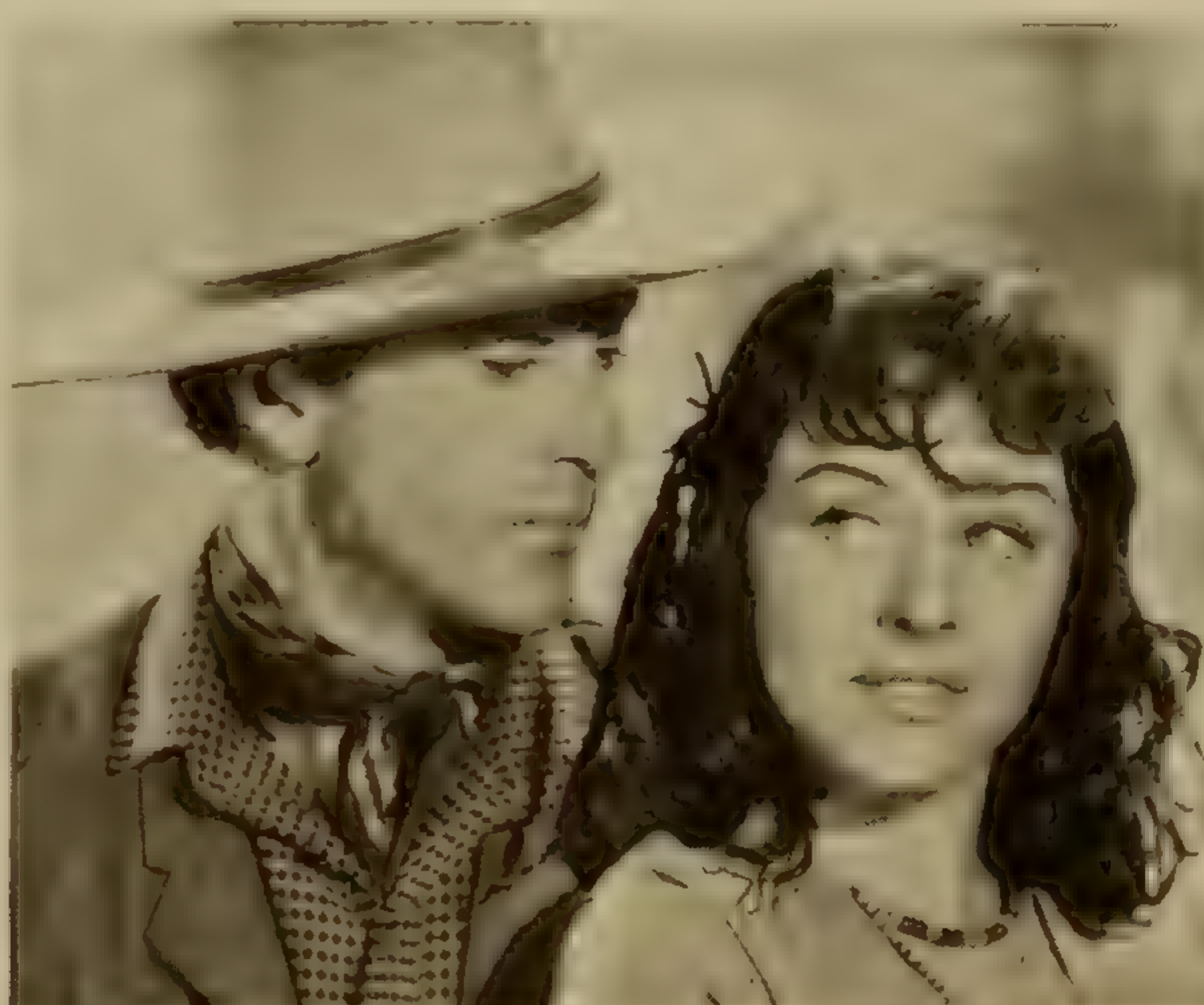
A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ **HONEYMOON FOR THREE**—Warners

A HARRIED author, George Brent, an all-understanding secretary, Ann Sheridan, and a whole flock of adoring female readers start this gay picture off with laughs that continue right to the end of the story and will delight you immeasurably. Ann is engaged to George and her job for the most part consists of keeping autograph-seekers and adoring readers away from him. While on a lecture tour, George meets an old romance which has been refrigerating for the past eight years. The girl is Osa Massen and she's delighted to see him again. The fact that she's now married to Charles Ruggles doesn't faze her in the least. Charlie, instead of being jealous, merely hopes that George is serious about Osa and will marry her. But her cousin, Jane Wyman, engaged to Bill Orr, objects strenuously and with Ann's help tries to break up the romance. Finally Charlie sues George for alienation of Osa's affections but promises to get a divorce if George will promise to marry Osa. This scares Brent to death and he depends on Ann to get him out of the muddle; but she'll have none of it. Annie proves herself a competent comedienne and Brent is excellent as are Osa Massen and Ruggles. The picture, competently directed by Lloyd Bacon for a maximum of laughs, is light, amusing and most definitely entertaining.



★ **NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE**—Paramount

WHEN Constable Ronnie Logan (Robert Preston) falls for the wiles of Louvette Corbeau (Paulette Goddard), his fellow-policemen of the North West Mounted are ambushed and a terrific slaughter ensues. This is the crux of the romantic conflict between *Dusty Rivers* and *Sergeant Jim Bret* (Gary Cooper and Preston Foster) for the affections of *Ronnie's* sister *April* (Madeleine Carroll). It isn't quite so complicated as it sounds but it is epic in development, rather grim and serious in treatment. For comedy there is a friendly feud between Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman; for villainy there is George Bancroft and for good old-fashioned hokum there is Walter Hampden, complete with Contax glasses, as *Big Bear* the Indian. Cecil B. De Mille has told the story in a constant riot of color, some of it shockingly gory. In general the acting is somewhat of the horse opera variety. Gary Cooper seems most persuasive as the Texas Ranger, although Preston Foster gives a straightforward and sincere performance as his rival. Paulette Goddard plays the halfbreed girl in the best traditions of north woods melodrama. She grits her teeth and talks through them to prove her intensity; she is a ver' ver' bad girl who no care who knows it, sonumagum! All of it is definitely on the theatrical side but lots of fun if you like your drama in vivid doses.



★ **DOWN ARGENTINE WAY**—20th Century-Fox

HOLLYWOOD climbs on the bandwagon in Uncle Sam's campaign to join hands with our Latin American neighbors. The result is something that everybody in both Americas should take to his heart. For instance, there is music—wonderful, seductive music of the best rhumba tempo and tune; dancing the like of which you've never seen before; a story, for all it is not too important, which builds up to a gay and satisfactory climax. There is glamour. There is humor. There is color. Betty Grable returns after her Broadway triumph in "Du Barry Was A Lady" to sing and dance and display gorgeous clothes on a still more gorgeous figure. Romance plays its part when she meets Don Ameche, the son of a wealthy Argentine landowner (Henry Stephenson) who possesses the fastest horse in the world but refuses to race him because of an old track tragedy. Betty finally persuades Don to run the horse secretly and in the end everything turns out beautifully. Charlotte Greenwood is funnier and more likable than ever as Betty's robust aunt. J. Carrol Naish, so often a villain, and Chris-Pin Martin are a laughable, lovable pair of retainers on Stephenson's hacienda. Carmen Miranda, famed Brazilian singer, makes her debut in American pictures as a personality you'll not soon forget. In fact the entire picture is quite unforgettable.



Furnishing lusty humor in "Hudson's Bay": Judy Gilbert and Laird Cregar (you'd never guess how young he is, behind that beard!)

Thereafter Hedy is supposed to be torn practically asunder, choosing between Clark and Communism. Imagine Metro thinking there is any suspense in that, the sillies!

We found more sensible suspense in "Flight Command" on another stage which we gave a quick brush in passing. Here Ruth Hussey has to choose between Robert Taylor and Walter Pidgeon.

As the title will tip you off, this is an aviation picture and the scene we walked in upon was one where Bob has come to ask Ruth to go dancing with him. It is a Saturday evening and *Cadet Alan Drake* (that's Bob) freshly made member of the "Hell Cats," the crack outfit of the Naval Air Station at San Diego, has returned to call upon the girl who gave him shelter one night when he had to bail out of his plane in a fog. He hadn't discovered her name on that first visit, but he does this time. It's *Mrs. Bill Gary* and *Bill Gary* is *Alan's* commander.

This makes it a key scene, or what studios call a "master shot," a complicated and important one, so knowing it would be a long time making, we merely waved to Bob and Ruth and sped toward Alexander Korda's "Lady Hamilton."

Now here, children, is beauty, not the physical beauty of Lamarr, but the beauty of setting, of mood, of pure romance.

"Lady Hamilton" is, of course, the famous Emma of English history, that capricious, passionate, exquisite creature who married a lord and lost her heart and her reputation to that naval hero, Nelson of the famous Battle of Trafalgar.

We walked into what is an exact reproduction of the famous British Embassy in Naples in 1797 and for once in our chattering life we were speechless. The press agent told us that the set cost \$30,000 and we shouldn't be at all surprised if it did cost \$20,000 for we saw the most perfect reproduction of a great Georgian house; a real pool with real flowers; real, antique statuary standing beneath Grecian arches (antiques brought west from our best museums at vast cost) and the bluest sky of all.

There were only Vivien Leigh and Olaf Hytten in the scene we witnessed, but sitting close beside us, not needed at all in the scene, not even needed for work that day, was Laurence Olivier. There was no hanky-panky going on between Larry and Vivien, no coy glances, but you knew she knew he was there and, as for him, he never took his eyes from her for one second. Here, in the flesh, are two truly great lovers and in "Lady Hamilton" you will see them as historical lovers, too, for Korda is not bowing to censor-



Cast-to-type: Miriam Hopkins—as Mrs. Leslie Carter, "The Lady With Red Hair," in that courtroom scene

ship. He is telling the whole devastating romance of Emma Hamilton and Lord Nelson with all its burning overtones and its tragic exaltation, just as it truly happened.

To let the two lovers come through to us as human beings, Korda has insisted that the costumes be played down, so that the exquisite Vivien wears clothes that, while historically accurate, will not obtrude upon you. So lovely are they that unless I miss my guess they will start a vogue. The day I watched Vivien she wore a huge leghorn hat and a short-waisted, flowing-skirted gown of palest gold chiffon, a costume so overwhelmingly feminine that every man on set reacted to it, while Larry, his hair dyed red for Nelson (and he very self-conscious about that, too), gave off such a visible glow of possession that you could have lighted bonfires with it.

THERE were only two new pictures shooting at Warners. One is "South of Suez" with George Brent and Lee Patrick (replacing Geraldine Fitzgerald). The second is titled "The Lady With Red Hair" which means Mrs. Leslie Carter, an actress your Grandmamma probably worshipped, whom Miss Miriam Hopkins, a gal with red-gold hair and a burning red temperament, is now interpreting with the greatest of ease.

The "Suez" shot in which we caught Mr. Brent was a dreary business, out in a shed, filled with supposed rough diamonds (both the real kind that get worn on fingers, eventually, and the human kind—in this case, Miles Mander and George Tobias). Brent was pulling a gun on Tobias, who was trying to palm a few diamonds and the dialogue was of that usual "you-dirty-rat-you" variety so we would have skipped instantly if Brenda Marshall hadn't suddenly appeared, modeling a new silver-fox coat. (It was about 98 in the shade on the



Rough diamonds up to no end of deviltry in "South of Suez": Character newcomer George Tobias, veteran Miles Mander and star George Brent



Singing sweethearts in a saga about young American music: John Payne and Alice Faye, of "Tin Pan Alley"

Warner back lot but you know how girls are when they have a new fur coat!) Wrapped about with sheer envy we slunk away to eye Miss Hopkins and found her in a courtroom where Mrs. Carter, as a devoted mother, is trying to retain the custody of her child.

The evidence against her however is damning. The plaintiff proves the Mrs. Carter is unquestionably not so good as she should be. Why the woman not only smoked cigarettes but had been seen brazenly using lipstick! Miriam weeps violently and wonderfully while a middle-aged man sitting in the jury box regards her solemnly.

"That's the way Mrs. Carter was," he told us, when the scene was finally okayed. "I know what I'm talking about. My name is Lou Payne and I was married to Mrs. Carter for thirty-six years."

At Twentieth Century-Fox we were distinctly out of luck. "Chad Hanna," their big circus special with Henry Fonda and Linda Darnell, "Golden Hoofs" with Jane Withers and "Romance of Rio Grande" were all away on location. We contented ourselves with visiting Alice Faye's "Tin Pan Alley" and getting a glimpse into "Hudson's Bay."

We found Alice and John Payne (who is one of the most courteous boys in all Hollywood) sitting in a night club. Alice has just sung a song that John has written, sung it to oblige him and because the usual singer of the evening, who would have sung another tune, has been mysteriously taken ill. Alice tells John she is

(Continued on page 91)

BY
WILBUR
MORSE, JR.



Triumphant was Hank's return
—in "A Kiss For Cinderella"



"We're very much in love Tuesdays and Saturdays," wrote Hank of Peggy Sullivan in 1929



When Hollywood wants an earthy Yankee type, they cast Hank, seen here with Linda Darnell in "Chad Hanna"

The Boy from Omaha

Bringing up to date the success story of Henry Fonda, who earned both his domestic happiness and his fame the hard and bitter way

THE summer sun splashed the wooden walls of the Dennis Playhouse with a twenty-four sheet of shimmering shadows. Hank Fonda lit a cigarette and walked diffidently through the empty lobby toward a group of coatless men arguing volubly in the first row of the darkened orchestra. On stage the rehearsal had halted, pending the outcome of this newest verbal skirmish.

No one paid the slightest attention to Hank, so he dropped into a chair to await an opportune time to approach the gesticulating, bald-headed little man he had decided was the company's director. As he sat there, the tall, dark-haired boy reviewed his ride East to Cape Cod.

It really had been Floppit who was responsible for his chance to leave his family home in Omaha. Floppit, a fluffy French poodle belonging to Mrs. Sam Burns, one of the directors of the Omaha Community Playhouse. Mrs. Burns had wanted to drive to Massachusetts but how to manage both the wheel and the whims of her precious pet was a problem. Someone suggested that Brace Fonda's son, after a couple of years' work with the local theatrical group, was anxious to make a stab at the summer theaters on the Cape as a prelude to his attack on Broadway. Why not let Hank drive her East?

Mrs. Burns literally had dumped him at the door of the theater at Dennis that afternoon.

"Henry Fonda, you haven't nearly enough get-up-and-go about you," the older woman

admonished as she bade him farewell. "Now you walk right in there and tell them all the wonderful things you've done at the Omaha Community Playhouse. And if there isn't anything for you at Dennis, try at Provincetown and if there isn't anything there, just keep trying at every one of these summer theaters here on the Cape! Have you enough money to last you for a while?"

Hank grinned at the forceful female who was preparing to abandon him to his own initiative. "Yes, mam, I think so. I've got \$100 and . . ." The rest of his speech was lost in the grinding of gears as Mrs. Burns started her motor. Floppit wagged his tail at his companion of five days of interstate tree surveying and barked a last lusty salute as the car moved down the road.

It was his last actual touch with his boyhood life, that life in which there had been the pattern of the American nation. Born in a prairie town, he had grown up in a family that believed in home and in the ideals of home. His heritage had been a sincere love of people, an eager, honest approach to life that had carried him through two years at the University of Minnesota and had sent him home again at the end of his sophomore year to relieve his father of some of the financial burden, for money was none too plentiful in the Fonda house.

The jobs that followed, all of them stopgaps, had not satisfied his urge to start on a real career, a career that should be identified somehow

with art. The Community Playhouse had been the answer and Henry had accepted it eagerly, first as a jack-of-all-trades, then as assistant director under wiry, electric Gregory Foley. It had been Foley who had sent him East to the summer theaters that dotted Cape Cod and now, sitting here in this dim theater, he had but one firm conviction—he had to make good! Across the aisle the director looked up from his conference and his glance invited the stranger to state his business.

"My name is Henry Fonda," began Hank. "I'm looking for a job. I can paint scenery, handle props, act as stage manager, hold script and . . ." It was almost an afterthought, "I'm an actor." The director was eying him with some interest. Actors applying for berths in these summer troupes didn't usually recite their other qualifications first. Maybe this boy had something.

"Our company is filled for several weeks," the director told Hank. "But since you can't get another train out of here today, why don't you stick around and see the performance tonight? They'll give you a room over at the hotel where we all are staying."

That evening Hank leaned his elbows over the rail at the rear of the orchestra and watched graceful Peggy Wood cavort through the steep-lechase of a bedroom comedy. Standing by his side was a thin, straight-shouldered blonde girl with big blue eyes that seemed ready to pop in



Other days they were lovers, too, as University Players at Falmouth, Mass.



Summer stock at Mt. Kisco in such plays as "Up Pops The Devil" led to Broadway roles



His Broadway hit in "The Farmer Takes A Wife" with June Walker brought Hank a Hollywood bid



It was fun, after starving as an actor in New York, to be besieged for autographs by film fans



His stepdaughter, Frances Brokaw, and his wife visit Hank on the set



Frances Seymour Brokaw, Manhattan socialite, with Hank, whom she married after European courtship

her excitement at the play. From the batch of programs in her hand, Hank surmised she was an usher. Quite often, during the performance, Hank's attention left the stage to watch the intense, lithe figure of the girl beside him start and sway as if she were following every swift movement of the heroine on the other side of the footlights.

In an intermission, the two young people at the back of the theater struck up a conversation.

"I'm just an usher now," the blonde girl informed Hank in a clipped New England accent. "But soon I'm going to be an actress. A fine actress. One day you'll see my name in lights on Broadway."

"What is your name?" inquired Hank.

"Bette Davis," answered the girl with whom, years later, Hank was to be cast in "Jezebel."

At breakfast the next morning, the director again was impressed by something in the lanky young Middle Westerner's make-up, an earnestness that showed itself in the quiet, respectful attention he gave the gay chatter of the company. What few remarks he made revealed a thorough grasp of theater technique.

The older man called Hank to his side for a second cup of coffee and drew him out about his experience directing and acting with the Omaha Community Players. There was no doubt about it, the boy had promise.

"Look here," said the Dennis director. "I

can't guarantee you anything definite in the way of a job for the season, but if you want to stay around for a few weeks as assistant stage manager, we can give you \$10 a week and your board. Maybe a part will open up in one of the shows."

One did, just a week later, when the juvenile lead in "The Barker," a guest star from New York, wired he was unable to fulfill his engagement. Hank was invited to try out for the role, along with two others in the company. All three of the candidates for the part were letter-perfect in their "sides" when the first rehearsal was called. But Hank, in addition to his lines, had practiced something else. There is one important scene in "The Barker," in which the boy takes a trouncing from his father, the side-show spieler. Hank went to Minor Watson, cast as "The Barker."

"When we get to that bit," he urged the veteran actor, "really let me have it!"

The "pratt fall" Henry Fonda took in that tryout was something the Flying Merkles would have marveled at. Hank was given the role.

IN the audience one night toward the end of the week's run of "The Barker" were two boys from Omaha who had known Hank in his Community Playhouse days, Bart Quigley and Bernie Hanighen. They came backstage and greeted Hank with news that they too were working in a summer theater at Falmouth, not

far away. They were, they explained, members of the University Players Guild, a group of Harvard and Princeton boys and some girls from Smith, who had founded a summer theater whose purpose was to give undergraduates with theatrical ambitions a chance to begin their dramatic careers while they were still in college.

The Guild was a community venture. Revenue from the theater was divided equally among the company and just about paid their board and running expenses. But no one envied the professional actors of the other summer theaters their certain salaries. This was fun and everyone was free to venture his ideas on all sorts of experiments in technique. Out of that talented troupe of youngsters, incidentally, were to come a half-dozen who would make their names well known in the theater world; Joshua Logan and Bretaigne Windust, now top-notch directors on Broadway; Barbara O'Neil, Kent Smith, Myron McCormack and, some years later, Jim Stewart.

Brightest star of the constellation of young hopefuls at Falmouth, however, was a husky-voiced girl from Norfolk, Virginia, Hank found when he went over to visit Quigley and Hanighen. Margaret Sullivan was her name and she was like no one else Hank had ever met before in his life. She was so fiercely ambitious and hard and independent one moment and so utterly soft and feminine and bewitching the next.

The experimental spirit of the University
(Continued on page 76)

After you've read this, you'll understand why Baxter hasn't spoken of it for four long years

NOT all the stories of heroism are made into movies. Some of them—like this one—aren't even told until long after they've happened.

It's easy to understand why Warner Baxter kept it a secret. It's a little too exciting, a little too melodramatic, to be the sort of thing a reticent gentleman would like to have many people hear about. There is, besides, a sequel which Warner especially didn't want known.

Here is the story,

Four years ago, in 1936, Warner Baxter and his best friend, Frank McGrath, left Hollywood on a hunting trip. They went to a small town-ship named Aften, in Colorado, on the fringe of the wilderness country. In Aften they took a pack train and trekked for three days into the lonely, rugged mountains; then they camped and sent the pack animals and drivers back.

You'd like Frank McGrath. He and Warner have been friends for years and throughout Warner's movie career Frank has been his stand-in, as well as his confidant, companion and bodyguard. The two men look alike and they think alike; both are strong, powerful, fond of the out-of-doors.

For a day or so after the pack train had left, the hunting trip went along like any of its predecessors. Then, one morning, Warner and Frank each took a light pack, a rifle and ammunition and started out from camp in different directions. Each would pick his way through the rough country in a big circle, returning to meet at the camp that night. Then they would compare notes, to hunt the most promising territory together.

They didn't even talk about what they would do in case of trouble. Between experienced hunters, that is always understood—a signal of three shots, fired into the air.

When Frank returned to camp that night, Warner wasn't there. Frank didn't worry. He went about the job of starting supper.

But when complete darkness had fallen, he knew something was wrong. He heaped the fire blazing high, to serve as a beacon, and he fired his rifle into the air. Silence. There were no three answering shots.

All night long Frank waited, helpless in the darkness. He tried to assure himself that Warner had only lost his way—but he knew that was nonsense. Warner was much too used to the wilds to get lost. Something else must have happened.

With the first faint ray of dawn he was on his way, weary as he was from the sleepless night, to find his friend. He went first to the spot where he and Warner had parted on the previous morning and from there began to follow Warner's tracks. It wasn't easy. The wilderness stretched before him for mile after mile, with only a trampled bush here and there or the print of hobnailed boots crossing a bare patch of ground to show him the way. His progress was so slow that it was late afternoon before he reached the spot where Warner had built his noonday fire.

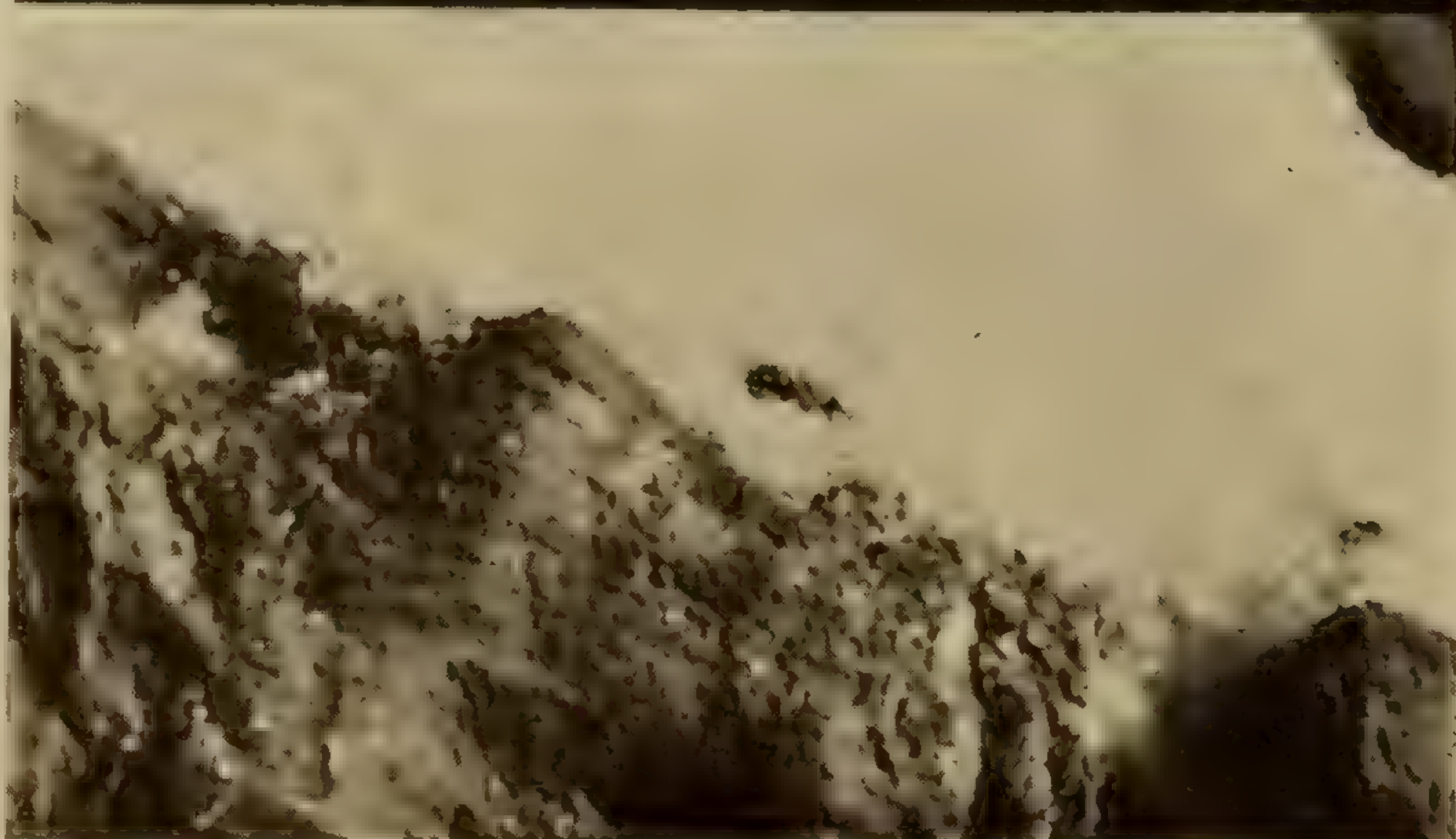
Frank plunged on, more desperately now. Soon it would be night and he would have to stop and make camp, losing precious hours until the night came again. Even a cat couldn't follow that faint trail in the dark.

The sun fell into the west, below the mountains—and still he hadn't found Warner. On the edge of a deep gully he stopped and despairingly shouted at the top of his voice.

As the echo died away in the vast surround-



WARNER BAXTER'S *Narrowest Escape* FROM DEATH



BY REX DAVIDSON

ing silence he started abruptly. Either he had heard something, or his imagination was tricking him. That faraway, faint sound—was it part of the echo? Or was it—a moan?

His heart leaping, Frank repeated the shout and listened intently. Yes. That *was* something—down there—

He scrambled down the bank of the gully, stopped halfway and shouted again. Nearer now, he heard the same response: a voice weak with pain, but unmistakable. He slid down the rest of the bank in a shower of dirt and at the bottom, helpless, he found Warner.

IT was plain what had happened. Warner had lost his footing on the edge of the ravine and fallen to the bottom. One of his legs was doubled up beneath him, broken in two places. He had lost his rifle in the fall, which explained why he had fired no distress signals. All night he had lain there in agony, exposed to the mountain cold, and that day he had been almost burned to death by the sun until he managed to drag himself a few feet into the shelter of a boulder.

There was only one thing to be done at the moment—make Warner as comfortable as possible and spend the night right there.

Warner was conscious and writhed with the pain when Frank tried to move and bathe his leg. Frank gave him the only possible anesthetic—a long powerful right to the jaw. When Warner came to the leg had been bathed and put into a rough splint.

Somehow, they got through the night. When morning came, Warner was delirious. Frank forced a little tea and concentrated food through his lips, then strapped a bag of provisions on Warner's back and slung him, pack and all, over his own shoulder.

Before Frank became Warner's stand-in, he was a professional stunt man in the movies. But none of the stunts he performed in make-believe was ever as great a test of his strength and courage as the next three days of grim reality. He stumbled up the almost straight wall of the gully, then through the trackless, rugged wilderness, all the time with the knowledge that Warner must be brought to medical aid before infection attacked the injured leg; stopping only when his strength could carry him not a step farther, or when darkness made it impossible to go on.

Fortunately, Frank did not have to carry Warner all the way back to Aften. He could never have made it. As it was, he took nearly three days to cover one day's outward journey before he met another hunting party who quickly improvised a stretcher and got Warner to a doctor in a hurry. And Frank, by that time, needed medical attention too.

Both men were put to bed and, under competent care, Warner's leg healed perfectly. Eventually they were able to return to a Hollywood which hadn't heard of the accident at all—didn't know how near Warner had been to death or how Frank McGrath had saved him.

Only a handful of people know that story to this very day. The truth probably never would have leaked out if it hadn't been for the sequel I'm going to tell you about now.

A few days after his return to Hollywood, Warner made a magnificent gesture of gratitude. He went to his bank and established a trust fund for Frank McGrath, creating a substantial monthly income to be paid him as long as he lives.

Warner would have done this secretly, too, but a few people had to be told—his business manager, his agent, his lawyer, one or two others. Which of them finally inadvertently revealed the secret and the story which explains it must of necessity remain untold.

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PAT THE LATHER
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WARM WATER
TO RINSE—
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THEN I PAT
LIGHTLY TO DRY—
MY SKIN FEELS SO
MUCH SMOOTHER,
LOOKS SO **FRESH!**

9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap



How Claudette Colbert Lives

(Continued from page 26)

centrated on every detail. When the house was nearly finished she spent weeks in New York shopping for an eighteenth century secretary, the original Manet which hangs over the drawing-room fireplace, odd chairs, silver, lamps and all the other special, particular pieces upon which she had set her discriminating and critical heart.

In spite of all this when Claudette was building and furnishing her house she was far from happy. She hadn't adjusted to living in the West. She hadn't found congenial friends. The prejudice she had earlier met in Hollywood—because she came from the New York studios—still rankled.

"Claudette never has been one to make friends easily," her beautiful mother says, a slight accent coloring her speech. "She was only 2 years old when we came to the United States. Even so I had to explain, over and over, that we were on our way to join her father. Otherwise she would have been miserable when she saw our home in Paris being dismantled and found herself on a ship among strangers!"

Claudette's acres lie behind her house. A wide brick terrace, where vivid flowers spill over their boxes and urns, leads to smooth lawns on which lie the shadows of the trees. On the way to the tennis court, which is on a lower level, there's a cutting garden large enough to keep every room in the big house gay and fragrant with fresh flowers. Beside the tennis court is the playhouse. There's no swimming pool. When Claudette planned her grounds she had a sinus infection. (Doctor Pressman cured her. No wonder she fell in love with him!)

THE playhouse originally was intended for any parties Claudette might feel compelled to give. (We put it that way thoughtfully.) Her drawing room with its beautiful architectural detail, crystal sconces, crewel upholstery and precious little tables with the soft patina of years isn't a room to accommodate a party throughout an evening.

Soon after Claudette's house was finished things changed. She found her way to friends who were congenial—Edith and William Goetz, Irene and David Selznick (the two girls mentioned are Louis B. Mayer's daughters), Vivian and Ernst Lubitsch, among others. Also she had met the doctor and they were becoming increasingly important to each other. Thus she was happier—and, therefore, it wasn't her inclination to shoo her guests off to the playhouse immediately the coffee cups were taken away.

"I must have a room where I can entertain after dinner," Claudette said at this time. "I was completely mad to think I could ask friends to gallivant across a wet lawn to a playhouse!"

The house already had exceeded the sum Claudette believed it wise to invest in such a property. And she would scorn to be a fool. But she had made a mistake and she was ready to pay for it. She ordered a side of the house torn out and a one-story room built on.

This added room has a big fireplace in which a fire burns constantly when the weather is cool. There's a small bar. The motion-picture screen is covered by a French Provincial embroidery when it isn't in use. The game table often holds a handsome cork Chinese Checker board. Claudette and Vivian Lubitsch are champions. And no wonder! When Mrs. Lubitsch is at Claudette's for luncheon—which is fairly

often—they rush through dessert so there'll be time for a game or two before they hurry off to the tennis matches, the hairdressers, or an opening at Irene's.

In the center of this playroom there's an oak gate-leg table surrounded by armed and cushioned Windsor chairs. "I thought," says Claudette, "it would be a sociable gathering place, like our dining table used to be at home. And I was right. Once people settle there I can't pry them away."

"We have tea there. Cocktails, too (Claudette prefers sherry), when it isn't a formal party."

Tea and breakfast are Claudette's favorite meals because they permit coffee cake and jam. She loves sweets. The table beside the broad Chippendale bed in the master bedroom usually holds jars of candy. Molasses peppermint drops. Hard fruit sticks. Sour balls. The doctor brings them home, several at a time, from the drugstore.

Claudette's favorite room is the upstairs sitting room. It's done in grey green and cream yellow, the walls covered with a fabric painted with butterflies and blossoms. In the window is Claudette's dressing table, with the clock that starts her out on schedule even though she's likely to be an hour late for appointments before the day is over, little bowls of garden flowers, crystal bottles for her scents and a circular mirror. Pinned over the mirror is one of the most important items in the house . . . a little Silver Sun hanging from a pair of skis. Claudette won this last winter at Sun Valley and it's the pride of her life! To get the Silver Sun a woman must cover the course in two minutes, fifteen seconds. She made it in 1 minute 47 seconds.

When Claudette learned to ski she made it very clear indeed that she had no intention of racing. All she wanted to do, she said, was ski with grace.

Remind her of this and she'll laugh, for one of her greatest charms is her willingness to laugh at herself. "I know!" she'll say, still laughing. "I was scared to death at the thought of racing. But I knew I'd race eventually—just because Jack does! All my life I've done crazy things because of men! It used to be my brother. He could dive. I couldn't—and I was afraid to try. But one day I walked out on the springboard, assumed what I hoped was the proper position, closed my eyes, prayed a quick little prayer, jumped—and cracked my two front teeth!"

Nevertheless a few years ago Claudette would have overcome her temptation to compete, somehow, someday. Aware of the danger of ski-racing, she would have reasoned—logically enough—that a broken leg, or worse, was something she could not afford to risk.

Now it's different. Claudette no longer is burdened by the fact that she's the man of her family. She very definitely isn't the man of her family. Her personal investments guarantee security for her mother and her Tantine Emily. Consequently she's gayer and more carefree. She goes off on frequent holidays. She gives beautiful parties. She races on skis and wins a Silver Sun. She is alive, enthusiastic on the set of her new "Arise My Love." She's having a late youth. And she's happy!

"Even Claudette's clothes are different," Travis Banton says. "She was always chic. But now she lets me give her a décolletage that once would have made her scream—in protest. And she laughs because her new gowns bring

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Pretty prodigy: Universal's 12-year-old Gloria Jean of "A Little Bit Of Heaven"

GRADE yourself 10 points for every one you guess right. If you get 20 or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is 80, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of 100, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 79.

1. A group of top illustrators selected her as the typical American girl and will use her picture on a series of defense posters:

Constance Moore	Ginger Rogers
Linda Darnell	Gloria Jean

2. Lana Turner's latest romance is:

John Shelton	Alan Curtis
Cary Grant	Victor Mature

3. Two of these stars have gotten their closest friends into pictures:

Katharine Hepburn	George Raft
Mickey Rooney	Norma Shearer

4. His early ambition was to be a bull fighter and in his youth he spent several years training to that end:

Anthony Quinn	Ricardo Cortez
Gilbert Roland	Cesar Romero

5. Can you name at least one Hollywood married couple that played opposite each other in a recent picture?

6. This famous director always appears in at least one scene of his pictures:

W. S. Van Dyke	Frank Capra
John Ford	Alfred Hitchcock

7. Two of these stars have adopted children:

Fred MacMurray	Lloyd Nolan
Don Ameche	Basil Rathbone

8. She was U. S. Champion acrobatic dancer when she was only 14 years old, but her screen roles are not dancing parts:

Barbara Stanwyck	Penny Singleton
Rosalind Russell	Mary Astor

9. Two of these actresses appeared in Flo Ziegfeld's shows in New York:

Virginia Bruce	Joan Crawford
Paulette Goddard	Madeleine Carroll

10. His first screen role was in a Western and his latest screen appearance is in a Western also. Can you name the star and the titles of that first picture as well as his latest?

her more compliments than she ever had before!"

Claudette knows she has changed. She would! Her screen perception is probably the most marked characteristic she possesses. And it's been invaluable to her in her work.

"I've been with Claudette," Mrs. Colbert says, "when she's been on her way to an important conference with a producer, when she's been absorbed in what she was going to say. But she's noticed a speck on my ear no bigger than the point of a pin!"

Edith Head, responsible for the clothes Claudette wears in Paramount Pictures, tells the same story. "Claudette will know if there's one spangle too many on one side," she says, "or if one shoulder seam is a fraction of an inch higher than the other."

THE pine library in the Pressman house is especially lovely. It overlooks the terrace and lawns.

The chairs are deep. The tables that flank the sofa hold the glazed white birds Claudette bought in New York and had made into lamps. However, the books on the shelves aren't rare first editions, calf-bound. Their value lies inside their covers. There's a shabby copy of Schopenhauer. . . .

"When I was sixteen," Claudette says, "I carried it everywhere. To impress people! I thought I was a young intellectual because I read it, even though I didn't understand it. I look at boys and girls today and wonder if they feel as superior as I did at their age."

There's also a slim volume of "Sonnets from the Portuguese. . . ."

Claudette read the sonnets first when she was eighteen. Edna May Oliver introduced her to them during the three weeks they toured together in "The Wild Westcotts," a play in which Claudette spoke exactly three lines.

One evening Miss Oliver gave Claudette a lift from the theater to their hotel in her taxi. "Ever read the Browning sonnets?" she asked. Claudette hadn't. "Well," she said, "you should!" And that same evening she sent Claudette a copy.

It was on this same tour that Claudette roomed with Cornelia Otis Skinner and envied her her big jar of bath salts. "Use them!" Cornelia Skinner offered, generously. But Claudette would have none of such things until she could buy them for herself. Just as she never would wear costume jewelry until she could afford the real kind.

Authentic is the word for Claudette.

For several years after Claudette and Doctor Pressman were married Mrs. Colbert and Tantine Emily lived in the big white house with them. Only recently did they move to a house of their own, leaving Claudette to supervise domestic details for the first time.

"Mother did what she could to prepare me," Claudette says. "As soon as it was decided that she and Tantine were, at last, to have a home of their own she began to turn little tasks over to me, one at a time. That way it wasn't too trying for anyone—including Jack!"

The house Claudette bought for her mother and Tantine and Smoky, an adored French poodle, is French Provincial, inside and out. It has charm wherever you look. The beams in the ceiling are painted with gay peasant flowers. The settle beside the fire is covered with chintz. But best of all is the long flagged terrace that overlooks the garden. Here the two ladies have their tea, sew, read, dream about the France they knew and talk of how very strange and wonderful it is that Claudette, who always was lovely, should have grown up to be famous, too . . . true to her mother's prophecy.

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III



MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT



MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III



MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.



AMERICAN GIRL 1941

EYES bright as stars . . . Hair brushed to shining . . . Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose . . . Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited. Disciplined in living. Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:—

BATHE the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. *Spank* its fragrant unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. Spank for 3 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

SPANK again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

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MASK your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chappings, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

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BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

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MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III . . . MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III . . . MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. . . .
members of the brilliant family whose aristocratic heritage, whose vast and varied industries are almost an
American legend. All have for years followed the Pond's ritual

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

that sentiment. Bonnie Baker, the Oh-Johnny girl with a voice a couple years younger than Shirley's sings it backed by the gently corny Orrin Tucker band (Columbia 35369). It also comes out of the hot and swingy trumpet of Harry James (Varsity 8382).

Plunk-plunk Hawaiian music seems to be one of those steady-appeal things. Ray Kinney, reputed to possess the best of the grass-skirt orchestras, steel-guitars his way through "South of Pago-Pago." The cinema product of the same name has Jon Hall back in brown-face again. Pago-Pago's neighbor is "A Song Of Old Hawaii" which Ray makes as restful as a palm tree (Victor 26737).

If you were attracted by that odd-looking character, whom Bing called Wingie, in the oft-mentioned "Rhythm On The River," then you'll be interested in two of his disc products. Wingie Manone is his full name and he has been around the swing alleys for a long time. He uses his scratchy voice and warm trumpet to light up "Ain't It A Shame About Mame" and "Rhythm On The River," both from his film debut (Bluebird 10844).

The tuneful "I Could Make You Care" turned up in the not-so-tuneful "Ladies Must Live." The song gets excellent treatment from, first, torchy Bea Wain (Victor 26730). And, second, from the orchestra that seems slated to be the Band Of The Year, if you like such titles. It belongs to Will Bradley—and it's good (Columbia 35645).

Alien Registration—Department of Justice

PARTICIPATING in Uncle Sam's program of registering all persons who are not citizens are a number of famous stars and directors in Hollywood. They make up only a small percentage of the 3,600,000 non-citizens Uncle Sam expects to register, but they are better known throughout the nation than most citizens.

Among them are such well-known names as Merle Oberon, Pat Paterson, Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer, Herbert Marshall, Henry Kostner, Greer Garson, Charles Laughton, Alfred Hitchcock, Sonja Henie and others. Some of them have already applied for citizenship, but Uncle Sam counts them as "aliens" until they have acquired full citizenship and requires them to register and be fingerprinted, along with Joe the waiter, Tony the shoemaker, Fritz the baker and the thousands of other non-citizens who make up America's famous "melting-pot."

The registration started on August 27 and continues to the day after Christmas. During that time the stars and directors who are non-citizens will register at post offices wherever it is most convenient for them. Uncle Sam is applying the same rule to everybody. If you are a non-citizen, you can register at any registration post office, whether it be Oshkosh or Hollywood.

Cactus Crooner

SINGING Cowboy Gene Autry has compiled us a list of rules that a good Western star must follow. Only there's nothing on it about kissing a girl, we notice. Here are Gene's cowboy rules:

1. He can't hit anyone smaller than himself.
2. He can't take unfair advantage even of an enemy.

(Continued from page 8)

Christmas SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS



13. CHRISTMAS SHELTER

By a cute little trick of sleight-of-hand, the Umbrubber people have tucked a pair of rubbers into the handle of an umbrella! A gift as practical as it is intriguing. A colorful rain-chaser made of oil silk, plio-film or Koroseal, with a plastic handle that stores a pair of latex rubbers. Just call your color. \$1.98 in Pliofilm at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.



14. PINK PARTY

Initiate your favorite growing girl into the use of good cosmetics. Lenthier has newly concocted the very items a young girl needs, has packaged them gaily in party pink and dubbed them "Pink Party." Face Powder, \$1; Lipstick, 75c; Perfume (one-ounce bottle), \$6; Petite Purse Perfume-Flacon, \$1. Order directly from Lenthier Salon, New York.



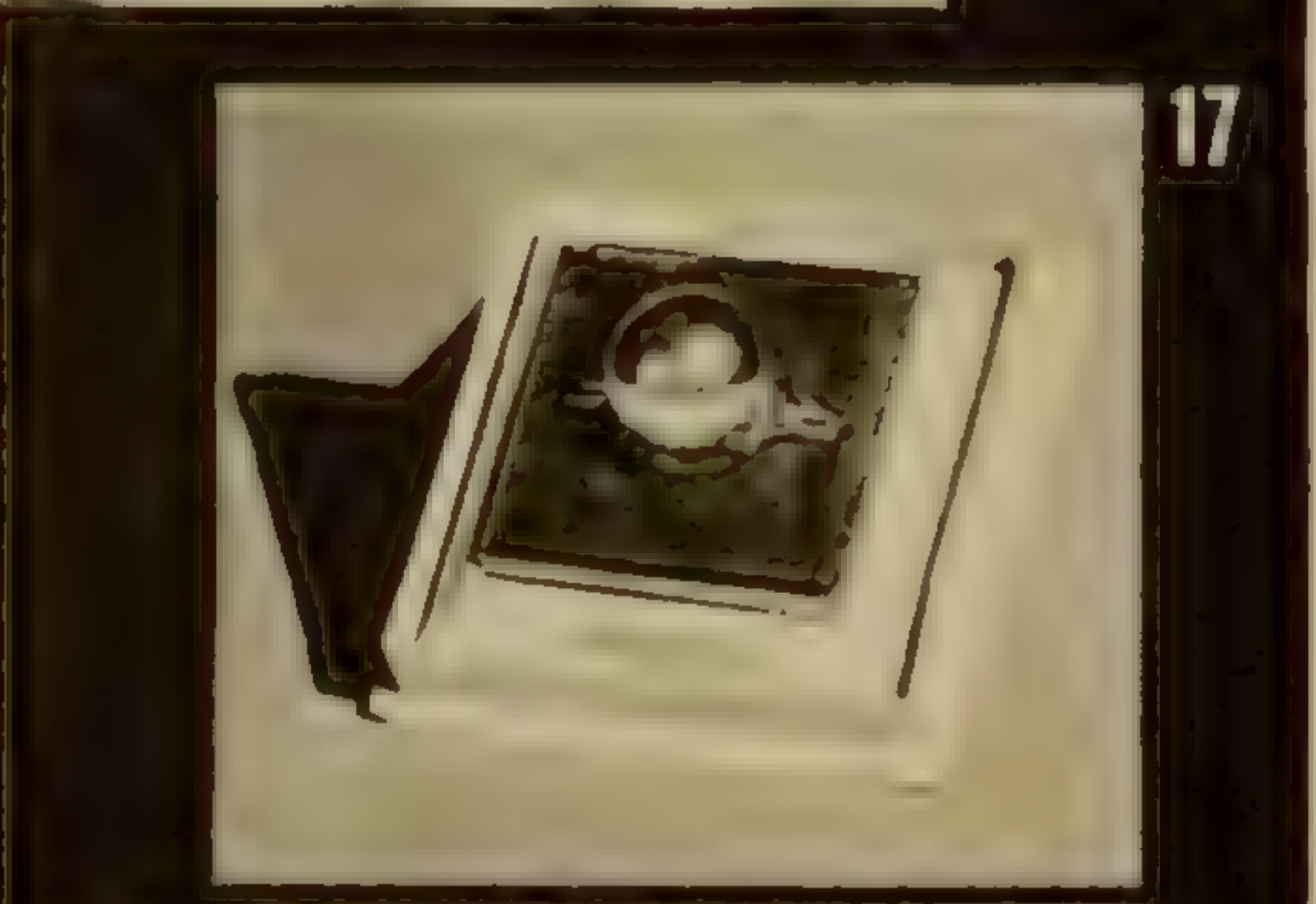
15. SPORTSWOMAN'S SPECIAL

Bertlyn's slipper-sock will say a proper "Merry Christmas" to every sportswoman on your list. Skiers and skaters alike will be toasting their toes in this cozy boot with the felt sole, knit top, corduroy tip and gay embroidery climbing up and down and around. Under \$3 though it looks fully twice the price. At leading department stores.



16. FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Can you imagine a little girl's joy at finding—under her Christmas tree—an honest-to-goodness Singer Sewing machine! This Singer Junior amuses as it educates, while Mamma, of course, can take it with her on her travels—if she can pry it loose from her diligent daughter. \$5 at Singer Sewing Shops. Free sewing lessons, too!



17. PEARLS AND PERFUME

Send this to your lady fair and she'll think it's a bid for her hand in marriage. But as soon as she lifts this precious pearl from its baguette-setting, she'll get the surprise of her life! It turns out to be a perfume bottle filled with Varva's exotic "Suivez Moi" extract. The most unusual perfume package we've seen—and only \$1 at leading stores.



18. PYLE-ON'S PIXIE

Even the most determined winter sportswoman can make herself look like a piquant pixie in Reliable's "Pyle-On" hood and mittens. The fabric's the very next thing to fur... the hood has a cozy cowl that warms your neck while the mittens toast your fingers. A duet to delight the hardiest outdoor girl. Hood, \$1.39; mittens, \$1 at leading stores.

3. He can never, never go back on his word.
4. He must never misuse his power-of-office, if he holds one.
5. He must always take the side of the oppressed.
6. He must be kind to children.
7. He can have no racial prejudices whatever.
8. His actions must always be honorable.

Come to think of it, it's a darned good code for any hero, on the screen or off, East or West, North or South.

Tough Romeo?

SINCE Brian Donlevy's portrayal of "The Great McGinty," feminine movie fans' hearts are a-flutter over a new kind of Romeo—a hard-boiled gent who would just as lief give a lady a "black eye as a kiss if he thought the black eye would do her more good; an unsubtle, unsentimental Romeo who, instead of mooning under a balcony, wooing his lady by remote control, as it were, would shinny up pillar or post to press his suit in manner more virile. You know, a tough guy, but one handsome enough to make the ladies like his toughness.

But off the screen? Say, Brian is a pushover for everything that McGinty was not! He's simply a sucker for sentiment!

For instance: Not long ago Mrs. Donlevy (they've been married five years) was rummaging in an old trunk and came upon some of her baby things—"first snapshots," a couple of bibs, a bonnet and a scuffed pair of baby shoes and so on. Well, Brian was hanging around watching but not saying much. Mrs. D didn't even know he was interested.

But the other day, she found out differently. It happened when, wifelike, she was trying to "slick him up" before he set off for a luncheon date with his agent. "What's that awful bulge in your pocket?" she inquired. "Your pockets seem very bunchy, lately."


Brian didn't answer; just mumbled something and tried to get away. But Mrs. Donlevy wouldn't let him.

"Let me see!" she insisted.

Well, she saw. When she reached into his pocket and pulled out the "bulge," she saw it was one of her baby shoes.

Three's Not A Crowd

WE'LL bet there's not a baby in Hollywood, nor anywhere else, for that matter, who will be more welcome than the one expected in the Ronald Reagan-Jane Wyman home, come next spring. Jane doesn't seem to care a bit that her promising career will have to take a run-out powder for a while and Ronnie already is the proudest, the most careful, the most anxious papa-to-be you ever saw. The next day after Jane told him about the coming event he began to, as she says, "wrap her in cotton." Was she tired? Shouldn't she rest? She must visit the doctor every day; prenatal care is very important, you know. She mustn't stand on her feet for more than ten minutes at a time. Maybe they'd better not go to the races on Saturday. He also rushed out and bought half a dozen books on babies. While Jane was making "Honey-moon For Three" he was forever invading the set with a bottle of butter-milk or a glass of fruit juice or something else calculated to further the well being of a "little mother." Meanwhile, Jane, while laughing fondly at Ronnie's antics, admits she is just about as bad. She's already made arrangements for fixing up a nursery in their house, and has assembled the baby's layette, complete to the last tiny bootie.



*When comfort
means so much*

The snowy-white surgical gauze wrapper of the new Modess covers a filler of downy-soft "fluff." It is the extra softness of this fluff filler that makes Modess sanitary napkins so comfortable. And Modess means new peace of mind, too; read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve.

A new evening fashion—created by Charles James

*Soft as a
fleecy cloud*



PHOTOPLAY'S

OWN Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



Vital proof of vitality is Carole Lombard. Hard worker, hard player and one of the best sports-women in town, she is the rancher wife of Gable, the amazement of fast-paced Hollywood



GETTING FIT FOR FUN

If you've ever listened in on a feminine whispering campaign you've heard all these quotations. As a matter of fact, you've probably said the same things dozens of times about other people. Our point is, have other people said them about you? If not, we think we know why not—and we offer you some pointed information that will make you look better, feel better and have more fun.

"... I don't know where she gets her pep!"

We do; Hollywood does, too. Firm believers in the "vitality is the essence of attractiveness" theory, they know that good things come in small packages—in this case, small vitamin capsules, perfect guards against dull eyes, sagging spirits, that state of perfectly plain inertia that will relegate any woman to a state of single blessedness against the wall. We hate to bring up the old bromide that health is the essence of beauty, but it's not fiction. If you don't want to turn into a weeping willow type during holiday rounds, you'll take your vitamin capsules. Guarantees Mary Astor: "If you're working too hard or are too tired to enjoy yourself when you do go out, vitamin capsules that contain all the vitamins you yourself need will restore your vitality and do wonders for your looks."

Shortcut to the same end, a pick-me-up that will last through an evening, is Carole Lombard's hot and cold shower idea. Possessor of an energy that amazes even fast-paced Hollywood, Mrs. Gable has an eleventh-hour cure for a drooping spirit. You step into the shower, let the hot needlepoint spray play on your spine. Then slowly bend forward until the spray has traveled from the neck to the base of the spine;

then straighten up slowly again, letting the spray retrace its path. Three or four of these—then the same thing with cold water, and you'll stay bright right up until the strains of "Good Night, Ladies."

Another quick cure-all that brings the gleam back into your eyes in nothing flat is that of Ann Miller. Covering her face thickly with cold cream, she soaks in a hot bath for five minutes, relaxing utterly. Afterwards, removing the cream with tissues, she soaks a piece of cotton in skin freshener, pats it briskly over her face and neck. Incidentally, if you go for ultrastimulating effects, you can keep your lotion in the ice chest as Lucille Ball does.

"... She always makes me feel as if my hem's hanging."

As for this perfect paragon who always looks as if she has just stepped away from her mirror—the best thing any woman can do is to imitate her. Careful make-up may be an unglamorous duty, but it really pays glamorous dividends. The pre-party homework should be managed thus. First of all, a good powder foundation, which is the bright light of every Hollywood dressing table. Choose any foundation that

Cause and effect: Signal for a chorus of ah's anywhere is the appearance of Rosemary Lane. Reason—careful make-up, accomplished by removing powder surplus with cotton



pleases you—a liquid one, or a tinted cream base that exactly matches your skin, or one that is applied with a moistened sponge. Apply it carefully, all over your face.

Next step is the application of rouge—and be careful here. One main rule to remember: If you use a moist or cream foundation, apply your cream rouge over the foundation; if you use a dry foundation, use the cream rouge before. If the glow doesn't look as if it will stand up under the bright lights, add a touch of dry rouge to set it off.

If you want a model for make-up: Olivia de Havilland uses a moist foundation. Over this she dots on the rouge, working it outward until there are no lines visible. She then gives her face a very generous fluffing of powder, then brushes a delicate film of dry rouge over her cheeks with a small baby's brush. She also dabs a bit of dry rouge on the tips of her ears.

Spend enough time in close-ups with your mirror, be faithful to foundations, brush the powder on generously and be careful about rouge application—those are the main essentials. Concentrate on not having that candid-camera look which is fatal after 9 P. M.

(Continued on page 87)

*The most beautiful fingernails
in the world!*



*Choose your color by the
Fingernail Cap*

DURA-GLOSS

A secret message to a man's heart—that only your flawlessly groomed fingernails, resplendent in the gem-lustred beauty of Dura-Gloss, so gloriously betray! Yes, those beautiful hands, those excitingly pagan fingernails tell him the exciting story of your fastidious daintiness, the sheer allure of all of you! Possess—yourself—these spectacular, these vivid fingernails—with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that's new, that's different! And be surprised, amazed, to discover that Dura-Gloss—that was created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world—*doesn't* cost a dollar—just a tiny ten cent piece in every fashion-right color, at cosmetic counters everywhere! Switch your affections to Dura-Gloss—this very day!

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

FASHION BULLETIN NEW COLORS

Zombie
Indian Red
Red Wine

See them at cosmetic
counters today



Cut this out
(along dotted
line) and put
in your
change-
purse to re-
mind your-
self.

10¢

The Boy from Omaha

(Continued from page 67)

Players guild captivated Hank and when, on his second visit to Falmouth, he was invited to join the group, he resigned from the Dennis company and moved over to join the college thespians.

As the only member of the troupe with professional experience, Hank soon was playing most of the leads in the University Players Guild productions and usually it was Peggy Sullivan who was cast opposite him. To say that Hank and Peggy fell in love at first sight would be exaggerating by just about eleven months and sixteen days. They exchanged a lot more argumentative than amorous conversation that first summer at Falmouth.

It was their second summer with the University Players, after Hank had spent a winter directing the National Junior Theater in Washington and Peggy had returned to Norfolk to go through the motions of making her debut, that the rangy Nebraska boy and the vivid, moody Southern girl dropped their fencings and frankly showed their affection.

"Peggy is back," Hank wrote his family, "and we are very much in love on Tuesdays and Saturdays."

There was not much time for romance. The Guild had decided to build its own theater and between rehearsals the players pitched in to help carpenters and decorators rush through the finishing touches on the modern little show-house at Silver Beach.

There were, though, sunny hours on the beach and moonlit strolls across the dunes after the theater and nights when Hank would help Peggy carry trays in the gay night club the Guild ran as an adjunct to the theater, or Peggy would serve as stooge for Hank in his mad magician's act which was offered as part of the supper entertainment there.

The summer was all too short for these two who had just begun to explore one another's dreams and talk of the future in terms of a career together. Once, as September sped toward the day when they must separate again, they motored to a near-by town and obtained a marriage license. But marriage, they realized on sober second thought, was not for them . . . not yet.

Back on Broadway, Peggy was the first to win attention in the managers' offices and signed for the lead in the road company of "Strictly Dishonorable." Hank, after a brief bit as an 80-year-old extra in a Theater Guild production, returned to Washington and the National Junior Theater for a second season as its director.

They said good-by over dinner in a cheap little restaurant in New York. They would both work like fury, they pledged, and the winter would fly by and then it would be summer and their reunion in Falmouth. . . .

ONE of the winter productions in Washington was Barrie's "A Kiss For Cinderella" and the Capital critics were so enthusiastic in their praise of Hank's portrayal of the policeman he was invited by the Omaha Community Playhouse to guest star in a run of the piece.

It was a triumphant homecoming, with newspaper pictures and headlines and a capacity house for every performance of the play. Brace Fonda beamed and Mrs. Fonda and Hank's sisters, Harriet and Jayne, were only slightly less proud than if Hank had been named to the Cabinet.

In the fall of 1931, the University Players, instead of disbanding at the end of their summer season in Fal-

mouth, signed to play a winter of stock in Baltimore. In November, Peggy rejoined the troupe, after a year of increasing success in road company leads and once again the flame of attraction fired them anew.

They were married on Christmas Day, a few hours before Hank was scheduled to play a matinee. The hotel where the company was staying turned over a banquet hall for the ceremony.

One of their favorite tunes in the years they had known one another was the theme music from "The Constant Nymph," in which they had acted together at the Cape and it was this melody Bretagne Windust softly played on the piano as a processional as Peggy, very much composed, and Hank, very shaky, walked in front of a round-faced young Episcopalian minister.

Peggy's responses were as assured as if she were reading a line in rehearsal. Hank's ordinarily deep voice was hardly audible. It was all very overwhelming to him, and very, very important.

THE marriage lasted less than a year.

Why it broke up, neither Hank nor Peggy has ever revealed to even their closest intimates. Some surmise it was because Peggy zoomed to sudden stardom while Hank continued to struggle vainly for recognition on Broadway. Others declare Hank, with his honest solemnness, was too serious-minded for the intense, eager, demanding Peggy. Whatever the cause of their separation, it was effected without bitterness or reproach and through the succeeding years they have remained fast friends.

Following their divorce, Peggy went on to new triumphs in Hollywood, while Hank, after two shows in which he had small parts folded, once more turned to summer stock, this time at Mt. Kisco, New York. Leads there won Hank a featured spot in "New Faces," a Broadway hit of 1934.

"New Faces" was a musical revue and when Dwight Wiman, producer of the successful "Little Shows," saw him in "New Faces" he offered to make a song-and-dance star of the handsome Hank. But Leland Hayward had seen Hank first and had other plans for the actor. At his own expense, Hayward flew Fonda to the West Coast and there, in a whirlwind campaign of salesmanship, signed Hank to a movie contract with Walter Wanger.

"I wasn't any too curious about pictures," recalls Hank, "and it was on my insistence that the movie contract was not to begin until the following summer. I wanted to do something important on the New York stage before I entered the Hollywood scene."

Luck was with Hank's program. Back at Mt. Kisco, he was assigned a role in "The Swan" which starred Geoffrey Kerr. In the opening night audience was June Walker, in private life Mrs. Kerr, who was at the moment seeking a leading man for "The Farmer Takes A Wife." In Hank, the actress saw the ideal type for the rugged, earthy barge-man who wants to own a farm in the Mohawk Valley. The play, incidentally, was from a story by Walter Edmonds, from whose writings have been taken two others of Hank's best pictures, "Drums Along the Mohawk" and his recently completed "Chad Hanna."

Marc Connolly had adapted the play and was aiding in its production. To Connolly, Miss Walker sent Hank to read a few scenes. Hank arrived at Connolly's hotel room, prepared to give out with his best brand of acting. But

instead of being handed a script to read from, Hank was plopped down in a chair, while Connolly, nervous, energetic playwright, strode up and down the room for two and a half hours, reading and acting the entire play.

At the end of the afternoon, Hank was hired without having read a single line!

"The Farmer Takes A Wife" was a smash hit, but Hank's joy in his triumph was clouded by the sudden death of his mother, the last night of rehearsals in New York, on the eve of the show's tryout in Washington. Jim Stewart, with whom Hank lived his last three years in New York, brought word to Hank at the theater that Omaha was calling long distance and in the middle of the last dress rehearsal Hank learned that his mother had died that afternoon.

"You must go on though, Hank," urged his sister Harriet on the phone. "Mother would have wanted you to. She was so proud of the success you've made."

And in the tradition of the theater, Hank carried on and gave a performance opposite June Walker that was to make him the most talked-about young leading man on Broadway.

In the spring of 1935, Fox bought "The Farmer Takes A Wife" and arranged with Walter Wanger to borrow Hank to play it with Janet Gaynor. Hank's departure for the film capital was long remembered at "Ralph's," the little West Side tavern where Hank and Jim and others of the University Players who had invaded Broadway, used to gather for after-the-theater beers.

Packing, Hank found no room for three hats. The only thing to do was



Blood and thunder stuff: Tim Holt, Jr., set for six RKO rip-roaring dramas, gets a bonus in the form of Martha O'Driscoll, leading lady for his "Wagon Train," "Sir Piegan Passes"

carry them, but with his hands burdened by suitcases, the easiest way to carry them was one on top of the other on his head.

The picture of those four hats perched precariously on Hank's tousled top so intrigued Jim he insisted on Hank's wearing them that way to "Ralph's" for a farewell party. And at "Ralph's" Hank found the companion who was to accompany him across the continent and be his mascot in the first important days in the film studio. It was "George," a 2-week-old kitten, black as a lump of coal and as easily carried in Hank's overcoat pocket.

All the way across the continent, Hank smuggled George under the eyes of conductors, feeding him milk from a fountain pen and taking him for "walks" in the vestibule when no trainmen were near. George, a grandfather now, still is the mascot of the Fonda establishment in Hollywood.

FROM his first picture, Hank was a solid success in Hollywood. Directors liked the earnest way the young actor studied to adapt himself to the new medium of the camera. Fellow actors were charmed by his shy, quiet good nature. And to the glamour girls of the film colony, Hank and Jim Stewart, who soon joined him, were a totally new type of young man. They didn't talk about themselves all the time. They reminded one, in their modesty and simplicity, of boys "back home."

In the spring of 1936 Hank was sent to England to make "Wings of the Morning" in London and there he met the girl with whom he was to rebuild all his broken dreams of marriage.

Frances Seymour Brokaw was her name, a beautiful blonde young widow, well known in New York society. She was touring Europe with her sister-in-law and shortly after she and Hank met on a yachting party on the Thames was scheduled to drive to Berlin to attend the Olympic Games. Hank was due to finish his picture a few days before the games ended and the girls suggested he fly to Berlin and join them.

From Berlin the trio drove back to Paris and by the time they reached the French capital Frances and Hank knew they were in love. He proposed to her in a corner of the Ritz bar and celebrated her acceptance at the Casanova Club where Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, were the first to be told.

Their wedding, in September of 1936, at the fashionable Christ Episcopal Church on Park Avenue, was a brilliant affair, marred for Hank only by the fact that in the bridegroom's family pew was neither his soft-eyed mother, nor smiling Brace Fonda. Brace, stricken soon after his wife's death, had succumbed to a lingering illness the following fall. A few weeks before he died he had watched his son's first movie projected in his sick-room.

But Harriet and Jayne, radiant over their brother's screen success and the happiness he had found with Frances, came on from Omaha for the wedding.

In the four years since that sunny afternoon when he and Frances dodged through a battery of newsreel cameras outside the church, life has been increasingly joyous for Hank. Few men are more fond of children and Hank's dearest dreams were realized with the birth of a daughter, Jayne Seymour Fonda, three years ago and, last spring, a son, Peter Henry Fonda. Loved and cherished as dearly as his own children is nine-year-old Frances Brokaw, his devoted stepdaughter.

Matching the success he has made of his second marriage is the steady progression he has enjoyed in his screen career. Emerging as an actor of real distinction in "Young Mr. Lincoln" Hank has brought to each succeeding film a quality of sincerity that Hollywood—and movie-goers everywhere—recognize as rare and precious.

Years ago in Omaha, in one of his first ventures at the Omaha Playhouse, Hank Fonda enacted the intriguing title role of "Merton of the Movies." Particularly impressive was his earnest reading of one touching speech of the film-struck farm boy seeking to crash Hollywood: "Oh, God, make me a movie actor . . . one of the best . . . for Jesus' sake. Amen."

That prayer has been answered for Hank Fonda.

Gay Gibson Dresses are Fashion Successes

most emphatically

Make life a merry whirl—with YOU in the center of it! Gay Gibson puts romance into your private life with a sparkling new collection of dresses you'll dote on for dating! They're tricky—artfully concentrating attention on YOU with a swoosh of a skirt here or a tantalizing curve there! Blame no one but yourself if you turn into a heartbreaker at first sight Gay Gibsons were made for having a fling. Each one is a miracle of thrift—fitting incredibly well into college and career girl budgets. Get one—and you'll yearn for three more!

HEART-BREAKER—
Scintillating date dress created from Ever Gay—a fabric Distinctively Duplan woven with Tubize Acetate Rayon. In gold, teal, or crushed rose. Sizes 9-17.

A wide selection as low as \$6—
and not more than \$12

Gay Gibson
GETS HER MAN!

★ JUNIOR DRESSES FOR JUNIOR "UMPH" GIRLS

ASPIRATION—
Helps you get what you want—whether it's a man or a career! Softly-draped Gaycrest rayon crepe in deep black or rich brown. Novelty studded belt. Sizes 9-17.

how much "Umph"
do YOU have?

Wouldn't you like to know? Then go to your nearest store where Gay Gibsons are sold and take the NEW UMPH TEST. You'll find out in less than thirty seconds about "this power you have over men"—and have a lot of fun in the doing!

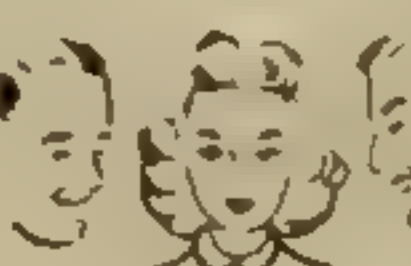
YOU'LL GET
YOUR MAN



HE'S GETTING
SERIOUS



YOU GET
AROUND



GIVE THE BOYS
A CHANCE



STICK TO
YOUR
CAREER



(Left) **LOVE AFFAIR**
—Made from Ever Gay—a fabric Distinctively Duplan woven with Tubize Acetate Rayon. In bronze-green, gold, or star-sapphire blue. Sizes 9-17.

(Right) **NIGHT MAGIC**
—Gaycrest rayon crepe in black spiked with blue and fuschia, or brown with Aztec green and red. Sizes 9-17.

GERNES GARMENT CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

Could you tell me if Norbert Brodine is the real name of the photographer at Hal Roach Studios?

MRS. GLENN RICKEY,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Norbert Brodine is the only name listed for this Hal Roach photographer.

SLIP-UPS DEPARTMENT

HERE'S my contribution to the slip-ups department. John Garfield's recovery in "Saturday's Children" was really remarkable. He enters the house so drunk he can't see other people in the room. He passes out completely. After putting him to bed, Anne Shirley walks aimlessly through the house, looks out the window, talks a few minutes with her father and then—like a miracle—out pops Johnnie, as sober as can be. Wish the movies would show me how it's done.

B. MURRAY,
Walkermine, Cal.

SPECIAL FEATURE

In the category of "new and different" are these offerings from L. Z. Yuan of Shanghai, China. Giving an interesting aside on how Chinese movies are made, the articles, plus pictures, are offered here for readers' special entertainment:

CHARLIE CHAN is back in his homeland and tackling the second murder mystery since his return from America. This is, at least, the idea of the Hsin Hwa Motion Picture Company, which has just produced its second *Charlie Chan* picture.

The fictional Chinese sleuth has always been popular with the Chinese, but it was not until the death of Warner Oland, who played that role in many a Hollywood production, that the Chinese motion-picture company, now the largest in Shanghai, obtained the inspiration of producing *Charlie Chan* pictures with Chinese casts and with China as the background. In its opinion, *Charlie Chan* (Warner Oland) has not died but merely has left America for China where he is now personified by Hsu Hsin-yuan, a veteran actor.

What has happened to *Charlie Chan's* son, who helped his clever, moon-faced old man in solving many mysteries in the Hollywood films, the Chinese studio does not propose to answer. In the Chinese *Charlie Chan* pictures, there is no *Charlie Jr.*, but his vacancy is filled by *Charlie's* daughter, *Minna*.

In the Chinese *Charlie Chan* pictures, the famous Chinese sleuth is also shown resorting to the aid of a number of gadgets, including radio transmitting sets, built-in tie-pins, chairs connected to electric currents of weaker voltages, and a cigaret case which may be converted into a pistol within a second.

"*Charlie Chan In Homeland*" is the title of the first Chinese production glorifying the fictional Chinese sleuth. In that picture, he arrived in China from the United States a few hours after a plan showing the subterranean passages of an ancient tomb was stolen from his friend's home. In the ancient tomb is kept a precious pearl shirt!

In his first case since his return to China, *Charlie* apparently found himself facing a different type of racketeers and gangsters. With the aid of his modern crime-detecting methods and his wireless gadgets, *Chan* solved the mystery and placed the culprits behind the bars.

Following the first case, *Charlie Chan* decided to settle down in China. In other words, the company, encouraged

by the booking office results, decided to continue producing *Charlie Chan* pictures. When the second picture, "*Charlie Chan In Radio Station*," opens, *Charlie* and *Minna*, his daughter, are found listening in to a Chinese radio station, trying to learn more about China from which he had been absent for such a long time.

A prominent singer, direct from America, is to sing at the station the following night. *Charlie* and *Minna* decided to go to the glass-walled station

Special feature: a Shanghai reader gives Photoplay a look-in on the Chinese *Charlie Chan*...



... plus extracurricular comments on curricular activity of China's Tarzan

to meet the singer. On that crucial night, just as the singer is stepping before the microphone, the lights go out. When the lights are switched on again, the singer has disappeared.

Charlie proceeds to investigate, finally makes an arrest but is thwarted by a powerful gang. Through a wealthy girl, however, *Chan* again traces to the bandit lair and makes a raid. He and his party are overpowered and put into a dungeon. Just as they are in danger of being killed, *Chan* uses a radio transmitter built in the catch of his belt and directs the police to his rescue. The story ends with a gun battle and a motor-car race. The last scene fades out with *Charlie* and *Minna* scoring another success—the second since their return.

TARZAN is ruling the "jungles" near Hongkong, making love to a dimple-cheeked Chinese glamour girl and eating his "chow" with chopsticks.

Produced by the same enterprising Chinese motion-picture company which "repatriated" *Charlie Chan* to his fatherland to solve a number of puzzling murder mysteries, "*The Adventures of Chinese Tarzan*" is one of the few Chinese jungle pictures ever produced since the flickers were first introduced into this country. It is now drawing huge crowds to the Shanghai and Hongkong cinemas and setting such promising booking office returns that the studio is soon to start on another.

The Chinese Johnny Weissmuller is the stoutly built, brawny Peng Fei who has had some minor successes in the melodramatic Chinese versions of Westerns. His *Jane* is Miss Lee Cha-cha, who has the distinction of being a hot-cha girl with a figure that is the envy of many slim Chinese movie actresses. Both are fair swimmers and both are complete with their simple deer-skin costumes. The Chinese *Tarzan*, of course, has a Chinese dagger with which to "kill" the many jungle beasts.

The plot of the "Chinese *Tarzan*" is in one way a more faithful picturization of Edgar Rice Burroughs' "*Tarzan of the Apes*." It starts with an expedition to a jungle where every member of the party is wiped out by the natives except

the baby. Nursed by an ape, the baby grows to be *Tarzan*.

Twenty years later, *Tarzan* is ruling the jungles and somehow a girl is found unconscious on the beach whom he promptly rescues and with whom he falls in love. From her, he learns human language—Chinese.

The father of the girl and her cousin trace the girl to the jungles. They are attacked by the natives but rescued by *Tarzan*. The old man, however, is fatally wounded and dies shortly after his reunion with his daughter. The cousin is the villain of the opus, trying to kidnap the girl.

The villain gets together with the natives and sends an alluring hula-dancer to lure *Tarzan* into a trap. Both *Tarzan* and his *Jane* are caught. The natives try to burn *Tarzan* to death while the villain kidnaps the girl. The leaping flames help *Tarzan* to release himself and he rescues the girl.

In producing the film, the studio cleverly avoided such scenes as *Tarzan* killing a tiger. The only close-up of the jungle struggle for life shows him sinking his dagger into a fake tiger.

The studio, however, had enough headaches in hiring the extras to put on the paint on their briefly dressed bodies to play the roles of the cannibals in the jungles. Only upon the payment of twice the ordinary wages did the extras finally agree to play. The "jungle" scenes were shot in Hongkong.



It was an off day for Mimi all right — she was rehearsing with about as much pep as a wooden Indian. "Stop!" I groaned, and hauled out a package of Beeman's to cheer myself up.

That's when Mimi came to life! She grabbed the Beeman's and did a pirouette that took even my breath. "Stingy!" she laughed. "Don't you know it's my favorite flavor? Beeman's! But yes! It is so delicious—so different. Smooth with a zip. Like this!" And she did that little number with the big whirl and kick—it's been the talk of the show ever since.



Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 47)

Peg Of Our Hearts

IF Earl Moran, the famous commercial artist and master of watercolor, could have his choice, he'd choose but one model. She would be Peggy, his lovely daughter who acts so successfully in such Universal pictures as "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," "Argentine Nights," "The Mummy's Hand," "Slightly Tempted," "Spring Parade" and "Caribbean Holiday," to say nothing of her pert cigarette-girl role in "Ninotchka." In fact, Peggy has the outstanding record of making twelve pictures a year and ringing the bell in all of them.

The town that produced Lillian Russell—Clinton, Iowa—gave us Peggy as well. But when she was just five or so, she and her mother came to Los Angeles to live and Peggy played hopscotch and Run, Sheep, Run, with the other kids and went to Thomas Starr King Junior High and later, after John Marshall High School, enrolled at the Los Angeles City College where she was active in dramatic productions. One of her teachers recommended Peggy to radio station KFI where she did small radio bits for a year.

Once when she was just a little girl, a famous fortune teller put his hand under her firm little chin and said, "You will be a great actress." It so impressed Peggy she gave up all hope of being a dancer and thought an acting career into being, for Peggy believes firmly in the power of thought.

How it came about was strange. Her mother, who was acting as jurywoman, spoke to the judge, who was also a friend, about Peggy's future singing lessons. The judge recommended his brother, a singing teacher, and the teacher introduced Peggy to a talent scout and after a test and the usual delays Peggy was an actress, one Universal is terribly excited over and one producer Joseph Pasternak firmly believes will be a great star.

Her closest friend is Deanna Durbin and often Vaughn Paul, Deanna's beau, will bring along a chap for Peggy and the four will go down to the Tail o' the Cock restaurant. But mostly Peggy works all day and drops into bed dead tired at night.

Her mother forages the shops to investigate the clothes and in a rare free hour Peggy does a follow-up inspection of the finds. Her hair is just brown with tantalizing bronze spots, her voice sweet and low. She's gentle and a gentlewoman of just 22, adores good music, thinks a boy who acts inconsiderate merely to impress a girl an annoying nuisance, and prizes more than any possession a letter written to her studio by her high-school principal after he had viewed a whole page of Peggy's legs for publicity art. It read: "Why emphasize Peggy's figure when she graduated with the highest scholastic rating in the school?"

Nobody knew what to say.

Remember The Main!

THE wagon trailed down the dusty road in Indiana with the lean lanky girl on the seat beside her mother looking into the bright clean face of an early spring.

"They're going to speak pieces at the graduation exercises," her mother said finally. "They've just told me you're to speak, too."

Whereupon Marjorie Main practically fell off the wagon seat with fright.

"Oh, I couldn't get up before all those people and recite. I'd die. That's all. Just die."

But she did and she's still alive and because of that one recitation Hollywood was startled out of its seats the night "Dead End" was previewed. As the weary-hearted mother of gangster Humphrey Bogart, Marjorie Main cut deep as a knife.

Today, her performances in "Susan And God," in "The Captain Is A Lady," as the lady blacksmith in "Wyoming" and her latest, "Shepherd of the Hills," with Marjorie losing her very good looks in the character of a very old lady, have won her a brand-new M-G-M contract.

Marjorie's recitation that day, "The Light From Over The Range," delivered with amazing force and gestures, precipitated the young lady into a statewide contest that won her the first prize hands down. Her father, a minister in the little community of Atkin, Indiana, was delighted with that. But later chagrined when Marjorie mentioned the awful word "stage." So they compromised on a Chautauqua circuit tour with Marjorie giving readings in the afternoons (she got \$2 a week more for that extra job) and playing Shakespeare in the evenings.

Then one day Marjorie climbed up on the bus seat beside the noted lecturer, Dr. Stanley Krebs, and her life changed—ceased, as a matter of fact—for after their marriage Marjorie submerged her mind and heart and soul into the works and life of the brilliant psychologist until his death.

Her first step toward professionalism was taken when the good doctor persuaded her father to let her have a try at a stock company in North Dakota. And what a stock company, giving two plays every night with rehearsals all day.

Broadway came next and in no time Marjorie Main was the leading character woman on the New York stage, playing every type of role. She claims it took three months to get "The Light From Over The Range" out of her theatrical system but even today there is a lingering of the lanky harum-scarum kid from Indiana about her. It comes out in her voice and homey ways. Her hair is long. He liked it that way. She lives simply and alone with her tens of thousands of memories playing an unforgettable symphony in her heart.

She is that woman, blessed among all others, who has known a great love.

Lady Esther says

"You're Invited to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your NEW-BORN-SKIN!"

Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin . . . waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your New-Born Skin with loveliness.



A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of the hope for new beauty in those words. It's nature's radiant promise to you . . . and a scientific fact. For *right now*, as you look in your mirror . . . every hour of the day and night a new skin is coming to life!

As a flower loses its petals, so your old skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores. Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in patches, keep powder from being smooth, may give a faded look to your New-Born Skin.

Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help nature to gently remove those drab flakes, so your skin can be gloriously re-born.

As each new layer of skin crowds upward, your skin is being re-born. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated dirt . . . helps Nature refine your pores.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt . . . giving you a first glimpse of your New-Born Skin!



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER, (62)

7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 70 with these correct ones

1. Constance Moore
2. Victor Mature
3. George Raft-Mack Grey; Mickey Rooney-Sidney Miller
4. Gilbert Roland
5. Irene Hervey, Allan Jones in "Boys From Syracuse" or Joan Blondell, Dick Powell in "I Want A Divorce"
6. Alfred Hitchcock
7. Fred MacMurray, Basil Rathbone
8. Penny Singleton
9. Virginia Bruce, Paulette Goddard
10. Gary Cooper—First picture "Winning of Barbara Worth"; latest picture "The Westerner"

Hollywood Has a Heart It Welcomes The Stranger

(Continued from page 17)

Nor has Hollywood stopped at job placing. It has developed its own forms of financial reliefs for the refugees. The most efficient aid for the exiles comes from the European Film Fund. This is an organization founded by former Europeans who had settled in Hollywood before the cataclysm and had become American citizens in both fact and spirit. Having made their money and reputation in this country, they feel that it is up to them to assist the newcomers.

Every former European who has a job in the film industry contributes a certain percentage of his income to the relief fund. This money is used to support the refugees until they have found their own feet. The strictest discretion is observed in helping anyone. It's all handled so that the ticklish pride of the needy celebrities won't be hurt. Except for the officials, nobody knows who receives donations from the fund. And as soon as those so benefited start earning money, they begin paying back what has been given them. No charity hand-outs is this Fund money, but unconditioned loans. Thus the ball is kept rolling. Money streams back into the cash register and out again to help another.

NO one desires that this financial aid be permanent. A man, after all, does not live by bread alone. He has to have something to live for; and most of us live in our work. The refugees are no different; they must have more purpose to their life than mere existence; they want to be of some use in the world. But getting them jobs is often more difficult than supplying them with money; for there are some who can be nothing but actors. It's all they've ever known, and it's too late in life to begin over.

I remember one such fellow; his name was Paul Graetz. He was more than a mere actor; he was the very essence of the witty, shrewd, good-natured town of Berlin before the days of Hitler. There was not a child who did not know him; there was not one of his fresh, dry songs which Berlin would not be humming a few days after Paul had introduced it. When he crossed the street, every taxi driver, newspaper boy and bum would call out: "Hiya, Paul!"

He came to Hollywood and from the very first moment here, he felt lost. English he studied diligently, but it was hardly any use. Paul could not express himself except in his own vernacular. Only by taking digs at politicians and big-wigs, by improvising clever little wisecracks, by bowling over his audience with sly innuendos, could he be himself. No, he could not adjust himself to the foreign scene of America, not Paul at his age of life. He who had had all Berlin at his feet failed in the one or two bit parts Hollywood gave him.

I was with him for the last time at Ernst Lubitsch's house. Among us who understood his language and appreciated him, he brilliantly flowered into life—for one night.

Two days later he was dead. He couldn't stand it any longer. Max Reinhardt, speaking at his funeral, expressed what everyone of us felt: That a little piece of our own hearts had died and was gone forever with Paul Graetz.

Our colony of exiled actors is filled with stories less tragic, but no less human. Recently I heard of two girls who were living together and sharing their fortunes in Hollywood. Both had earned names, important names, for

themselves in Europe, but here the going was tough. Between them, they had one good coat. It was a Schiaparelli, saved from the good days on the Continent. Now to which one did the coat belong? No one knew. Whichever girl had an interview for a job wore that coat, while the other waited patiently at home. It was a fine arrangement. But came the day when an excited agent called for both girls to present themselves at the casting office.

The girls matched for the coat and, breathless with anticipation, the winner clad in the Schiaparelli went through the studio gate while the other girl waited outside to take her turn.

By luck our young actress in the Schiaparelli was awarded a final chance at the part. She was to study it overnight and return the next day for an

audition. She rushed out, peeled off that glorious coat, gave it to her friend—and the story repeated itself. That Schiaparelli was lucky. Both girls had been given a final chance at the part.

It consisted of but three words: "Neuilly 267, Paris." Obviously the language of a French telephone operator. The two girls paced up and down their small room for half the night, trying to get some sense into the part. How to say it? Flippantly? Bored? Softly? Harshly? With a smile in their voices? Or with a tear?

True, it wasn't much of a role; but it was a start. Next morning they went back to the casting office and one of the girls was definitely given the part. For three days she worked with her heart in her mouth; on Saturday she drew her paycheck. A few weeks later the picture was previewed, but the part was no longer in it.

Now our young actress is working as an upstairs maid and every second Sunday she wears the beautiful Schiaparelli coat. During the weekdays the other girl wears it when pounding the pavements from agents to casting offices, looking for another chance.

These are the noiseless little tragedies which only a town of actors like Hollywood can fully understand. I recall another little vignette. One of Austria's greatest comedienne had come to Hollywood and William Dieterle, the ever-helpful, gave her a bit part in his "Dr. Ehrlich" picture. She was to play one of the mothers who crowded outside of the hospital ward where their sick children were with diphtheria. Her little scene she acted superbly and so realistically anguished did she look that my heart was cramped when I saw her. Yet she was unable to speak her one line to Dieterle's satisfaction. So the part had to be taken away from her and given to another bit player.

This one, who had known the old comedienne and had seen her on the European stage, was so shaken by her disappointment that she, too, began to cry. So Director Dieterle had two mothers who cried real tears and were sincerely desperate in that scene. Only it had nothing to do with sick children.

BUT there is a brighter side to that picture. At the preview of "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," all of us who are constantly worried about our refugees experienced one of the greatest joys we had known in years. Albert Basserman, the great old man of the German stage, had come to California. But not to work: he was already over 70. Again it was Dieterle who persuaded him to take the role of Dr. Koch in the Ehrlich film. There was no advance ballyhoo about Basserman, no publicity, nothing at all to indicate that the cast included one of the greatest actors the German stage has ever known. But when Basserman appeared on the screen and spoke his first lines, the whole audience, who had never heard his name, broke into spontaneous applause. Tears welled to the eyes of the refugees when they witnessed how one of their numbers had made good.

No doubt Basserman's voice, his accent, the expression of his penetrating blue eyes, brought back to all of them the memories of many happy evenings in a country left behind. It was like a hope, a promise to all of them that they, too, would be successful again someday.

Hollywood is giving many of them chances. Occasionally there is even a boom in refugee actors. The telephone rings in small apartments and the agents scurry about the town, happy to be the bringers of good news to the exiled ones. The recent cycle of anti-Nazi pictures has brought about such a flush. It was strange to see all these actors put on the hated Nazi uniform and play the parts of men they despise. "When I played the part of a Nazi in 'The Mortal Storm,'" said one of the actors to me, "I felt as if I were cleansing myself of all the muck and humiliation we had to go through; as if only now I could begin to forget it all." This gives you a little insight into the odd mental workings of that strange tribe to whom stage and screen seem more real than life.

But Hollywood, which has found its heart through giving, understands these refugees. The town is trying its best to find a nook for everyone of them. So far it has helped exiled Germans, Austrians, Czechoslovakians, and Hungarians. And just now it is getting its second wind so as to be ready for the exiles who'll be coming soon from France.

It is strange, beautifully strange, to find such idealism in a town famed for its callousness. And then we realize that Hollywood, too, is American. It also holds as the dearest of its vast treasures: Freedom, Liberty and Democracy.



Ida Lupino—a prize model in our style "test," seen here in a smart bandana blouse from "High Sierra"—wonders: "How did you make out with your forecasts?"

ARE YOU A GOOD FASHION SCOUT?

Yes, if you picked the winners on pages 54-55!
Here are our very best guesses—do yours agree?

Virginia Bruce's boxy jacket?—We think it will go places this year. It has a cleancut, straight-from-the-shoulder look and a rather military air—in tune with the trend of the times. A good showcase for pockets, too, which means style prestige.

Merle Oberon's evening sparkle?—Yes, sequins for gay glitter at night, but not too much grimly military gold braid—just enough to set off that new wide shoulder line, which should be very good because it's so flattering to nearly every woman.

Paulette Goddard's peg-top silhouette?—Hiplines may be headlines, but this is bad news for less-than-Goddard figures, from almost any angle. Most of us need to be clever about our curves—no peg-tops, with skin-tight bodices above!

Wendy Barrie's patch pockets?—The bigger the better, and this semi-fitted coat is so easy to wear. It has plenty of other excitement, too—including a squared yoke to balance the skirt, which isn't too narrow to walk in or too flared to look new.

Ginger Rogers' multitudinous beads?—They bring a gleam to bright eyes and add a glamorous note to the simplest of the new silhouettes. Beads are becoming and we foresee lots of them—more jet on black and beads on everything.

Ida Lupino's slim sidelines?—Look what it does for your figure: The long lines slim you, the deep surplice closing flatters your face, the front fullness slices inches off your hips, and it has a "swept to the side" look without throwing you off-balance!

Hollywood Has a Heart It Takes Care of Its Own

(Continued from page 16)

Moreno, Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mrs. Jean Hersholt, Mrs. Edith Thomson, Joan Bennett, Constance Collier, Mrs. Sam Hardy and a dozen more. They saw clients, distributed relief, gave so freely of the Fund's funds that the organization went deeply in debt. There was nothing else to do—debts were better than starvation. Debts were better than death for lack of medical attention. The volunteer corps, fire in their eyes, went from house to house in fashionable, wealthy Beverly Hills, ransacking the closets of the stars for clothing. They turned the clothing over to applicants. They borrowed limousines and chauffeurs for the use of jobless Hollywood folk. Dressed in expensive clothing, the jobless were sent in the limousines to ask for work. The clothes and the limousines worked like magic, for when Hollywood gives charity, Hollywood also gives front. Hollywood knows. Hollywood takes care of its own in a fashion such as no charitable organization in the world could possibly assume.

By 1932 the industry was getting accustomed to subscribing one-half of one percent of its salaries. Producer organizations, film editors, make-up men, directors, writers, all Hollywood organizations have swung solidly into line behind the Fund.

Producing corporations have followed suit. Subsidiary companies, such as those who supply films, camera, raw material, costumes, have a gun leveled at their heads annually. They pay cheerfully and well. Not even race tracks are immune. Jack Warner persuaded the recently founded Hollywood track to give up \$1,500 not so long ago and there are indications that the persuasion and result will become a steady diet.

At the end of 1933, times, incredibly, were getting worse. People who had been on top, who had been hard hit, had been using jewelry, valued possessions, cars, houses, relatives, to get by on. By the end of 1933, with no relief in sight, the last of the diamonds had been hocked. The Fund began to get applications from persons they never expected would need any more relief than a dollar and a half highball at the Trocadero. Big names, big stars, big directors, big producers, came in flat broke, terror in their eyes, the picture of actually starving families lined in their faces.

Nineteen thirty-three ended at last. Nineteen thirty-four was worse than

1933, but Hollywood was getting used to starvation. Even in normal times Hollywood has scant employment. Even in normal times its relief rolls are heavy and its unemployment is worse than many cities of equal size during a depression. There are few factories and most of Hollywood's factories are one-story mushrooming affairs. The only industry is the motion-picture industry. When the improvident, wild-spending motion-picture industry is hit, Hollywood goes on the dole overnight—turns to "The Fund."

In 1935 the Fund's board of trustees held a meeting in Mary Pickford's home and a movement was launched to persuade studios to put former stars back in minor positions, in stock. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Warner Brothers embraced the idea most willingly. Since that time they have not only kept all of the original allotment working, but from time to time have added more. Warners leads Metro in this respect, for Jack Warner is unquestionably one of the most charitable men in Hollywood.

THE Fund cares for 450 families a month, or about a thousand persons. Each Christmas and Thanksgiving the Fund and the film colony turn to the task of providing turkey, cash and trimmings to every indigent they can find. The May Company, a large Los Angeles department store, distributes the packages.

At present the Fund is working very hard to get funds for the erection of a \$500,000 permanent home for indigent folk.

The officers, trustees and executive committee are by no means a mere collection of names on a letterhead. They work conscientiously and well. They include Jean Hersholt, President; Ralph Block, 1st Vice-President; Joan Crawford, 2nd vice-president; Joseph M. Schenck, 3rd vice-president; Ginger Rogers, 4th vice-president; George Bagnall, Treasurer; Wilma Bashar, Executive Secretary.

The Fund's executive committee meets once a week, reviews the week's newest casualties, shakes its collective head and proceeds to ways and means concerned with the half-million dollar home project.

There are approximately twenty thousand studio workers in Hollywood. Twenty thousand, that is to say, Fund "prospects."

But Hollywood takes care of its own.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is also open the year around, with accommodations at greatly reduced rates through the winter months, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis, has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to twelve, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to: Bernarr Macfadden, Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.



*Arleen Whelan and George Montgomery —romantic featured players for 20th Century-Fox Films.

*"When a woman loves ...
HANDS must be tenderly soft,"*
says **ARLEEN WHELAN**
(Lovely Hollywood Star)



How thousands of Adored Women help prevent unlovely rough, chapped HANDS

ADORABLE SOFT HANDS — every girl can keep them all her life! In spite of housework, constant use of water, or outdoor exposure, which rob your hand skin of its natural softening moisture. It's so easy to furnish new, beautifying moisture

for your skin—with Jergens Lotion. Fragrant, soothing! No stickiness!

This Lotion contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help smooth and soften harsh skin. For silken-soft hands, use Jergens Lotion faithfully. Get it today.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

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(Paste on penny postcard, if you like)

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Let me see how Jergens Lotion helps keep my hands tenderly soft. Please send my purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion, free.

Name _____

Address _____

Chaplin Talks

(Continued from page 21)

happy together. I had a tremendous admiration for her, and I owe her a great gratitude for it was she who gave me my sense of humor.

"I wish I could hear what she'd say about this last picture I made," he said with a sudden smile. "I think she'd really enjoy this one."

"You've enjoyed it haven't you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I have. I've always played that little fellow afraid of his own shadow, so this gave me quite an opportunity to act . . . to strut," he said, with a chuckle. "I've always wanted to try a part like that. What more could any actor ask than to play a combination of Hamlet and a madman with a Napoleon complex! . . . Would you like to see the sketches for the sets?"

I assured him I'd like nothing better, so we went across the lot and up a flight of stairs to the studio of Art Director Russ Spencer, a sandy-haired Harvard chap with a Texas drawl. His had been the job of turning out 347 satisfactory sketches from which to make the pictures' 57 sets and scenes.

With every sketch Chaplin was pictured in action; in one role or the other; a grandiose palace staircase down which *The Great Dictator* was taking an end-to-end fall, then that series of roof top rambles in the ghetto where the little barber, stepping on a loose shingle, makes an impromptu disappearance through a skylight.

Amused at my amusement, Mr. Chaplin told me about how they "shot" that skylight fall.

(He never uses a double. His fall down the palace stairs was accomplished by Chaplin's actually taking the fall. His crash through a skylight with a 15-foot drop, was exactly that; a crash through a skylight with a 15-foot drop.)

"They didn't think I ought to try a fall through genuine glass," he said, "because we were in the middle of the picture and it wasn't a good time," he explained, "for me to take a chance on getting cut."

"So we started experimenting with substitutes for glass that would look real. Clem tried white paper with oil sprayed on it. It looked all right; like glass that was frosted, but falling through it left no jagged or brittle edges. And it didn't hold up like glass across the panes. The eyes of an audience," he said, "are alive to exactly such details."

"Stiffer paper which would hold up, was too dark, and again had no jagged edges. . . And then we decided on transparent candy, and that was how we worked it out. A candy factory made us panes of boiled sugar and water cut into exactly the sizes of the window frames."

"So the crash was accomplished," he smiled, "with no casualties, excepting the studio gate man's little boy's stomach-ache."

"Every roof peak and gable," he said, "was made separately and on rollers, so we could put the roof together anyway we wanted it. Then the special shingles which were going to throw me were not only on rollers but greased besides, and measured off right in line with that candy skylight. All the other shingles were nailed on good and tight, and we marked the ones I was to step on when I was ready to crash."

"How many times did you have to try it?" I wondered.

"Once," said Mr. Chaplin.

"He doesn't fool around much," Russ Spencer remarked with a grin.

MR. CHAPLIN'S property man, Clem, now came looking for him to say that he was wanted on the sound stage where recordings had begun but I begged further perusal of the sketches, so Mr. Chaplin went on without me.

Clem had brought a new pair of gentlemen's shoes, size 14. He wanted the loan of a piece of sandpaper. The shoes, it seemed, had just been purchased for Mr. Chaplin (who wears size 8). With water, lime, hammer and sandpaper, they were about to be "aged." Of course Mr. Chaplin has many pairs of "aged" shoes size 14, but he has found that he can change his moods by changing his shoes, so Clem never knows when he will call for a new pair.

(There are no prop mustaches however. This adornment is made all over again each time it is called for.)

I commented upon the unusual spirit he puts into his work; falling down stairs and crashing through skylights. "And those," said Clem, getting to work with the sandpaper, "are just two of the tough shots he made. He could pay a hundred guys to do these things. But he doesn't. He does every tough shot himself. There's that street scene where he dives into a barrel. Maybe that doesn't look like much of a trick, but anybody who thinks it isn't . . . better try it! I lined the barrel with sponge rubber to make it as easy on him as I could, but it was still up to Charlie to make the dive. I tried it myself just once, and I was lame for three days."

"I've been in this business quite a while, but I never worked for a man like this one. When the lot needs an executive, he's an executive. When we need comedy like jumping into a barrel, in he goes. Or when there's something to work out in the prop department and I'm greasy and dirty, there is Mr. Chaplin right with me greasy and dirty too. There isn't another producer in the business who would get right in on a job and help carry it through from the first problem to the last."

Clem went on with his sandpapering. I continued looking through the pile of sketches . . . presently coming upon one of Miss Goddard as *Hannah*, the scrub girl of the ghetto, and which recalled to me the day when, after watching her excellent work, I had commented on the hair style, so perfect for the part. She is a slender, pretty, animated person with eyes an unusual shade of delphinium blue.



Second generation on a birthday spree: Bing Crosby's Gary (soon to enter films himself?), Virginia Bruce's Susan Ann, and Richard Arlen's Ricky

"All the credit goes to Charlie," she had told me . . . and had then related how two professional hairdressers had been called in, but had failed utterly to get the proper effect after which Mr. Chaplin, tying up her titian "mop" with a string, had begun pulling it down strand by strand until it looked as he wanted it to. And thereafter had had to dress it himself every day for the picture, as no one else seemed able to get quite the same appearance.

Several "professional" designs had been made, too, for her scrub girl dress. And these, also, had just missed. So Mr. Chaplin had purchased a few yards of burlap, had cut out something which Miss Goddard had described as "like you'd make a paper doll dress," had put her into it, had gone systematically to work pulling it out of shape and throwing things at it. . . .

"And that's what I'm wearing," she had laughed.

When I had commented on Mr. Chaplin's skillful direction of herself and the other players, she had given me one of the most understanding insights as to his manner of working which I had ever heard:

"Don't you see how he does it?" she had said. "He *thinks* in rhyme and tempo. To the people who are to play a scene, he will describe it as though they were dancers. If they find themselves doing a bit of business awkwardly he will say, 'That's because you started on the wrong foot.' Doing a scene with him is so exactly like working to music that you can't help falling into it."

MEREDITH WILLSON whose distinctive scoring of the picture is one of its real features, told me more about Mr. Chaplin's feeling for music.

"The themes we use," Mr. Willson said, "excepting for a bit of Wagner and Brahms interpolation, are about half Mr. Chaplin's and half mine, with my development and orchestration. And it's uncanny how right he always is when technically he isn't a musician and can't read a note of music. In scoring the picture we'd run it through, then in this place or that one he'd sing a few notes; something he'd call a 'twiddeldy bit,' and it would unerringly work out to be exactly what the sequence needed."

On the recording stage when I finished with the sketches, I watched the orchestra go to work on interlocking music, action and sound; seventy-five musicians in typical Hollywood dress; sweaters, flannel shirts and bright neckerchiefs, the usually immaculate Mr. Willson on the podium now in wilted shirt and galluses, his hair looking very much

like that of a gentleman just out of a shower. Facing the orchestra, he also faced a picture screen above them. At a long rough-wood table, a keenly observant Mr. Chaplin watched it all.

"All right," Mr. Willson said to the orchestra. "Here we go . . ."

He spoke into a mike connecting with the projection booth.

"It's a rehearsal," he said. "Roll it."

Lights dimmed. On the screen appeared the Palace, our Great Dictator on the balcony addressing the cheering mob.

Mr. Chaplin has long cultivated a strange sort of jumbled double talk meaning nothing at all, but imitating perfectly the inflections of any language he pleases to choose from Chinese to African Bushman. It has long been one of his favorite whimsies to address a conversation in this sort of talk, to some stranger to whom he may be introduced at some ultra affair, while his friends who are "in the know" stand by to see the polite but puzzled attention with which the person addressed endeavors to discover what the great Mr. Chaplin is saying.

This was the talent he had applied in the scene now appearing on the screen as a speech thundered from the Palace! Actually, however, the speech had not been made in the Palace at all! One day Mr. Chaplin, shooting quite another bit, dressed as the barber, not the Dictator, had felt an impromptu inspiration, had stopped the sequence in work, to suddenly begin delivering his Palace speech, everybody about the lot hearing it, over the loud speakers, stopping dead in their tracks to seep in toward the sound stage.

Of course laughter was the response he expected, instead of which there was a burst of loud and long applause. And this was the speech which, now properly fitted into the Palace setting, appeared on the screen above the orchestra. With the musical background also "dubbed" in, it was complete.

The next sequence for today's recording was a barracks cot, the ghetto barber divesting himself, with one brief wriggle, of all his clothes but underwear!

Mr. Chaplin watched it, made fun of his own acting, then, for no reason at all, proceeded to execute a ballet step to the music, taking himself around to where, when the first music rehearsal for the scene ended, he was beside Mr. Willson.

"You know," he said, "we could do some very funny music where my clothes slide to the floor."

"Something chromatic?" suggested Mr. Willson. . . "something like this. . ."

He came down from the podium, and with a bit of vocal illustration accompanied by a bit of illustrative wriggling on the part of the actor, a satisfactory result was arrived at . . . but one which I did not wait to see recorded, for now Mr. Chaplin's car was waiting to take me home. **He walked outside with me.**

"Haven't you been longer on this picture," I asked, "than on any other you ever made?"

"Much longer," he said, in his friendly, simple, always unassuming manner, "for I have wanted this more than any comedy I ever made, to be a good one. Just now, the world needs laughter so much."

"By the way," I said, "while we were talking about London, I wanted to ask the names of your father and mother. Were they both English people?"

"Quite," he smiled. "Both born in London. My father was Charles Chaplin too. And my mother," he said, putting me into the car and giving his chauffeur the name of my Hollywood hotel . . . "my mother's name was Lily Harley."

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 12)

story of five girls who get their five men . . . it's the oldest plot in the world and the one that is always new . . . in contrast, "Brigham Young" is a grim affair . . . that grim trek of grim, sincere people throughout a grim, brutal landscape is nothing for us in these dreary days and the one meager love scene that they allowed that essentially romantic young man, Tyrone Power, was most certainly not enough to save it . . . the other big hit pictures currently are "I Love You Again" (Bill Powell's and Myrna Loy's romantic carryings-on), "Boom Town" (which is action plus romance), "New Moon" which is all romance, and "Rhythm on the River" which is ditto . . . therefore, it makes me worry slightly when, upon asking about "Comrade X," Gable and Lamarr's next, I am told that stock reply, "It's got a million laughs" . . . I wish Hollywood would look at its own balance sheets and stop laughing at love or being grim about it . . . how about saying some picture has a million endearments . . . or a million kisses . . . or a million romantic moments . . . there are ten million women who would rush to theaters to see such a picture . . . or is the trouble the fact that the boys don't remember what "Gone With the Wind" was really about . . . they don't think we went and keep on going to see that wonder-show to see the Civil

War shots, do they? . . .

DEAR Close-ups and Long Shots readers, I want to tell you that beginning next month PHOTOPLAY is being combined with its sister magazine, Movie Mirror, to make what we fondly believe will be the finest movie magazine on the news stands . . . it will be called PHOTOPLAY-Movie Mirror and will combine all your favorite PHOTOPLAY features plus the best of Movie Mirror's gay items and the whole magazine will sell for ten cents . . . Close Ups and Long Shots will be there, as usual, with me giving you these rambling thoughts of a rambling editor, and I hope you will keep on liking them as much as I believe you are going to like this new and bigger magazine . . . I'll be interested in knowing how you do feel about this new publication, so will you look for it on your local news stand around the end of November and then write me about it? . . . I hope you will, for well I know what keen readers you all are . . . and don't think I am unaware of what a privilege it is to write for such an audience . . . it makes me feel very grateful and very humble and gives me the wish ever and always to bring you better and better Hollywood news . . . all of which I really think you'll find in our new magazine . . . and with which I hope you'll agree. . .



Not charades—just Hollywood (in this case, Olivia de Havilland, Anatole Litvak and Herbert Marshall) funning at Ciro's

Variety trio, representative of a multiplicity of talents: Elsa Maxwell, Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford (Mrs. Rogers)



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(Continued from page 63)

THE LEATHERPUSHERS—Universal

UNIVERSAL used to make a series by this name. Now they are at it again and this new offering, though unpretentious, is a lot of fun! Of course, since it is a "fight" picture, Father and the boys may like it best; nevertheless, there are laughs in it for Mother and the girls as well, and plenty of entertainment, too. Dick Arlen is the main "leatherpusher," having been precipitated into boxing while trying to promote his wrestler pal (Andy Devine). He gets near the top, too, by hook or by crook; then he is won in a raffle (believe it or not!) by a lady sports writer (Astrid Allwyn). From then on, there are more laughs than ever, more action, more of everything that makes a picture a real rip-snorter. Dick and Andy are a grand comedy pair and Astrid turns in a bang-up performance. So does Shemp Howard, playing a punch-drunk fighter.

WYOMING—M-G-M

HERE is Wallace Beery in another "lovable rascal" role, a story of the 1870's which the youngsters will consider wonderful, but grownups only so-so. As "Reb" Harkness, ex-train robber and a lightning man on the trigger, Wally steps out from Missouri for California just a jump ahead of the law, but is delayed in Wyoming where he finally manages to make the state safe for honest cattle growers. This means vanquishing Joseph Calleia, the villain in the piece (but definitely) and helping General Custer, played by Paul Kelly, to lick a band of bloodthirsty Indians. Ann Rutherford is a pretty ranch girl whom Wally befriends and Bobs Watson is her kid brother who considers Wally a great man and no mistake. Lee Bowman is the romantic hero; Leo Carrillo, Wally's rascal pal. Last but not least, Marjorie Main is a two-fisted lady blacksmith who manages to ensnare Wally's affection for the final fadeout.

★ STRIKE UP THE BAND—M-G-M

EVEN the most glowing of superlatives is none too adequate to describe this perfectly swell musical starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Suffice to say: Even though you go to see a picture but once in a blue moon, let this one be your choice! It has everything—comedy, music, thrills, verve. Mickey, plenty talented and versatile in "Babes in Arms," is better than ever. Judy is in a class by herself as a trouser and a charmer and if you're already carrying the torch for Paul Whiteman as a band leader, you'll think still more of him after seeing him play himself. Naturally, the story has a lot to do with music, the music of a high-school band in which Mickey is the drummer—and a riot he is!—and Judy the soloist. Still, there is more to this than music or laughter or tramping. For all its extravagance of story and presentation, it possesses sincerity and that is what counts the most.

SKY MURDER—M-G-M

METRO, whose pictures are usually far better than the average, slips up here with an ineffectual "whodunit" that doesn't fool anybody but the cast itself. Even Walter Pidgeon, a grand actor and an engaging personality, seems to yawn through every scene. The story's about

the murder of a suspected Fifth Columnist during an airplane flight. Walter, playing *Detective Nick Carter*, solves the mystery in the long run, but nobody cares much.

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED—20th Century-Fox

IF, like a good many other people, you've long been a Jane Withers fan, you'll be tickled to death to see that here is a picture, at last, that does her proud! In the first place, trouper that she is, Jane gets a good chance to show just what she can do in the way of singing and dancing. Moreover, Producer Lucien Hubbard has given her a story which means something—all about the little Southern backwoods girl who lands in a National Youth Association camp which is doomed through the efforts of a Southern big shot to buy up the land . . . and how she manages to save it in her own inimitable way. Jane Darwell, Clara Blandick, Joe Brown Jr., John Qualen and Charles Holland, a young Negro with a magnificent voice, offer excellent support.

★ SPRING PARADE—Universal

JUST another triumph in an already fabulous career! This gives us a Deanna Durbin of such charm that she could hold her own with the best of them and, if disinclined, never sing a note! Not that her singing isn't a delightful part of this story of the little Hungarian peasant girl who goes to Vienna, there (guided by her "fortune" for which she paid six pennies at a country fair) to find glamour, adventure, romance—all that any girl's heart could desire. All-important in the story are Robert Cummings, the handsome musical corporal who wins Deanna's heart, and S. Z. Sakall whose performance as the kindly baker who befriends her would have stolen the show from a lesser star. Anne Gwynne has a good role, too, as the baker's helper who teaches Deanna something of city ways—but the right kind of things, at that. You will love the three songs featured in the picture, "It's Foolish But It's Fun," "When April Sings" and "Waltzing In The Clouds," particularly the

latter. You'll love also Deanna's singing of "Blue Danube Dream," an adaptation of Strauss' immortal waltz. In fact, you'll love the entire picture.

I'M STILL ALIVE—RKO-Radio

THE story of motion-picture stunt men and how they manage to keep alive at all, this is probably a piece which the man of the family will enjoy. Still, there is a certain amount of heart interest (represented by Linda Hayes) and the attendant lowdown on how various screen "stunts" are accomplished should represent something rather new and interesting to all movie audiences. Kent Taylor plays—and well—the hero, an erstwhile screen stunt man married to a movie star who gets bored with his easy life and goes back to his dates with danger.

★ THE WESTERNER—Goldwyn-U. A.

GARY COOPER and Walter Brennan in a new kind of Western story which, refreshingly, leaves out covered wagons and Indians. Instead, Gary is a sort of soldier of fortune on horseback who gets mixed up in the bitter and bloody early-day trouble between Texas cattlemen and Texas homesteaders. As important in the story as Gary himself is Walter Brennan, playing a lawless but lovable judge who makes up in ruthlessness against the homesteaders what he lacks in real legal authority. Still, ruthless though he is, he has an Achilles heel. Though he has never met her, he is crazy about the actress, Lily Langtry and when Gary, to save himself after being falsely accused of horse-stealing, tells him he possesses a lock of Lily's hair, the Judge promises to let the homesteaders alone in exchange for said lock. He goes back on his word, however, and Gary sets out to "get" him. He does, too, in a most dramatic manner. Of course, there is a girl in the case—Doris Davenport, a newcomer with an attractive personality and an interesting voice.

★ CITY FOR CONQUEST—Warners

THIS dramatic story of the fight of three people to win through from poverty to success in New York is so great in its scope, so packed with interrelated incidents that it will entertain and satisfy all of you. The love of James Cagney,

young truck driver, for his childhood sweetheart, Ann Sheridan, urges him on to become a prize fighter and win the success necessary to insure her love. But Ann, ambitious for her own dancing career, leaves him to become Anthony Quinn's dancing partner. Both find success in their chosen field, but heartbreak is its price. Then there's the story of Arthur Kennedy, a newcomer who proves himself star material in this, his first screen role, as Cagney's young musician brother who, through Jimmy's faith and aid, writes his symphony of New York and eventually conducts it in Carnegie Hall in a thrilling sequence. Elia Kazan, another newcomer, is also a standout hit as the gangster friend of Cagney, whose avenging of Jimmy's defeat results in his own death. Frank Craven plays a ragged philosopher who frequently interrupts the action and slows up the picture to interpret the spirit of New York—the same type of role as he did in "Our Town." A jitterbug dance sequence, the most thrilling prize fight we've ever seen on the screen and the symphony concert are a few of the highlights you'll remember. James Cagney is superb as the prize fighter, giving easily his best performance to date, and Ann Sheridan proves that she has true acting ability as the ambitious dancer. Anatole Litvak's fine direction of every scene is responsible for much of its pace and power.

LADDIE—RKO-Radio

THIS is the third time Gene Stratton-Porter's popular story has been brought to the screen, but even so it is so carefully and so sincerely done that it is worth seeing again. Tim Holt plays, with dignity and verity, the young farmer who falls for the unhappy English girl. Joan Carroll is a new but adorable Sister. Virginia Gilmore is the girl of Laddie's choice.

QUEEN OF THE YUKON—Monogram

DON'T stay away from this picture because it was made by a small, "independent" company and may be released as a "B." It is grand entertainment for anyone's money! True, the story, based on Jack London's novel by that name, is not new. Nevertheless, a wonderful performance by Irene Rich as the shady gambling queen of an Alaskan river boat, clever direction, and a couple of new plot twists contrive to erase all deficiencies. The performance of Charles Bickford as an Alaskan gambler is almost as impressive as Irene's and June Carlson is most engaging as the latter's daughter, unaware of her mother's doubtful past.

★ ARISE MY LOVE—Paramount

THIS reviewer had the feeling that this picture was as current as yesterday's newspaper. All of which implies that it's pretty timely and exciting movie material, played to the hilt by Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert. There are climaxes from start to finish—from the time the American newspaper girl (Claudette) rescues the American flier (Ray) from a cell of a Spanish prison and a death sentence all the way through air chases, torpedoing of ships, invasion of countries and the capitulation of France. In between the serious moments you'll find a charming love story in a thrilling setting. And if you're interested, there's another of those stirring pleas for preparedness to bring to a close a somewhat over-long but decidedly breath-taking adventure in the movies.



Two fugitives from the Broadway gang, snapped in a single shot at Ciro's: Franchot Tone and Sylvia Sydney, both of whom are working in new pictures after a prolonged absence

Talent Scout Tells All

(Continued from page 23)

it. We don't ring twice in Hollywood. He'll have missed the seven-fifty or ten bucks that would have kept him from borrowing for another week.

Sometimes, when they won't listen to reason, when I've gone through my whole routine, I get exasperated and kick some of them downstairs. But this kid was different. I began to be busy with the papers on my desk and rang for Mabel and told him she would give him a date for a test.

And what came of that test, you've already seen.

MY job, if I may say so without unduly projecting myself into this picture, is just getting under way.

If the Hollywood thing is new to me, the show business is not. For three years before I came out here, I had been on the pay roll as a talent scout in New York. I tested from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night, grabbed a sandwich and went to shows. I staggered blind from behind the footlights to cover the night clubs and wound myself half-dead into the sheets at anywhere between three and six in the early dew. And I was up again early the following morning to test the people I had rounded up.

I wired my resignation, finally, and told the studio I needed a rest; but the truth was I was beginning to have a hunch about what ought to be done and simply didn't have the energy to take over the job. But when they wired back that I could come out to the studio for a while and get some rest, I decided to put my plan in operation.

My first day there, I put Mabel to work, and she put the research department to work, and when the whole thing was over I sat there with the photographs of six or seven of the big stars before me in the before-and-after stages. In other words, as they had looked when they first began in pictures and as they looked today. When I had everything ready, I went to the big boss and outlined my scheme.

"I don't want to tell you your business," I said, "but I think we have been going at the whole job backwards. We've been scouring the earth for new people, when maybe what we need is to work a little longer and a little harder with the ones we get.

"What took place in all those people," I said, when I had him looking down at the photographs, "wasn't done by time alone. A lot of experts had their hands in to make that fat female star the lovely wraith she is today. And look at the rest of them. If they're not fat they're awkward, badly dressed, unattractive. Probably, when these first pictures were taken, they didn't know how to stand, to sit, to talk, to sing, to eat, to drink, to do anything. Money and make-up and camera and clothes and a lot of time went into those metamorphoses. Do you think, with all the other things granted, the time was necessary?"

"I don't know," he said, "do you?" "No," I said, "I don't. I don't believe anybody does. And I believe the only way we'll find out is by trying. With enough money at my disposal and some of the cares taken off my back, a little extra tilt to my salary, one of those double soundproof doors put in my office like you have in yours—"

"Don't bother me with trifles, Brisco," he said. "How long will it take to get results?"

"Two years for a showing," I said, "maybe a little more to get it well un-

der way. It'll cost a lot of money; but the results, if I get 'em, may save you a great deal more, give the public some new stars and shorten the tough climbing for a few people who might otherwise have to travel the long way."

I DON'T have to tell you that this didn't turn out to be the easiest job I ever had. Thirty-five players, since I took over, have been put either into star spots or places where they can jump into those star spots the minute they open. To produce that result, several thousand people have been put partially through the mill, and some hundreds all the way through. Some folks say I have been ruthless.

To the objection that I have too often overlooked the human element, I will cite the case of Blanche Marty. Her name is Blanche Marty because I can't think of an unlikelier name at the moment. She was a good-looking kid of about twenty when I found her in a New York night club and grabbed her so quickly she really didn't know what had happened until she hit Hollywood. And then she found herself distinctly antipathetic to the place. She didn't like it. She didn't like studios, either. She had been accustomed to the theater and to the adulation offered to people of the stage and night clubs and Hollywood was a pain in the neck.

She had been here a couple of months when she came in one morning drunk. I'm no preacher, but I told her what I knew. I explained the camera and told her it didn't like little girls with pouches under their eyes.

She was sober for two weeks and then she came in with more circles under her eyes. She was being paid at the rate of \$1000 a week and she had a contract which ran for a year without options. I had had to do it to get her. At the end of another month, during which she became steadily worse, I decided to act, if it cost me my job. I wrote her out a check for more money than she had ever seen before in her life and told her that she had my blessing but that she had better go back to the stage. I saw a photograph of her the other day in an international society magazine. She was in an Eastern night spot, and she looked forty. For purely selfish reasons I'm glad not many Blanche Martys have come my way.

I realize more fully than I did once that we can't make stars, anyway. All we can do, all I want to try to do, is to help people with minor handicaps and major virtues see that the road doesn't have to be all on foot; there are quicker ways to get there. We can put people who will try on the way to the initial opportunity. After that it's up to them.

CLARA PARKER was as different from Blanche Marty as a fresh little field daisy is from an orchid. I found her when she'd been in a road company out on the coast here for a couple of months. People sometimes ask me how I pick them. With Clara, I liked the way she walked through a door in the play I saw her in. She wasn't particularly attractive, but she had confidence in herself. If I'd walked her before my group of producers and directors just as she stood on the hoof after that play, they'd have laughed at me. She had straight, severe hair, she was plump, overdeveloped, and she was on the far side of twenty-two summers. She was incredulous when I told her I'd like to test her for movies.

But she was game. She said that if I failed it wouldn't be because she didn't



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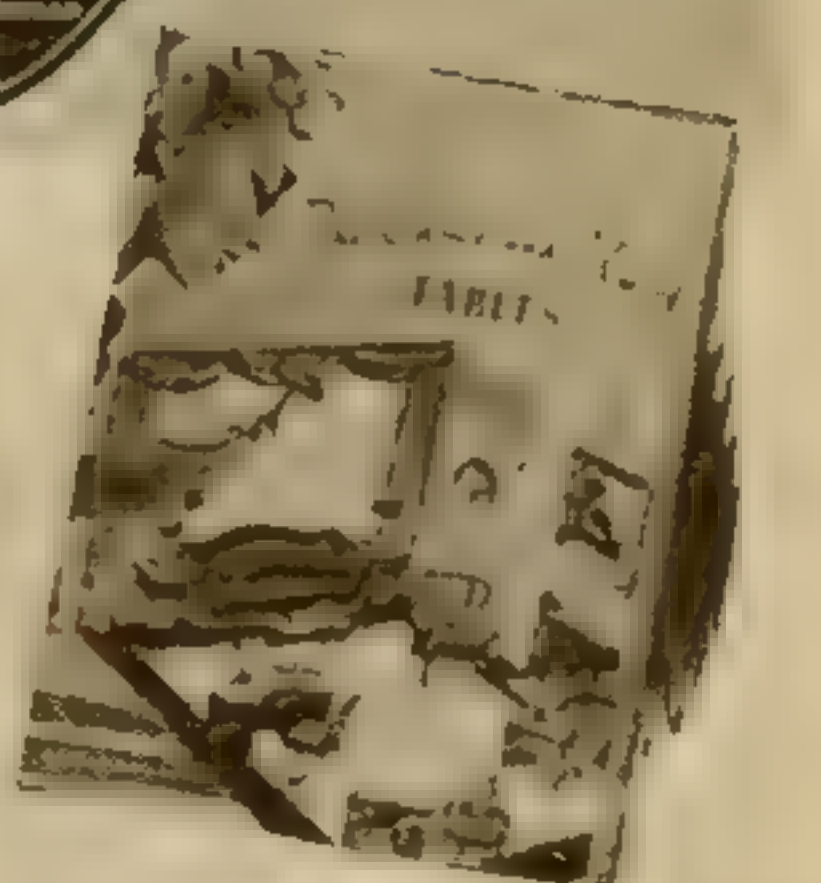
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warn me. If I thought I could make a glamour girl of her, she said, I could go ahead, if it took all summer. She liked the California beaches anyway.

"You probably won't see one," I said. "You're going to work."

To begin with, I left her character to her. I turned to what the camera sees and the sound box hears—her body and her voice and her deportment. In ten weeks I reduced her figure by thirteen pounds without subjecting her to any of the fancy and harmful diets some of the stars go in for. I took two inches off her calf and three-quarters of an inch off her ankle. I tapered her fingers, which were stubby and badly cared for, and, after some careful testing, thinned one side of her face a quarter of an inch to conform to the other side, because the camera doesn't like a difference like that. I had her hair neatly curled by a man who's an artist at his job and I extracted a tooth that had no place in a lovely girl's face.

She happens to be a swell actress all on her own. I didn't have to do anything about that.

ONE of the most surprising people I have worked with was a Hungarian opera star, sent to us by our European scout. The first time I saw her, I spent most of the night throwing mental insults at that scout. You know how opera stars are—and I should have

known. She was as big as a barn. I didn't think it would ever be possible to do anything with her, but I went to work. By diet and massage we took off fifteen pounds in the first six months. It wasn't enough, but since I'm not an advocate of severe dieting it was the best we could do. We sent her before the cameras, finally, with our prayers, hoping anything she had that made Hungarians like her would show through for us.

It did, too—but her voice killed her. Opera stars are trained for one thing—opera. They get on a note and ride it for a fall, they land on E flat and the minute they're there, boom! they give it the works. Movie audiences don't like that stuff. Well, we went to work on her all over again. We paid a singing teacher \$22 an hour to work with her every day. For two hours a day, also, I gave her into the care of a phonetics teacher to wipe the German out of her speech. For another two hours a day, I put her in charge of a diction teacher to help her get a dramatic inflection into her lines. Curiously, for an opera singer, her speaking voice was too high: we had to get still another teacher to help her lower her tones. Besides all this, I made her see two pictures every day to pick up American mannerisms. She probably didn't work more than fourteen to sixteen hours a day at the jobs I set her.

Will she be worth it? Who knows? I think so. It cost \$50,000 to put her into her first picture. She did a great deal better than I expected. Her fan mail is larger than that of some of our established stars. Any sort of break, the right story, even a strong part, might bring back a cool million on that investment.

Well, there they are. I wish I had space to tell you about June Fleur and Cress McKenzie and Ben Day and some of the others, but I haven't. I've called them kids and spoken pretty lightly of some of them; but don't make any mistake—they're not minor league, any of them. This is strictly the majors. I've put in about two years with this thirty-five so far. I'll have about two years more to work with them before final scores are counted. I'll be given carte blanche. My word will be law. The players will do what I say and the studio will spend whatever amounts I recommend. If I don't come through, or if they don't come through, there won't be any alibis. The only difference between them and myself will be that if they don't come through, most of them are young. They'll have another chance somewhere. There are a lot of studios.

On the other hand, if I don't come through, what do you think will happen? What? You're absolutely right—I won't get that sound-proof door.

Velvet Volcano

(Continued from page 18)

"Congo Maisie." He and Ann Sothern were reminiscing and John was telling Ann how his big break had finally come about. Howard Hawks, who had always believed in him, had written in a small part for him in "Only Angels Have Wings." Louis B. Mayer at M-G-M saw the picture and John made an impression.

"Get that actor," Mr. Mayer instructed and John was thereupon given the lead in "Congo Maisie." That's when he learned that Harriette Lake, the unknown girl who sang with him in that first film, was now Ann Sothern, the star.

This is one of the true stories John can tell. He also has a reserve list—a highly prized collection of super-whoppers. Born out of the wild imaginings of a highly romantic mind, these fantastic yarns have made him the life of many a Hollywood party. One night at Adrian and Janet Gaynor's, John held the guests spellbound with an account of his adventures in a savage jungle, his tale of the time he had fallen asleep in a plane and piloted it thus across the Pacific—one foot above the water!

Finally someone breathlessly asked: "Is this really true?"

John doubled up.

"Hell no," he cried. If he isn't asked, though, he never goes out of his way to set his listeners right. He gets too big a kick out of watching your face if you happen to believe him!

At the top of many a Hollywood guest list is John Carroll's name—but only as an after-dinner guest. His company at dinner is always claimed by an enchanting, dark-eyed young lady with whom no other glamour girl can compete for his affections. Her name is Juliana Lafaye and she lives with her mother, Steffi Duna, her father and mother being divorced. John's love for little daughter Juliana is the strongest, sanest influence in his life.

According to the rules, John is a complete rebel when it comes to playing

the Hollywood game. Tact and diplomacy are not listed among his virtues. He is not known for saying the "right thing" at the right time. He is completely unimpressed by people's so-called importance.

Women find John "darned attractive." One top-flight star thinks John has more sex appeal than any other he-guy in Hollywood. Another (noted for her amours) invited him to her house three

times. And three times John forgot to keep the date. The invitations kept coming in just the same. Still John is romantically unattached. Actually a lonely person, he would like to be married again, yet because he was deeply hurt once, he stubbornly refuses to attach himself to anyone who might get serious.

THE place he calls home is unlike anything in Hollywood. It's a miniature Southern mansion on the top of Lookout Mountain. And in every nook and corner of that house is evidence of John's great love of music and mechanics. He has collected so many guns,



Julian and Juliana Lafaye—otherwise known as John Carroll, the "Velvet Volcano" (story continued on this page), and his 3½-year-old daughter

he keeps some of them amusingly arranged in the bathroom! He has two baby grand pianos in his living room. Sitting under each is a machine gun.

His love of machinery prompted him once to invent a motor to run little Juliana's baby buggy. His love for music is probably prompted by his own voice, a splendid baritone. Paradoxically, he has no desire to be a great singer, seldom practices and hates being asked to sing.

John's greatest pleasure is having Mickey Rooney's gang take over the two pianos. Usually at such a jam session there are a couple of stray tramps whom John has picked up and brought home for a meal.

He loves to eat, has an enormous appetite and is himself an excellent cook. His famous crawfish bisques and gum-bos he owes to his adored grandmother. He'd spend his last dime for good food.

John seldom smokes and never drinks. He has much too much energy for one man and literally prays that someday someone will put him in an action picture. Usually, directors want to cast him as a gigolo. He admires Errol Flynn tremendously, thinks he has proven every point he set out to prove.

His physical comfort is so important to him. That's why he can't keep collars buttoned. Or sleep accordion fashion on trains. At home his nine-foot bed is the biggest thing in town. He is six feet four inches tall. He sleeps flat on his stomach.

"I've been around Hollywood a long time," John tells you. "The greatest mistake I ever made was believing my own publicity. I've had many jobs, most of them unimportant. Many times I've thought I was all set to go places. I've learned a lot since and for once in my life I'm really sticking. It's taken a long time. But I've had a lot of fun, too, and I've done a lot of things. Maybe this time—maybe this is it."

Hollywood is watching the Carroll career with more than the usual amount of interest. At times he's been his own worst enemy. "Don't push me around," is the motto of this soldier of fortune—this paradoxical pagan—this unpredictable, sensitive young battling bard. Many times he will be misunderstood. Many times he won't understand. He may not be the ideal boy to take along on a Sunday School picnic. But he's alive and he's doing things. For that you can forgive him anything.

Getting Fit for Fun

(Continued from page 74)

"... She must have her hair done every day to have it look like that!"

Clever headwork is always the envy of less-fortunate sisters. Since tête-à-tête theories are all based on a good hairdress, your haircomb should never suffer by a hit-and-miss treatment. If your Christmas list is so long you can't finagle an hour for the hairdresser, try this short-notice substitute of Lupe Velez'. Cover your hairbrush with cotton batting and then brush your hair thoroughly. Dust, grime and any hide-your-head complex are all carried away; you're left with shining locks for the night.

"... She never used her compact once during the evening."

When cosmeticians thought up compacts they also started something—the not-so-pretty spectacle of promiscuous powderers. A good cure for the constant compact opener is the professional Hollywood method of powdering. Never slap on the powder and rub it into your skin—that only enlarges and clogs your pores. Instead, at the initial powdering, take a clean pad of cotton or a puff, dip it in powder and then pat it all over your face, using plenty of powder. Then do an encore on this. Now a powder brush, or another clean piece of cotton to brush off all the surplus. A tiny eyebrow brush whisked over your lashes and brows to remove every stray grain... or you might brush your eyebrows the wrong way to do away with surplus powder—only do be sure you smooth them straight again. Rosemary Lane wraps an orange stick with a swab of cotton for a powder clean-up process.

"... Her eyes certainly do have something."

Effective eye work is number one in the rule book. If a compliment like this comes your way, it isn't necessarily chalked up to any natural endowments, but may be due to a few professional methods. For instance, try Olivia de Havilland's procedure. Use a brownish gray shadow for evening, dot it on your lids, then spread it evenly to the brows. Pointer: Use just a little, so little that the shadow only slightly darkens the area. The brown-eyed de Havilland has another trick. She uses both black

and brown mascara. Brush the brown over your lashes (already softened by a faint film of white vaseline). Then apply the black mascara—subtly—on the tips. Your eyes seem larger, more brilliant after this make-up.

Grayish green shadow is also a good means to an end. Bette Davis blends this shade lightly over her lids, takes care that her rouge is carried right up to her eyes so that there is no white space between cheek and eyes and makes her grand entrance with eyes that look deeper and bluer than ever.

One of night life's biggest blessings is the eyebrow pencil—most of all for the women whose young brothers got the eyelash bonus in the family. Sharpen the pencil to a keen point, draw a thin line with it at the very roots of the upper lashes where it will be completely out of sight. This is magic for sparse lashes—makes them look long and silky.

If you want your eyes to seem longer, extend the line past the outer end of the lids. If you want them slightly slanted, draw a short upward slanted line at the very edges of the lids. Most important thing about eyebrow pencil work is not to be heavy-handed; obvious use of the eyebrow pencil can turn you into a side-show picture.

Prominent notes on the holiday season have to do with lips and shoulders. If you want smooth-looking lips, important item in the mistletoe era, cleanse your lips of all powder with a cream or lotion before making up. Then apply the lipstick with a camel's hair brush. For a fresh look to the lips: "I like to use a tiny bit of lip oil after make-up is finished," says Alice Faye, seconded by Hedy Lamarr.

If you don't want to be glared at by gentlemen, watch your shoulder make-up. Ann Sheridan, wise to the results of leaving powder on black dinner jackets, foregoes all powdering and polishes her shoulders off with a light foundation oil. Olivia de Havilland whitens hers with liquid powder, then polishes them off with a chamois.

Either of these methods will give you satin-smooth shoulders that leave favorable impressions. As an after-thought, if you do all the things we tell you to, you'll probably end up by leaving nothing but.



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"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

Boys—and Judy Garland

(Continued from page 15)

So what did Mickey do, the dog? He called her up, full of that masculine superiority, and said, "Listen, kid, I saw that picture, too."

That was a crusher and she resolved to forget him and love Jackie Cooper, instead. Gosh, Mickey might have a contract with Metro, but Jackie had been an actual star. He attended the Lawlor School, too, and he was something snazzy all right. He not only was driven up by his own chauffeur in his own car but he had a bodyguard along!

Hearing around the school that Jackie was about to give a party, she maneuvered with a girl classmate to see to it that Jackie issued an invitation through that girl for her, Judy, to come to the party. She got the bid and she adored the jam session at Jackie's house. She told her heart that he was the man for her forever, but two things proved an obstacle to her fidelity. Jackie was so busy and she was so popular.

There was, for instance, besides Mickey continually dropping by, Freddie Bartholomew calling. He even brought her a gardenia one night, proudly telling her he had never bought a corsage for a girl before and that he had paid for same from his own allowance.

Such a gesture Judy knew was very romantic even though Mickey and his gang took a bit of the edge off it by teasing her about it constantly. Another disturbance to any glow she might have felt about Freddie was Bobbie Jordan and jitterbugging. Bobbie was as different from Freddie, even from Mickey and Jackie, as whiskey is from butter. He was from the sidewalks of New York, a tough guy, but he could dance like a demon and she went for that. In a little while her whole gang, Jackie, Mickey, Freddie, Bonita Granville, Syd Miller and the lot of them were all jitterbugging. An enchanted summer and winter went by in this violent exercise and emotion got absolutely evaporated out of her until she met The Perfect Him on the Metro lot.

It was January, 1938, by this time and she was about to be 16. She stood and gasped at him, as some million other women have. She stood there and bitterly swallowed the knowledge that every column said that he was in love with Carole Lombard.

They were not introduced, she and Mr. Clark Gable, on that first encounter. They merely passed on the same street on the lot. She smiled and he smiled back, as only he can smile back, and she went straight out of this world. That night, at home, was the first time in her whole life that she wasn't able to eat her dinner. She even said she was going to bed early. Her mother asked her if her stomach was upset. Stomach, indeed!

The next day at the studio when she heard that the whole place was planning to join in a Gable birthday party, and, all unawares, it was handing her, right on a silver platter, a way of bringing herself dramatically to his attention. Roger Edens, her accompanist and voice coach, had been asked if he could fix up a song for Judy to sing Gable at the party. Roger had whipped up a tune called "Dear Mr. Gable" and Judy started putting her soul into it.

Came the birthday, February 1st, 1938. Judy suddenly realized that she hadn't a thing to wear. She had never thought about that before. With the gang she wore slacks or old dungarees. At the studio she wore what they prescribed, little girly-girl dresses, socks, flat-heeled slippers. What a costume in which to vamp a Great Lover!

She was forced to rely on her voice and its power. She sang the song to much applause and saw Gable bearing down upon her. She stood, in her detested flat heels and her hated bobby socks, and waited for what he might say. His blue eyes looked deep into her dark ones and she thought she would suffocate until she heard his words. For what Mr. Gable was saying was, "You're the sweetest little girl I have ever seen."

The next day he sent her a charm bracelet. From it dangled a score of charms, a whole orchestra in little golden figures, a locket with his picture burned into it, a disc that said, "To Judy, My Best Girl." But none of it made up for the hurt of his thinking her just a child. She decided to dedicate her love to her art and she sang "Dear Mr. Gable" in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" and let the world laugh at her loneliness. It was all very awful until Artie Shaw came to the studio to make "Dancing Co-ed."

NOW definitely Artie Shaw was the first honestly grown-up male who became aware of her romantically. Not only was Artie, the idol of all jitterbugs, the rugcutter's king, aware of her personally but he knew about her voice. Judy began to haunt the stage where the Shaw film was being made. Judy listened to Artie's band. She listened to Artie's talk. It never entered into her romantic little head that with making "The Wizard of Oz" she was right then nearly as important as he was and, potentially, much more important.

Artie had to return East when the film was finished and while he was gone, Judy met Dave Rose, another musician and the ex-husband of Martha Raye. She was on the radio by now, in the Bob Hope show, and Rose broadcast with Tony Martin from the same studio. Thus they encountered one another frequently. They talked music and they listened to music and when Dave asked Judy for a date, she vibrated with excitement. A divorced man taking her out! That was distinctly something!

It was for a date with Dave that she persuaded her mother to let her buy

her first real evening dress. And since it was to be her first real evening dress she decided it wasn't going to be any routine old ready-to-wear. No siree. She'd have a dress especially designed for her, a knockout dress, an utterly different dress. So she dug up a friend of hers who she knew was a costume designer and had a sketch made and then the dress was made, and it was terrific because it only had one shoulder. The other shoulder had to be supplied by Judy's own pretty skin. Then Dave made it perfect by suggesting they go to Ciro's! That was so wonderful that it didn't spoil things a bit when her mother went along.

So there she was in Ciro's, with Dave's gardenias on the shoulder that was made of cloth. There she was dancing to an orchestra that was smooth. Too smooth, she soon discovered. You couldn't jitter to it. She couldn't jitter, anyhow in that dress, that hung so precariously. She never wore it again.

Right at that moment Artie Shaw returned to town and rang her for a date. She thrilled. Was it possible that she was in love with two men—two old men of nearly 30—at once? Unfortunately she was working in "Babes In Arms" and she simply couldn't go out that night. Instead she went miserably to bed at nine. Her sister came bounding into her room the next morning with the dawn—and the unbelievable news. Artie Shaw had dated Lana Turner after Judy had turned him down. Dated her, heck. He'd eloped with her!

Well, that nearly cured her—that and her being so busy with her movies and radio. She decided if men were as fickle as that she was through with them. She'd be friends, only friends.

She's been that way, too, until just recently when she met Dan Dailey Jr., tall, interesting, young. She'd been all work until then, but now she is beginning to moon again. She is eating a lot less and sleep once more seems to her a waste of time. Dan it was who escorted her on her evening of triumph, the preview of "Strike Up the Band." Dan it was she telephoned on that wonderful recent morning when her contract was upped from a measly \$500 a week to a glittering \$3,000.

Maybe her studio and her family should be worried, but they are not in the least. Judy is absolutely positive this is love. But they know what it is. It's youth! Youth and Judy!



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The Man Who Found a Country

(Continued from page 27)

cries joined all the rest for a time, but, as Errol says today, she was smarter than the rest—she finally quit with a Gallic shrug and gave him his head, thereby keeping his heart.

From that time on Errol's escapades made history and the front pages while the serious-minded shook their heads and clucked their tongues and predicted a dire future for the most reckless of Hollywood madmen.

FIVE days ago I met a man who was still getting a whale of a bang out of life; still grinning and ready to fight at the drop of a hat—preferably brass—and still with an air of faint mockery. But he was a very different guy from the one up on Appian Way. You didn't get the difference at first, but it was there. The change is both complex and astonishing. Flynn is no longer a nomad; he's a man who has found a country—a homeland.

I met him out on the Warner ranch at Calabasas for the first time in several months. He was out there for "Santa Fe Trail."

"I came out to borrow that hundred thousand you were going to quit on," I said. "Don't tell me you're still a wage slave?"

"Hm-m! Did I say I was going to quit an a mere hundred thousand? How odd of me!" He stretched mightily.

"You see, it's this way," he said suddenly. "I meant it about pulling out of the industry with a hundred thousand—when I said it. You're an American, aren't you?" he went on. "Born here, I mean?" I nodded. "Well," he continued, "I wasn't—but I am one now. Took out my papers two and a half years ago. Be able to vote in 1944. But that's not what I'm getting at; everybody knows that a reformed drunkard is worse than any ordinary reformer or a guy who never had a good bun on. Well, I'm a reformed wanderer.

"I never really had a country before. Sure, I was a British subject and all that, but it didn't seem to mean much to me. Never did go in for all that 'old school tie' sort of thing. Just tried to fit in wherever I was and let it go at that. I had fun and I don't regret a minute of it—gold mining or beach-combing—feast or famine . . . it was fun—but I found out one thing lately; i.e. and to wit, that you can't keep that up all your life. Not when the world is going crazy with a lot of madmen in steel helmets."

The loud-speaker interrupted us. Errol was wanted on the set. He and Olivia de Havilland were about to meet each other for the first time—she as frontier girl running a trading post, he as a wandering soldier with trouble in his eye—the same eye that is always out for a good-looking gal. It was too hot a day to get out of the shade and watch so I stayed put, wondering what had happened to Flynn—how come he suddenly had put aside all his old ideas of doing only what promised to be most amusing for him, personally, at the moment. I was still trying to figure it out when I was joined by Errol's side-kick on his South American jaunt—the redoubtable Johnny Meyer.

"Look, Johnny," I said, "You were with Errol on the trip south—how come he's carrying the torch?"

"Carrying the torch?" Meyer exploded. "You don't know the half of it! I thought we were due for a swell blowout—until I realized just how seriously the Irishman is taking all this business about the war.

"I figured we'd board the Sirocco and just coast along from port to port for a few weeks. No dice! He'd chartered the boat for the season—for the Red Cross! No kidding! More than that, he's donating most of the income off his property for the refugee kids. . . ."

Errol appeared out of nowhere and we both started guiltily.

"How soon do you finish this opus, Errol?" I asked.

"Couple of weeks," he grunted taking a chair. "Should get about a month off."

"Swell!" I started. "How about running up to Klamath River for a couple of weeks and. . . ."

"Not this time," he interrupted. "I've promised to really bear down for the Allied Relief Fund. May take a swing around the country—personal appearances and that sort of thing."

I remembered the uproar a year or so ago when Errol was insisting that his contract should have a three-month consecutive lay-off clause in it so he could really rest and enjoy himself—and Errol's idea of how *not* to have fun is personal appearances.

"No fishing?" I asked. "No hunting?"

"This is no time for monkey business," he growled. "Having fun is a luxury—and luxuries are swell when you can afford them. You've got to earn luxury—and don't kid yourself—freedom is the biggest luxury of all. We've got it here, but we're so used to it that we take it for granted.

"As far as I'm concerned, I've learned one thing—that freedom is the greatest single thing in life. I always thought that I had to be footloose and fancy-free to really get the best out of life. That is freedom of a sort—but there's one thing bigger—the overwhelming satisfaction a man has in his heart when he knows he's *earned* his freedom. Me, I've been lucky. I've always had it and never had to work very much for it. But I want to keep my right to freedom and freedom isn't free any more, if you see what I mean. You've got to work for it.

"You see, when I went down to Central and South America I did *not* go down there on a binge," he impaled me on a hazel eye, "despite what you may think!

"It might sound sort of crazy—it did to me, at first—but if the fact that I've had some lucky breaks in pictures gives me any power at all with people, well, it's high time I did some good with it. Like going down below the equator and spreading a little good will or doing anything else that I can to offset the stupendous amount of damage the totalitarian states are trying to do to us—the United States—with our nearest and dearest neighbors.

"YOU'RE a born American." The way he said it, it was almost an accusation. "That's your trouble. You take this country and everything it means in the world for granted. I don't.

"I know it sounds a little cock-eyed to you to see me waving a flag after all the things I've said and done and believed—but I can't help that now. I'm too busy yelling my lungs out to anybody who'll listen—here or down in the Straits of Magellan. They—Germany and Italy—are getting ready to fight us—not just the British Empire—and they want to fight us in our own back yard—South America. I know! I was there. I saw the preparations, the 'tourists,' the Fifth Columnists, the huge radio



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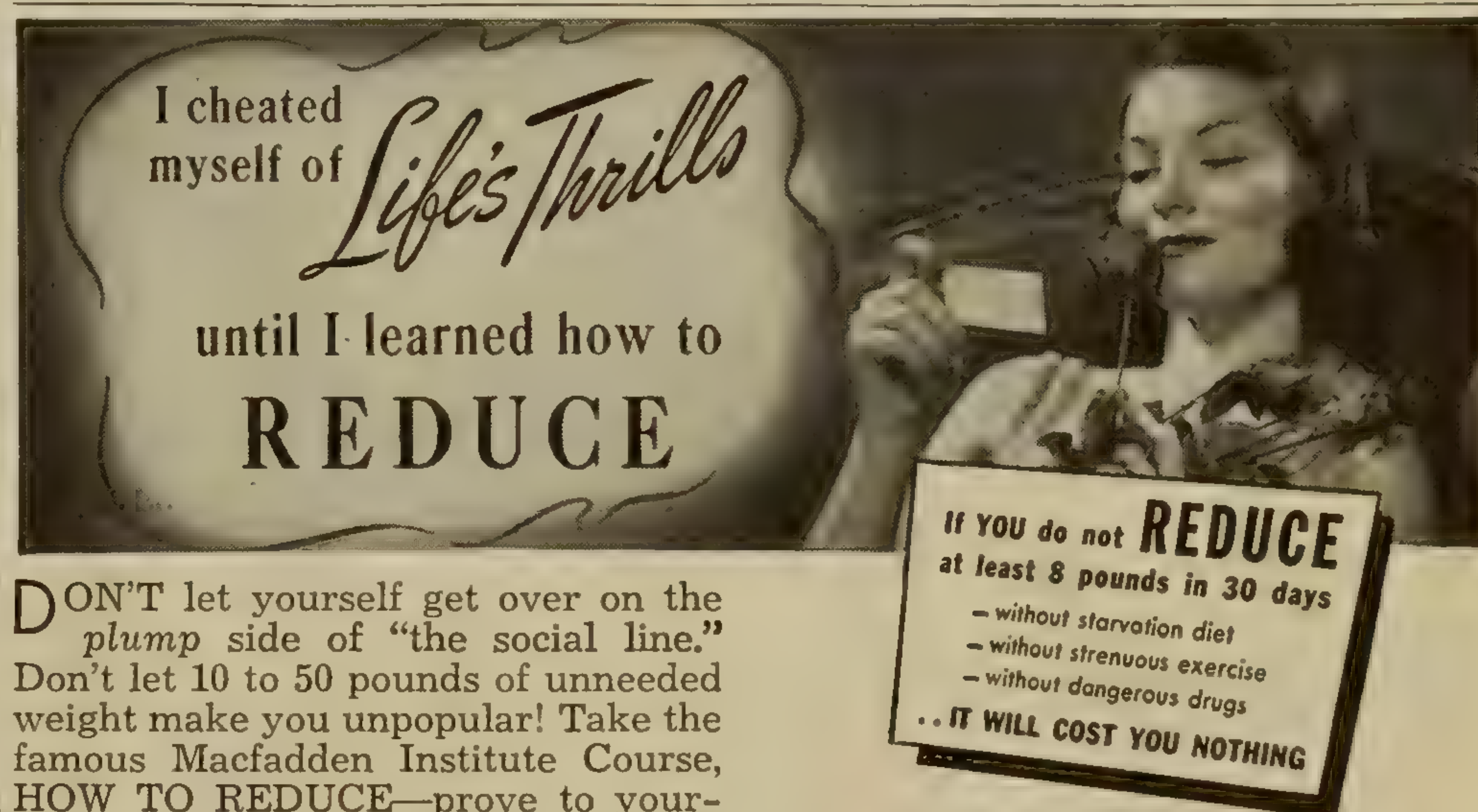
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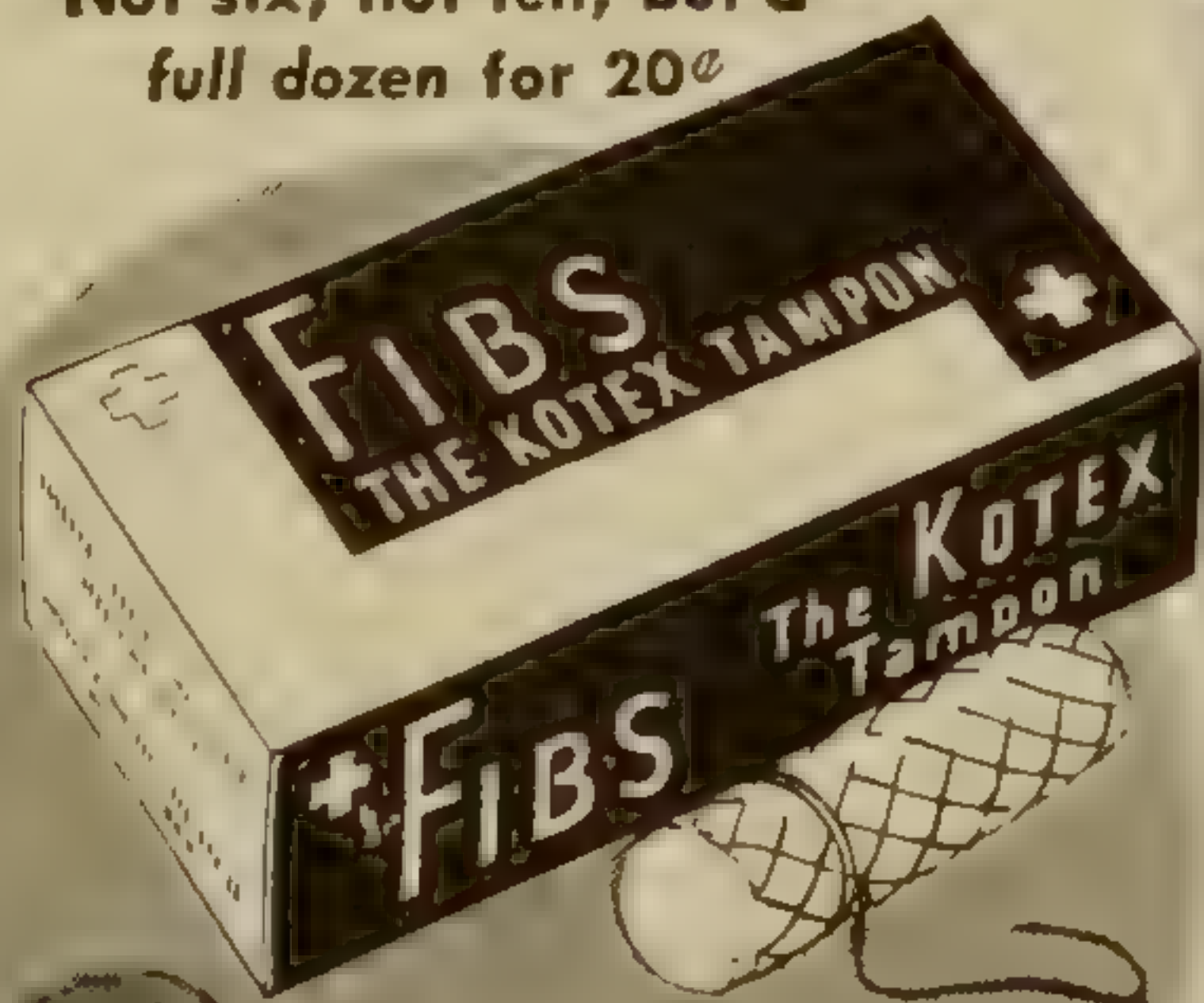
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programs, the saboteurs. I fought them every way I could. That's why I went—and a couple of times I raised quite a lot of dust in dark alleys.

"And furthermore," he grinned contentedly, "I got a diploma!"

He reached into his hip pocket and pulled out a much folded and worn sheet of newsprint.

"This," he explained, "is it! It's the front page of the Giornal d'Italia—that's Virgino Gayda's paper, mouthpiece for Musso himself. They gave me quite a write-up. According to Virgie, himself, I'm the tops! The deadliest, dirtiest, conniving son of a macaw that that unspeakably cunning British Propaganda Ministry has ever sent out.

"But, Errol," I gasped, "you don't mean that you want a story on all this? What'll the studio say?"

"Listen here," he said. "This has nothing to do with politics. Don't you realize that not only the whole world, but this country of ours, too, is in terrible danger and jeopardy right now?"

"What do you expect me to do? Sit back just because I'm an actor, because somebody might get worried about what they think is bad publicity? If you want to be technical, maybe I'm not a full-fledged American until my last papers are out, but as far as the way I feel is concerned, I'm an American—right now!—and when that gets to be bad publicity you can blow me and the studio and all California off the map!"

"I'll fight now to help wake the country up and I'll fight later any way the army or navy wants to use me. I want action—and when I want action I can usually find it and devil take the hindmost! That's always been the American way and I don't intend to let anybody here or in any part of the world forget for one minute that I'm one mad American right now!"

And with that he strode off.

It struck me at the time that it was quite appropriate that he was clad in the uniform of a lieutenant in the United States Cavalry. . . .

"You mean that, barely in your twenties, you would give up being pretty; that you'd pass glamour by? Are you sure you know what you're doing?" he said to me.

"And I said, 'Yes. I know. I know, too that glamour girls (although we didn't call them that in those days) last eight or nine years at the most. While I—I shall last fifty!'"

"I didn't know how truly I spoke! I have worked on the stage or screen for fifty-seven years, and have never missed a season! Yes, it has been a good life. It has been good to make people laugh. Laughter is precious. And so many people 'never miss the sunshine until the shadows fall.'"

For May, the shadows fell all too soon. She and her husband, who never should have been married at all, separated. And hard upon this sorry end of their life together, diphtheria struck the neighborhood and in four short, terrible days, May had lost her second baby, a little boy 2 years old, and her month-old baby daughter. Yes . . . more than fifty years have passed since then, but she can't talk about it much, even now.

Lesson in Living

(Continued from page 28)

one night and were married.

"No, we had no business doing it," May told me. "It was a mad, wrong thing to do! My hair was still hanging in curls down my back!"

"WE honeymooned for two days; came back and told our parents. There was a family conclave. It was finally decided we should go to America—to a small ranch near Fort Worth, Texas, which was family property. The months that followed are a sort of bitter dream to me now—the ugly little ranch house, the vast, brown Texas plains, the white hot sun. Came a day when we left it, lock, stock and barrel, baking there under the terrible Texas sun, and went to New York. The break was my responsibility. You see, I knew a child was coming and some instinct told me that if my baby and I were to survive, we must get away. Not that the pitiful existence we eked out in the great city was much better. My husband could find no work. I was walking by Tiffany's one day and saw in the window some painted place cards. I looked them over, and marched into the store.

"I—I have a friend who can paint better place cards than those," I ventured. Of course, I meant myself.

"You might ask your friend to make us some samples," he told me.

"I rushed home and got out my paint-box. I worked all night. The next day I took 'my friend's' samples back to Tiffany's. The manager inspected my work. 'Tell your friend we'll take a dozen of these, two dozen of those—' I scarcely heard the rest of the order he gave me. I—Mary Robison Gore—was actually going to make some money!"

One day, though, while May was hurrying on her way to Tiffany's with a package of china under her arm, Fate caught up with her. She was passing by the Simmons Brown theatrical agency. And there she overheard a very upset gentleman haranguing in French a group of nonplused girls. As it turned out, he was one of the Hanlon Brothers who were preparing to produce a French show in New York. But he couldn't speak English and the girls couldn't speak French.

"I went in and touched him on the shoulder," May recounted. "Can I help you?" I said. "I speak French." He practically embraced me and for an hour I acted as interpreter. At the end

of that time, he turned to me and said, 'You must play the part of the French widow in the play.' I looked at him in amazement. But when he told me I would be paid \$35 a week, I couldn't say yes fast enough. 'Of course, we must get my brother's consent,' he added. 'He arrives tomorrow.'

"So, on the great morrow I was waiting at the station to meet the brother. 'How much stage experience have you had?' he asked me right off.

"None," I told him.

"Whereupon he burst into a torrent of French, the gist of which was that I wouldn't do.

"But that episode gave me ideas. I went to an agent and told him about it. He told me to go around and see Leon Vincent, who was to direct a play called 'The Hoop of Gold.' 'And for the love of mike don't tell him you've never been on the stage!' he yelled as I left.

"I actually got the 'Hoop of Gold' part, too (need I mention that it was a very small part—that of the girl, *Diamond*).

"But all the while I had an eye on another part in the play, that of a Cockney slavey, name of *Tillie*. Finally, I asked Mr. Vincent to let me try it, in addition to the *Diamond* role, and he said all right. The only thing I was supposed to do was carry an armful of wood across the stage to the fireplace and keep saying, 'Yes'm, Yes'm, Yes'm.' Well, I rehearsed it that way, but I wasn't satisfied. I was English. I knew that this interpretation of the personality and actions of such a slavey was wrong.

"And so—the saints preserve me, I wouldn't dare do such a thing now—on the night 'The Hoop of Gold' opened, I played *Tillie* the way I thought she should be played. The leading lady nearly fell out of her chair and I could hear others of the cast in the wings, frantically trying to remind me of my 'Yes'ms'. But I said nothing. Just stalked in, slammed down the wood, stalked out.

"And I got a laugh, a big laugh. I tell you, it was the sweetest music I had ever heard! I shall never forget it.

"In that moment was born a decision destined to shape my entire career. 'I am going to be a character actress,' I said to myself.

"LATER on, as I became acquainted in the theater, I told Charles Frohman about that decision. . . .

It was in the spring of 1889 that May met Dr. A. B. Brown at a social gathering in Boston. He went to see her "play" and he called upon her, too. As the weeks went by they fell in love, deeply and lastingly, and finally were married. And they did, indeed, May says, "live happily ever after. . . ."

"Life turned into a wonderful thing and remained so for thirty-one years," she said. "Arthur died of heart failure in 1920. His cigar was still burning in his fingers when we found him. I couldn't cry then, either, and I felt that I wanted to go with him. But gradually I tried to make myself content. After all, I still had my work."

May Robson's career moved along smoothly after that. When the fortunes of the theater began to wane, she moved to Hollywood and made a tremendous hit in pictures, starting off with 'Lady for a Day.' That, too, was a great satisfaction. "Made me feel good to find out I could hold my own with the glamour girls," she grinned.

I asked her, then, what her philosophy of life has been, but she deplored such an imposing term as applied to her own scheme of things. "I just believe in living sanely," she said. "I just believe in moderation. Too much of anything, be it emotionalism or merely plum pudding, isn't good for a body. You have to take it easy. Sleep on the problems that come up, so you won't act too hastily. Scoop up your worries and throw 'em into the wastebasket because they won't do you any good, anyway. Don't take yourself too gosh-dinged seriously!"

Well, simple or not, it has worked, this Robson philosophy of life. She gets a lot out of it. She's happy—and that is a wonderful thing when you've lived as long as she has. Shows you've lived right . . . She still works regularly but also finds time for prodigious amounts of needlepoint (which she does without design, as one would paint a picture) some poetry writing and many a jaunt here and there with her friend and companion, Lillian Harmer. She has one grandchild and two great-grandchildren. Sometimes members of the family or friends beg her to stop her picture work "and enjoy yourself."

"What," May answers back, "do you mean enjoy yourself? What have I been doing, but enjoying myself for fifty-seven years? Cripes—" she says, and grins naughtily at the slang—"cripes, I'll retire when the last curtain rings down—when I've gotten to be a hundred or so. That will be time enough!"

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 65)

so glad she was there to help out when this accident had taken place. "Accident," says Johnny, cocking an amused and cynical eye at her. "You mean it wasn't an accident?" murmurs an aghast Alice. Johnny admits it wasn't, admits he framed the girl, admits he used Alice to plug his tune. Miss Faye is a wee mite sore as what girl wouldn't be?

We stood around while they went through this a couple of times and while John left the scene between shots and told us, happily, that they are letting him sing in this one. We tell you, here for the record, that they still haven't caught John's real charm on celluloid but that when they do they will have a star worth electric-lighting.

There is, Twentieth believes, another star in the making in "Hudson's Bay." This is Laird Cregar, discovered on the local stage. He is big as a blimp, a character actor and yet only twenty-odd in years. Muni is technically the star of "Hudson's Bay," but the bets are all on Cregar's stealing it and to give him extra leverage on it he's got love scenes with a feminine heavyweight, one Judy Gilbert, and having caught Laird and Judy we freely admit their love is tremendous. The plot of the film is all wrapped up in fur trapping, ice and history.

Paramount is in temporary doldrums, only one big picture going and that after a false start. It's "I Wanted Wings" (yep, it's about flyers) and Mitch Leisen is directing it. Like all these aviation drahmahs it is top-heavy with men—Brian Donlevy, Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris and some lesser fry—and it features a new discovery named Veronica Lake. When we wandered in, however, only Ray Milland, Constance Moore and Hobart Cavanaugh were working.

There is some dirty, but funny, work going on in an aviation office with Constance Moore (and very saucy, too) turning cadet Ray Milland around and around, remarking on the set of his ears, the angle of his jaw and the color of his eyes. And there is Ray, dying with annoyance and embarrassment and having to be a little gentleman about it all.

ONE scene we encountered in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" was wonderful. Three stars—Carole Lombard, Bob Montgomery and Gene Raymond—three stars and not one other soul! There they were, slaving away under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock, and you have never heard such raves and carrying on about a director as we heard from these bewitched three. Lombard, who we are sure can't even lick a stamp calmly, was simply boiling with enthusiasm for Hitchcock. Bob Montgomery grinned and said he was having such fun he didn't think he really should take his salary and Gene—with his hair dyed dark and most attractive, too—was ecstatic about working with a great director again.

It's all about a marital mix-up, this, but it wouldn't be true Hitchcock if it didn't have some mysterious moments. The scene we observed is one just after Bob and Carole have been bopping one another with champagne bottles. They are both clad in nightclothes, Bob in the most elegant canary-colored pajamas and Carole in an Irene nightgown with a matching three-quarter coat which we would be pleased to wear to any evening party, let alone to bed. Of the heaviest chartreuse green satin, the coat is lined with coral and quilted here and there with a feather design which makes

it something ultra de luxe and delicious.

Carole comes hurtling out of the bedroom with Bob rushing after her. There, in an outer dressing room, are Bob's street garments. She swoops down upon them. She cries that now she had found out about the kind of a man he is, she's through with him and leaving. Bob howls, "Annie, Annie, those are my clothes," but Carole rushes on out.

Mr. Hitchcock, two hundred and more pounds strong, sprang up when the scene was recorded.

"Do it again," he ordered, "and a shade less Donald Duck this time."

They did it again. "Bob," said Mr. Hitchcock, "I would like you to play the scene like a lascivious Sidney Carton." (Sidney Carton, you may remember, was that hero of "A Tale of Two Cities" who said, "It is a far, far better thing that I have done," etc.). Such gay direction broke the two stars up completely and Carole landed, laughing, in a chair beside us. Bob came over and announced that his small daughter, Elizabeth, aged 7, is getting serious about acting, but that he is uncertain whether or not to let her think about such a career. "Suppose she shouldn't be a success?" he asked.

Carole snorted. "Just to be in this wonderful business," she cried, "is enough. To be a movie player, even a bit player, to get in on this creative thing, the lights, the color, the action, all of it—why Bob, you know it's the most wonderful life in the world."

"Even to get in on the fringe as we do isn't so tough," we muttered. Hitchcock looked over at the three of us, all sitting there in beaming agreement. "May I have the pleasure of the next waltz?" he asked with more than a slight touch of irony in his British voice. Bob and Carole jumped up, to go back to work grinning. We jumped too—but fast, knowing when it's wise to vanish.



Deanna Durbin, escorted by Vaughn Paul, arrives for her "Spring Parade" premiere in all the grown-up glory of white fox, new pompadour, and regal black chiffon decollete!

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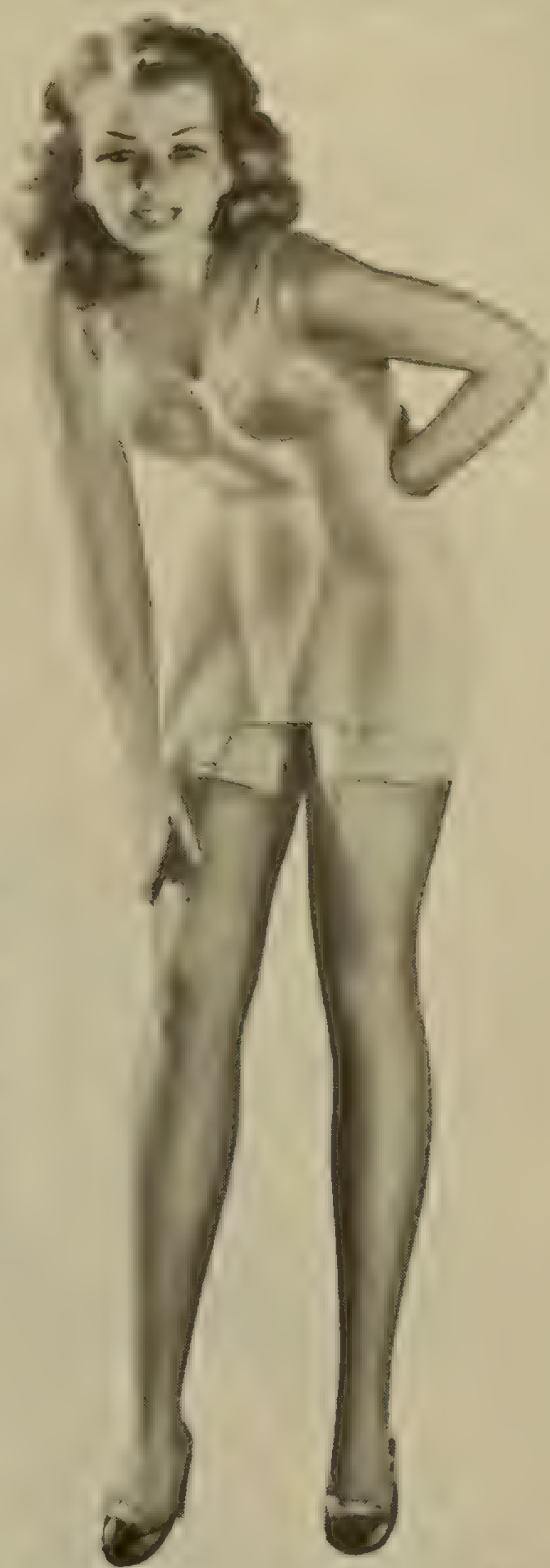
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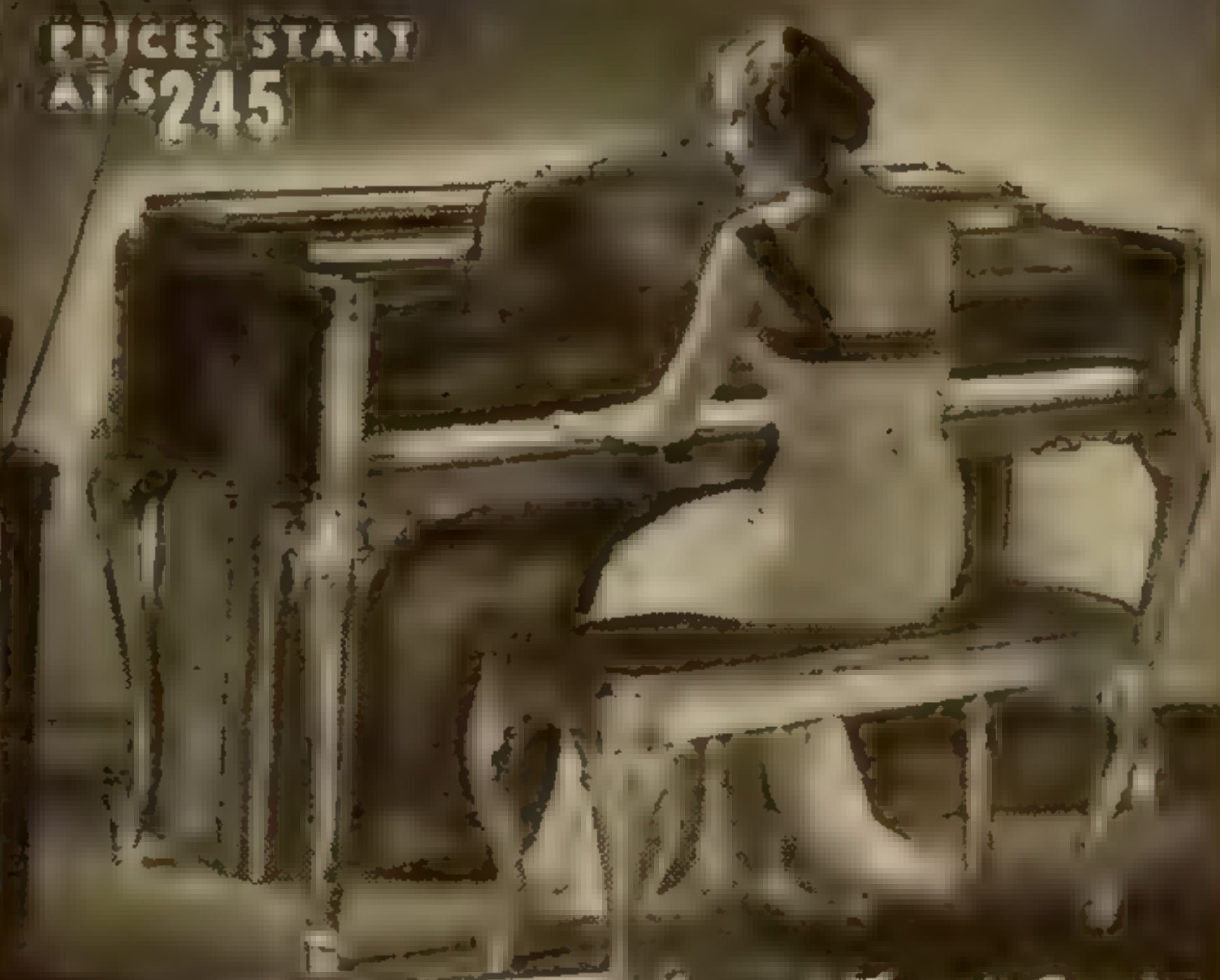
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What Happened to Hepburn?

(Continued from page 19)

Any illusions of arrogance or conceit vanished after a few of those open-faced answers, along with the other cherished legends of Hepburn's personality. So thoroughly and accurately were they refuted, too, that it's pretty hard to credit all to an accidental new deal.

FOR instance, it was long accepted that Katharine Hepburn harbored a fiery disdain for the Hollywood minions of the press. Reporters to Katie, during Hollywood Act 1, were distinctly heavies.

But this time inquiring reporters were amazed to find themselves as welcome as the flowers in May. Scores tramped in M-G-M on the set of "The Philadelphia Story," leaving trails of pencil stubs and crumpled copy paper behind. Katie greeted them all with a disarming grin, turned on the charm and, quite unprepared for the psychological shock, they tumbled like tenpins.

That, of course, was twice as smart of clever Katie. Twice as intrepid it was, too, to be fair. For at heart Katharine Hepburn is, and probably always will be, shy. That sounds a little too cute, I know, after all the bold tales of her incautious cut-ups. But psychologists well know extra belligerence and boldness are often hyper-timidity coming out in reverse. It is still painful for Katharine Hepburn to meet new people. It is still utterly upsetting for her to be on display and know about it. Paradoxically, she is often the most spectacular the moments when she's most self-conscious. Hepburn herself tells a story about the days when she was boldly storming around from one theatrical office to another trying to badger some producer into giving her a job. "I went at top speed all the time," Katie recalls, "my face wet with perspiration, my hair disarranged and my dress a wreck in my eagerness. But I was always too bashful to ask where the ladies' room was! I spent hours roaming around buildings trying to find it myself."

On Broadway Hepburn sailed smoothly through each performance of "The Philadelphia Story"—except when close friends of hers told her they'd be in the audience. Then she could see nothing but their faces and audiences squirmed in their seats at her confused performance. The night, for instance, that George Cukor, her pal and very favorite Hollywood director, showed up she was so bumbling that Cukor came backstage afterwards and told her she was lousy. Kate knew that before he told her, of course.

As a matter of fact, when Hepburn first returned to Hollywood, her fear of staring, critical eyes got the best of her and she pleaded for a closed set. Then, thinking it over, she reversed her plea. She said she'd like an open set. It was the smartest thing Kate could possibly have done. For on the set is the one place in Hollywood where Katharine Hepburn shows to advantage. It is the one place in Hollywood where she can really shine as a person.

What visitors saw—what anyone sees watching Katharine Hepburn work—was an attractive, electric woman, twice as beautiful and twice as vital as the screen presents.

When she's in a good humor—and she was all through "Philadelphia Story"—Hepburn bounces around the stage like a playful pup. Cary Grant called her "Shirley Temple" one day when she was acting too cute and Hepburn replied, "You've got it wrong. I'm Shirley's grandmother!"

An aristocrat herself, Katharine Hep-

burn is, oddly enough, most comfortable and sympathetic with plain people. In New York she's a chummy legend with taxi drivers. At "The Story's" Broadway close, she handed her stagehands expensive gold watches from Cartier's which almost bowled them over. Even during the first Hollywood episode you could never knock Hepburn to her crew.

These latter crew gentlemen finally got so indebted to Hepburn for daily refreshment binges that they chipped in and presented her with a token of esteem, labelled "to a good guy." It was a face cloth—of all things—one of those very fancy ones that has the soap already in it. Just why they knew that would please her is a mystery. But it did. She showed it to everyone who called and vigorously scrubbed herself to demonstrate how the gadget worked.

Such visitors to the new Hepburn set beheld her cracking jokes, pulling gags, humming cigarettes, perching her long body at odd angles on the scenery and whipping around in general like My Gal Sal. Once she startled a male onlooker by suddenly jerking a white evening dress up over her head and off. She was wearing blue slacks and a shirt underneath.

DOWN-TO-EARTH didoes like those presented a totally new working Hepburn to Hollywood and, whether actually new or not, the revelation was a pleasant surprise and a welcome relief. But that was on the set.

In private Katharine Hepburn significantly never changed one copper hair. No one expected her to, of course. K. Hepburn is an ace individualist from a family of individualists. The Hepburns are a slightly screwball but respected legend in Hartford, Connecticut, Katie's home town, where her mother, Mrs. Thomas H. Hepburn, has preached militant suffrage and birth control for years, where her sister Peggy has been a young rebel and labor picket for the C.I.O. and where one brother, Dick, spends his time in gloomy isolation writing doubtful plays with a message.

Horrible Katie Hepburn, personally, has been that way since childhood when she clipped her head and stole her brother's pants to look more like a boy. Since her reign as the sartorial disgrace of Bryn Mawr College, where she absorbed culture with a bandana around her head, bare feet and overcoats that looked as though Okies had been sleeping in them for years. Her brief bout

with the Philadelphia Social Register—as Mrs. Ludlow Smith—was far too stuffy stuff for her to endure more than a few months. Hepburn doesn't regiment; she never has. No more so in New York, Philadelphia, Hartford or Iuka, Illinois, than in Hollywood.

In Manhattan, Hepburn lives in quite the same fashion as she does in Hollywood. She seldom goes to parties, more seldom to night clubs. Her hangout is her home, a brownstone apartment in the East Forties where her particular friends gather and pursue violent arguments far into the night.

In Hollywood, this time as last, Katharine Hepburn established herself in a remote house back of Beverly Hills across from where she used to live. "I moved to the other mountain," as Hepburn said. There, with her two cocker spaniels, her secretary, Emily Perkins, and sometimes her sister Peggy, Hepburn lived her kind of private life, as oblivious to the external distractions of Hollywood as if they'd never existed, almost exactly as she'd lived it before.

On Saturday nights she entertained her friends. On Sunday mornings she played golf at Bel-Air, the only woman in town allowed that privilege on Sunday mornings.

Actually, so far as her work goes, Hepburn, while a good actress, is not one bit versatile. Dorothy Parker's famous stinger reviewing Hepburn in "The Lake," "She runs the gamut of emotions from A to B," was too, too true, when applied to Katie's dramatic range. When she is good, she is very, very good. When she's bad, Hepburn's pretty horrid.

"The Philadelphia Story" is a story of a girl, Tracy Lord, who imagines herself a goddess and thereby ruins her marriage until she is brought down to earth at last. It was written for Katharine Hepburn. She is the only actress who has played it. It should be a sure Hollywood hit for Hepburn. Because it might well be her own story, not only in Philadelphia but in Hollywood.

Possibly Katharine Hepburn did imagine herself a superior godlike creature the first time she hit Hollywood. If so, she has certainly gone about deliberately yanking herself down to terra firma this time. If "Philadelphia Story" is a hit, Hollywood may be in the market for more Hepburn and Hepburn would like to oblige. She will not make the same mistake twice—the mistake of sticking her neck out. It's her hand this time.

For Katharine Hepburn may still be the madcap star and all that. But like another actor, one Hamlet, she is but mad north-northwest. When the wind is from Hollywood, now, Katie knows a hawk from a handsaw.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) ERNEST V. HEYN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1940.

(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTH
Notary Public Westchester County
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 439
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 1 R 299
Commission Expires March 30, 1941

Casts of Current Pictures

"CHRISTMAS IN JULY"—PARAMOUNT.—Written and directed by Preston Sturges. Cast: *Jimmy MacDonald*, Dick Powell; *Betty Casey*, Ellen Drew; *Dr. Parker*, Raymond Walburn; *Mr. Baxter*, Ernest Truex; *Mr. Schindel*, Alexander Carr; *Mr. Bildocker*, William Demarest.

"CITY FOR CONQUEST"—WARNERS.—Screen play by John Wexley. From the novel by Aben Kandel. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Cast: *Danny Kenny*, James Cagney; *Peggy Nash*, Ann Sheridan; *"Old Timer"*, Frank Craven; *Scotty MacPherson*, Donald Crisp; *"Mull"*, Frank McHugh; *Eddie Kenny*, Arthur Kennedy; *"Pinky"*, George Tobias; *"Dutch"*, Jerome Cowan; *"Googie"*, Elia Kazan; *Murray Burns*, Anthony Quinn; *Glady's*, Lee Patrick; *Mrs. Nash*, Blanche Yurka; *"Goldie"*, George Lloyd; *Lilly*, Joyce Compton; *Max Leonard*, Thurston Hall; *Cobb*, Ben Welden; *Salesman*, John Arledge; *Gaul*, Ed Keane; *Doctor*, Selmer Jackson; *Doctor*, Joseph Crehan.

"DISPATCH FROM REUTER'S"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Milton Krims. From a story by Valentine Williams and Wolfgang Wilhelm. Directed by William Dieterle. Cast: *Julius Reuter*, Edward G. Robinson; *Ida Magnus*, Edna Best; *Max Stargardt*, Eddie Albert; *Sir Randolph*, Donald Crisp; *Franz Geller*, Albert Basserman; *Dr. Magnus*, Otto Kruger; *Bauer*, Gene Lockhart; *Delane*, Montagu Love; *Carew*, James Stephenson; *Ben Frey*, Paul Irving; *Bruce*, David Bruce; *Chemist*, Ed McWade; *Stein*, Egon Brecher; *Reingold*, Frank Reicher; *Reuter (age 13)*, Dickie Moore; *Stargardt (age 14)*, Billy Dawson.

"DOWN ARGENTINE WAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg. From the story by Rian James and Ralph Spence. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: *Ricardo Quintana*, Don Ameche; *Glenda Crawford*, Betty Grable; *Carmen Miranda*, Herself; *Binnie Crawford*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Casiano*, J. Carroll Naish; *Don Diego Quintana*, Henry Stephenson; *Helen Carson*, Katharine Aldridge; *Tito Acuna*, Leonid Kinskey; *Esteban*, Chris-Pin Martin; *Jimmy Blake*, Robert Conway; *Sebastian*, Gregory Gaye; *Panchito*, Bobby Stone; *Ambassador*, Charles Judels; *Willis Crawford*, Edward Fielding.

"HONEYMOON FOR THREE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Earl Baldwin, Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. From the play by Alan Scott and George Haight. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Kenneth Bixby*, George Brent; *Anne Rogers*, Ann Sheridan; *Harvey Wilson*, Charlie Ruggles; *Julie Wilson*, Osa Massen; *Elizabeth Clochesy*, Jane Wyman; *Arthur Westlake*, William T. Orr; *Mrs. Pettijohn*, Lee Patrick; *Chester T. Farrington III*, Johnny Downs; *Floyd Y. Ingram*, Herbert Anderson; *Lawyer*, George Campeau; *Lawyer*, Peter Ashley; *Bellboy*, Jerry Fletcher; *Maid*, Phyllis Kennedy.

"I'M STILL ALIVE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play and story by Edmund North. Directed by Irving Reis. Cast: *Steve Bonnett*, Kent Taylor; *Laura Marley*, Linda Hayes; *Red Garvey*, Howard de Silva; *Walter Blake*, Ralph Morgan; *Tommy Briggs*, Don Dillaway; *Directors*, Clay Clement and Fred Niblo.

"LADDIE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Bert Granet and Jerry Cady. From the novel by Gene Stratton-Porter. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: *Laddie*, Tim Holt; *Pamela*, Virginia Gilmore; *Sister*, Joan Carroll; *Mrs. Stanton*, Spring Byington; *Mr. Stanton*, Robert Barrat; *Mr. Pryor*, Miles Mander; *Bridgette*, Esther Dale; *Leon*, Sammy McKim; *Shelley*, Joan Brodel; *Sally*, Martha O'Driscoll; *Peter Dover*, Rand Brooks; *Mrs. Pryor*, Mary Forbes; *Robert Pryor*, Peter Cushing.

"LEATHERPUSHERS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Larry Rhine, Ben Chapman and Maxwell Shane. From the original story by Larry Rhine and Ben Chapman. Directed by John Rawlins. Cast: *Dick Roberts*, Richard Arlen; *Andy Adams*, Andy Devine; *Pat Danbury*, Horace MacMahon; *Pete*, Eddie Gribbon; *Slick Connolly*, Douglas Fowley; *Sluggo*, Shemp Howard; *Stevens*, Charles D. Brown; *Gianni*, Noble "Kid" Chisseli; *Tim Grogan*, Bill MacGowan.

"MARGIE"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story and screen play by Scott Darling and Erna Lazarus. Co-directed by Otis Garrett and Paul Gerard Smith. Cast: *Bert Howard*, Tom Brown; *"Margie"*, Howard, Nan Grey; *Ruth Langley*, Joy Hodges; *Gomez*, Mischa Auer; *Chauncey*, Edgar Kennedy; *Kenneth*, Allen Jenkins; *Joe*, Eddie Quillan; *Al*, Wally Vernon; *Dixon*, Richard Lane.

"MELODY AND MOONLIGHT"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Bradford Ropes. From the original story by David Silverstein. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: *Danny O'Brian*, Johnny Downs; *Adelaide Barnett*, Barbara Allen; *Abner Kellogg*, Jerry Colonna; *Kay Barnett*, Jane Frazee; *Ginger*, Mary Lee; *Bulch Reilly*, Frank Jenks; *Gloria*, Claire Carleton; *Otis Barnett*, Jonathan Hale; *Standish Prescott*, Marten Lamont.

"MEXICAN SPITFIRE OUT WEST"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Charles E. Roberts and Jack Townley. From the original story by Charles E. Roberts. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: *Carmelita*, Lupe Velez; *Uncle Mai* and *Lord Epping*, Leon Errol; *Dennis*, Donald Woods; *Aunt Della*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Chumley*, Cecil Kellaway; *Elizabeth*, Linda Hayes; *Lady Epping*, Lydia Bilbrook.

"MOON OVER BURMA"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Frank Wead, W. P. Lipscomb and Harry Clork. Based on a story by Wilson Collison. Directed by Louis King. Cast: *Arla Dean*, Dorothy Lamour; *Chuck Lane*, Robert Preston; *Bill Gordon*, Preston Foster; *Cynthia Harmon*, Doris Nolan; *Basil Renner*, Albert Basserman; *Stephen Harmon*, Cecil Kellaway; *Art Bryan*, Addison Richards.

"NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Alan Le May, Jesse Lasky Jr., and C. Gardner Sullivan. Produced and directed by Cecil B. De Mille. Cast: *Dusty Rivers*, Gary Cooper; *April Logan*, Madeleine Carroll; *Louville Corbeau*, Paulette Goddard; *Sergeant Jim Brel*, Preston Foster; *Jacques Corbeau*, George Bancroft; *Constable Ronnie Logan*, Robert Preston; *Dan Duroc*, Akim Tamiroff; *Tod McDuff*, Lynne Overman; *Louis Riel*, Francis McDonald; *Inspector Cabot*, Montagu Love; *Big Bear*, Walter Hampden; *Shorty*, Lon Chaney Jr.

"PHILADELPHIA STORY, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Based on the play by Philip Barry. Directed by George Cukor. Cast: *C. K. Dexter Haven*, Cary Grant; *Tracy Lord*, Katharine Hepburn; *Macaulay Connor*, James Stewart; *Elizabeth Imbrie*, Ruth Hussey; *George Killredge*, John Howard; *Uncle Willie*, Roland Young; *Seth Lord*, John Halliday; *Margaret Lord*, Mary Nash; *Dinah Lord*, Virginia Weidler; *Sidney Kidd*, Henry Daniell; *Edward*, Lionel Pape; *Thomas*, Rex Evans.

"QUEEN OF THE YUKON"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Joseph West. From the original story by Jack London. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: *Ace*, Charles Bickford; *Sadie*, Irene Rich; *Thorne*, Melvin Lang; *Grub*, George Cleveland; *Stake*, Guy Usher; *Helen*, June Carlson; *Bob*, Dave O'Brien; *Carson*, Tris Coffin.

"SKY MURDER"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by William R. Lipman. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Nick Carter*, Walter Pidgeon; *Bartholomew*, Donald Meek; *Pat Evans*, Karen Verne; *Corlind Grand*, Edward Ashley; *Christine Cross*, Joyce Compton; *Andrew Hendon*, Tom Conway; *Senator Monroe*, George Lessey; *Kalhe*, Dorothy Tree; *Dr. Cratlan*, Frank Reicher; *Sheriff Beckwith*, Chill Wills; *Judge Whitmore*, George Watts; *Kuse*, Byron Foulger; *Gus*, William Tannen; *Brook*, Milton Parsons; *Steve*, Tom Neal; *Brucker*, Lucien Prival.

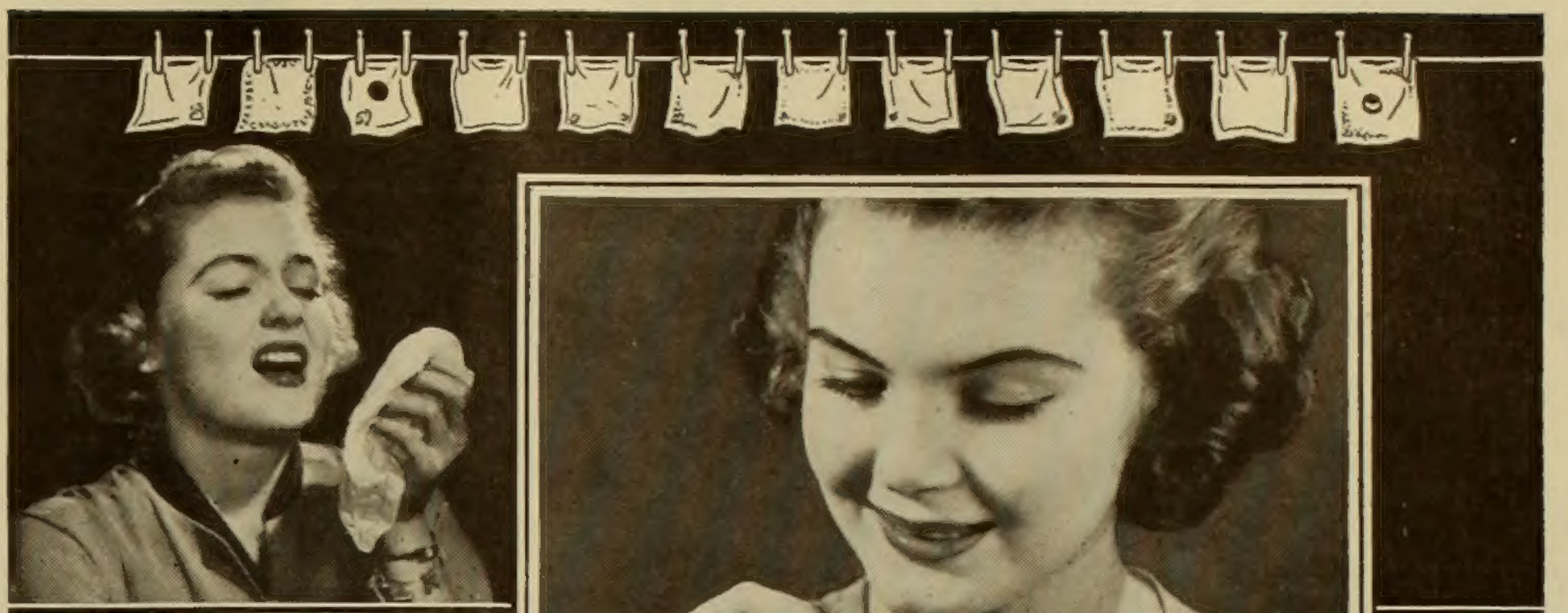
"SPRING PARADE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson. From the original story by Ernst Marischka. Directed by Henry Koster. Cast: *Ilonka Tolnay*, Deanna Durbin; *Harry Marten*, Robert Cummings; *Gustav*, Mischa Auer; *Max and Moritz*, Butch and Buddy; *Jenny*, Anne Gwynne; *Emperor Franz Josef*, Henry Stephenson; *Pept*, Walter Catlett; *Laci Teschek*, S. Z. Sakall; *Von Zimmerl*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Count Zorndorf*, Allyn Joslyn; *The Major*, Reginald Denny.

"STRIKE UP THE BAND"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by John Monks Jr., and Fred Finklehoffe. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Cast: *Jimmy Connors*, Mickey Rooney; *Mary Holden*, Judy Garland; *Paul Whiteman*, Himself; *Barbara Frances Morgan*, June Preisser; *Phillip Turner*, William Tracy; *Willie Brewster*, Larry Nunn; *Annie*, Margaret Early; *Mrs. Connors*, Ann Shoemaker; *Mr. Judd*, Francis Pierlot; *Mrs. May Holden*, Virginia Brissac; *Mr. Morgan*, George Lessey; *Mrs. Morgan*, Enid Bennett; *Doctor*, Howard Hickman; *Miss Hodges*, Sara Edwards; *Mr. Holden*, Milton Kibbee; *Mrs. Brewster*, Helen Jerome Eddy.

"WESTERNER, THE"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Jo Swerling and Niven Busch. Based upon an original story by Stuart Lake. Directed by William Wyler. Cast: *Cole Harden*, Gary Cooper; *Judge Roy Bean*, Walter Brennan; *Caliphel Mathews*, Fred Stone; *Jane-Elle Mathews*, Doris Davenport; *Wade Harper*, Forrest Tucker; *Lily Langtry*, Lillian Bond; *Chickenfoot*, Paul Hurst; *Southeast*, Chill Wills; *Mort Borrow*, Charles Halton; *King Evans*, Tom Tyler; *Teresita*, Lupita Tovar; *Bart Cobble*, Dana Andrews; *Juan Gomez*, Julian Rivero; *Homesteader*, Roger Gray; *2nd Homesteader*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Shad Wilkins*, Trevor Burdette.

"WYOMING"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Jack Jevne and Hugo Butler. From the original story by Jack Jevne. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: *"Reb"*, Harkness, Wallace Beery; *Pete Marillo*, Leo Carrillo; *Lucy Kincaid*, Ann Rutherford; *Sergeant Connelly*, Lee Bowman; *John Buckley*, Joseph Calleia; *Jimmy Kincaid*, Bobs Watson; *General Custer*, Paul Kelly; *Mehitable*, Marjorie Main; *Sheriff*, Henry Travers.

"YOUTH WILL BE SERVED"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Wanda Tuckock. From the story by Ruth Fasken and Hilda Vincent. Directed by Otto Brower. Cast: *Eadie-May*, Jane Withers; *Supervisor Stormer*, Jane Darwell; *Dr. Bob*, Robert Conway; *Pamela*, Elyse Knox; *Benjy*, Joe Brown Jr.; *Clem Howie*, John Qualen; *Ephraim*, Charles Holland; *Lisbeth*, Lillian Porter; *Miss Bradshaw*, Clara Blandick; *Rufus Britt*, Tully Marshall; *CCC Major*, Edwin Stanley; *Lily*, Mildred Gover; *Mr. Hewitt*, Richard Lane; *Sheriff*, Cy Kendall; *Buck Miller*, James Flavin; *Dan McKay*, Eddie Marr; *Henrietta McNutt*, Claire Du Brey.



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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ HIRED WIFE—Universal

Secretary Rosalind Russell adores boss Brian Aherne, but he prefers blondes like Virginia Bruce. Roz maneuvers Brian into marriage for business reasons only and Robert Benchley and John Carroll contribute handsomely to the ensuing fun. (Nov.)

HOLD THAT WOMAN—Producers' Releasing Corporation

James Dunn, as a "skip-tracer," has his troubles tracking down people who renege on their installment payments. Frances Gifford is the girl of his heart. Unpretentious and very light romance. (Oct.)

★ HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA, THE — Frank Lloyd-Columbia

The screen version of "Tree of Liberty" is truly great, covering the Revolutionary War magnificently, as well as the marital troubles of Colonial backwoodsman Cary Grant and Virginia lady Martha Scott. A "must" in any filmgoer's history notebook, with a cast including Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Richard Carlson (as Thomas Jefferson). (Nov.)

★ I LOVE YOU AGAIN—M-G-M

Welcome back to that beloved Loy-Powell team! Bill's hilarious as a small-town stuffed shirt who recovers from amnesia to discover he was once a crook—and wants to be again! Myrna is the wife he's been boring to death and Frank McHugh is his old partner in crime. It'll keep you in stitches. (Oct.)

I MARRIED ADVENTURE—Osa Johnson-Columbia release

Martin and Osa Johnson's remarkable travel films are woven into an exciting and also humorous real-life drama of their adventurous life together. (Nov.)

I'M NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW—Universal

The parents of Dennis O'Keefe and Helen Parrish want them to marry, but the youngsters themselves have other ideas—mainly about Constance Moore and Lewis Howard. Surprisingly good fun. (Oct.)

★ I WANT A DIVORCE—Paramount

Dick Powell's and Joan Blondell's first co-starring drama presents them as a young couple who marry but don't live happily ever after. The breakup of sister Gloria Dickson's marriage casts a shadow over Joan's life and Dick's career as a society lawyer doesn't help any. Sincere presentation of divorce evils. (Sept.)

★ KIT CARSON—Small-United Artists

Splendid pioneer melodrama in the "Stage-coach" tradition, this time about the perils of a wagon train being led through savage Shoshone Indian territory by Carson (Jon Hall) and John C. Fremont (Dana Andrews), who are both in love with Lynn Bari. (Nov.)

LADIES MUST LIVE—Warners

Unpretentious story about a millionaire farm boy (Wayne Morris) who plans to marry a nightclub singer (Rosemary Lane) until his buddy (Roscoe Karns) interferes. Some funny situations, though. (Nov.)

★ LADY IN QUESTION, THE—Columbia

Brian Aherne, as a shop owner on jury duty, acquits Rita Hayworth of murder and brings her home under an assumed name. Complications ensue when son Glenn Ford falls in love with her and the mystery comes up again. A fine, sincere job all around. (Oct.)

★ LUCKY PARTNERS—RKO-Radio

Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman go halves on a sweepstakes ticket and take a platonic honeymoon to Niagara Falls with their winnings—to the consternation of fiancé Jack Carson. Ultrasophisticated, not too plausible, but good entertainment. (Nov.)

★ MAN I MARRIED, THE—20th Century-Fox

Joan Bennett tries to keep an open mind when husband Francis Lederer goes to Germany—but gives up when he turns Nazi and tries to take her son away. Lloyd Nolan is the friend in need. Exciting indeed, and it even has moments of humor. (Oct.)

MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH, THE—Warners

Well-done but dated underworld melodrama presenting George Brent as an unscrupulous lawyer. Secretary Virginia Bruce and brother William Lundigan try to win him back to the straight and narrow. (Oct.)

★ MARYLAND—20th Century-Fox

Technicolor drama based on Fay Bainter's life-long attempt to keep her son, John Payne, from dangerous riding. But her real love of horses is in his blood and, aided and abetted by Brenda Joyce and her grandfather, Walter Brennan, John eventually rides in a steeplechase. The whole cast is engaging and more than competent and the result is an exciting, heart-warming picture. (Sept.)

MEN AGAINST THE SKY—RKO-Radio

Richard Dix stars as a grounded aviator who can't give up his passion for either flying or liquor. Sister Wendy Barrie helps him put over a plane invention. Edmund Lowe and Kent Taylor round out an unusually good cast for an unassuming film. (Nov.)

MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON—RKO-Radio

At last, a prison picture without a single jail break or frame-up. There's considerable comedy in

the spectacle of five pompous wealthy men adapting themselves to penitentiary discipline. Lee Tracy is a big shot who helps Truman Bradley carry out important medical experiments. Virginia Vale and Linda Hayes provide the romantic interest. Novel entertainment. (Sept.)

MONEY AND THE WOMAN—Warners

Nothing unusual, only excellent performances by Roger Pryor as a bank cashier, Brenda Marshall as his wife who learns that he's been embezzling, and Jeffrey Lynn as the man she really loves who tries to cover up the crime. Not very exciting. (Oct.)

★ MORTAL STORM, THE—M-G-M

The screen version of Phyllis Bottome's novel loses none of its bitter impact. Frank Morgan is splendid as the German university professor who becomes a Nazi victim. But so are Margaret Sullavan, as his daughter, and Jimmy Stewart as the young idealist she loves. You won't like this powerful tragedy, but you can't afford to miss it if you want to know what's going on in the cinema. (Sept.)

★ MY LOVE CAME BACK—Warners

Olivia de Havilland, as a poor young violinist, innocently accepts the attentions and help of wealthy Charles Winninger and the latter's office manager (Jeffrey Lynn) is among the many who misunderstand the philanthropy behind it all. All three prove themselves delightful comedians—as, indeed, does everyone in the cast. Romantic comedy at its best and most refreshing. (Sept.)

★ NEW MOON—M-G-M

But no new plot. However, that won't bother anybody, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy at their very best both musically and pictorially, handsome pre-French Revolutionary settings in New Orleans (remember "Naughty Marietta"?), good comedy and—well, anything you can think of in the way of glamour and excitement! (Sept.)

NO TIME FOR COMEDY—Warners

James Stewart does well, concocting sophisticated comedies for actress-wife Rosalind Russell to star in, until Genevieve Tobin persuades him he ought to write serious plays with a message. An excellent cast throughout, without much to work with. (Nov.)

OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS—Columbia

Edith Fellows and her mother, Dorothy Peterson, have their hands full with the younger members of their family in this latest addition to their series, which has them all trying to reform their drunken uncle, Victor Kilian. Mainly for children. (Sept.)

★ PASTOR HALL—James Roosevelt-United Artists

Most powerful indictment of Nazism yet is this British production based on Pastor Niemöller's case. Wilfrid Lawson is superb as the crusading minister thrust into a German concentration camp of unspeakable brutality. (Oct.)

PIER 13—20th Century-Fox

Lynn Bari is extra-good as a cocky waterfront cafe owner, Lloyd Nolan is honestly amusing as a hard-working policeman and the result is better-than-average "cops and robbers" fare. (Nov.)

POP ALWAYS PAYS—RKO-Radio

Leon Errol is the papa who objects to Dennis O'Keefe's marrying his daughter, Adele Pearce. But he promises his consent and \$1000 if Dennis can raise a like sum. Dennis does—and Pop's attempts to pay off make up the picture, to the tune of much hearty laughter. (Sept.)

PRAIRIE LAW—RKO-Radio

You'll like this picture, if you have a weakness for Westerns. Starring George O'Brien, supported by Virginia Vale and Slim Whitaker, it is an extra good one with plenty of action, romance sincere enough to pluck at your heartstrings and some appealing cowboy music.

★ PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—M-G-M

Full justice has been done the beloved Jane Austen novel, with Greer Garson ideal as the heroine with a mind of her own and Laurence Olivier just right as her arrogant suitor. It has plenty of Old World charm—not to mention such shining characters as Maureen O'Sullivan, Edmund Gwenn, Edna May Oliver, Mary Boland and many others—but is long and slow for the average movie-goer. (Sept.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Universal

When hardheaded Grandpa Montagu Love won't let her marry Robert Cummings, Nancy Kelly flees the social purlieus of Boston to seek help from Papa Roland Young, the family outcast. Papa comes to the rescue with taxi-driver Hugh Herbert and the resultant antics provide fair entertainment. (Sept.)

★ RANGERS OF FORTUNE—Paramount

Fred MacMurray (ex-West Pointer), Albert Dekker (ex-pugilist) and Gilbert Roland (Mexican bad man) are a swashbuckling sagebrush trio who come to the rescue of pretty Patricia Morison and little Betty Brewer. Exciting and amusing. (Nov.)

★ RHYTHM ON THE RIVER—Paramount

A comedy with music that has everything, plus a swell story that presents Bing Crosby and Mary Martin as a pair of song-writers who "ghost" for Basil Rathbone until they strike out on their own to find success. Top-notch songs and Oscar Levant's own special brand of comedy. (Nov.)

RIVER'S END—Warners

Mistaken-identity stuff with Dennis Morgan playing both an alleged murderer and the Canadian "mountie" who tracks him down. A good cast, with Elizabeth Earl as the girl, and some rousing action. (Nov.)

★ QUEEN OF DESTINY—RKO-Radio

Another magnificent portrayal of Queen Victoria by Anna Neagle, and another perfect performance by Anton Walbrook as Prince Albert. Herbert Wilcox's fine direction and the gorgeous Technicolor help make this a great, though episodic, picture. (Oct.)

QUEEN OF THE MOB—Paramount

Another melodramatic sock from J. Edgar Hoover's true stories in "Persons in Hiding." This time it follows the criminal career of Ma Webster (superbly played by Blanche Yurka) and her devil's brood. Ralph Bellamy is excellent as the G-man and Jimmy Cagney's sister Jean makes a brief but auspicious appearance. (Sept.)

★ RAMPARTS WE WATCH, THE—March of Time—RKO-Radio

There's a modern message in this impartial documentary feature showing what happened to typical American families before and during the first World War. A sincere and generally engrossing job, enacted in real-life settings by mainly non-professional players. (Oct.)

★ RETURN OF FRANK JAMES, THE—20th Century-Fox

Once again Henry Fonda plays the famed desperado, avenging Jesse's death and determined to finance the enterprise at the expense of the railroad he blames for all their troubles. Girl reporter Gene Tierney is heart interest and Jackie Cooper adds to the excitement. He-man drama in Technicolor. (Oct.)

SAILOR'S LADY—20th Century-Fox

One-year-old Bruce Hampton steals what little plot there is, as a baby Nancy Kelly wants to adopt, to the consternation of her sailor fiancé, Jon Hall. The whole navy gets mixed up. (Oct.)



Photoplay does something quick, as per two letters on page 4: Broderick Crawford in the role of Bob Dalton from "When The Daltons Rode"

SCATTERBRAIN—Republic

Make no mistake—Judy Canova is a star to be reckoned with in this broad but rollicking and melodious travesty on Hollywood. She's a yodeling farm girl signed up by director Alan Mowbray, who tries to get out of the contract—with comic results. (Oct.)

★ SEA HAWK, THE—Warners

Swashbuckling drama of Elizabethan days in the best Errol Flynn-Rafael Sabatini tradition. Flynn is a pirate bold whose exploits endear him to the Queen (Flora Robson) until he falls in love with Brenda Marshall and runs afoul of the Spanish Armada. (Sept.)

SING, DANCE, PLENTY HOT—Republic

Johnny Downs and Ruth Terry use all their quite considerable talents to pull a charity show out of the red. Fairly entertaining. (Oct.)

SLIGHTLY TEMPTED—Universal

Hugh Herbert "woo-woo's" his way through this as a gay kleptomaniac whose lack of conscience agonizes daughter Peggy Moran, engaged to Johnny Downs. (Oct.)

★ SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO—Edward Small-United Artists

Haunting beauty distinguishes a familiar story of white man's greed vs. South Seas generosity. Victor McLaglen plays the ruthless trader. He's abetted by bad girl Frances Farmer, who breaks up the romance between natives Jon Hall and Olympe Bradna before finding salvation. (Oct.)

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M

Horse-racing drama with a strong dash of romance. Robert Young, outcast horse owner, is in love with Lynne Carver but compromises on her sister, Maureen O'Sullivan. Together they set out to rehabilitate his reputation among fellow Virginians. (Oct.)

STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR—RKO-Radio

Picture Peter Lorre as a homicidal maniac, John McGuire as a reporter who accuses the wrong man of murder and then finds himself in the same spot and Margaret Tallichet as the fiancée who discovers the real criminal! Suspense galore. (Nov.)

STREET OF MEMORIES—20th Century-Fox

Sincerity of direction and acting (by newcomers John McGuire and Lynne Roberts) and a grand tramp portrayal by Guy Kibbee give a new twist to the old amnesia formula, in which a rich man's son falls in love with a poor girl before he remembers who he is. (Sept.)

★ TEXAS RANGERS RIDE AGAIN—Paramount

In up-to-the-minute radio cars, they (meaning John Howard and Broderick Crawford) come to the rescue of ranch-owner May Robson, menaced by cattle thieves and upset by daughter Ellen Drew. Fast and funny. (Oct.)

★ THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT—Warners

Ann Sheridan, George Raft and Humphrey Bogart are all excellent in this stirring, down-to-earth tale of truck drivers and their wives, but it's Ida Lupino—as a murder-minded dame—who gives the standout performance. You see, Ida's in love with George, but George loves Ann—all of which spells dynamite. (Sept.)

★ TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS—RKO-Radio

The English classic emerges as a masterly blend of tears and laughter, with Jimmy Lydon outstanding in the title role. Story's about Jimmy's attempts to adjust himself to school life, under the kindly eye of headmaster Cedric Hardwicke and against the plots of bully Billy Halop and foppish Freddie Bartholomew. Not for sophisticates, but just right for everyone else. (Sept.)

VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER, THE—RKO-Radio

He is Alan Mowbray. She is Anita Louise, faithful till death-to-us-part to her drunken husband, Richard Cromwell. Mortgages, mustachios 'n' everything! Here's your chance to hiss the villain and cheer the heroine. (Oct.)

WAGONS WESTWARD—Republic

More ambitious than most Westerns, this offers Chester Morris as twin brothers—a peace officer and a blackguard. Ona Munson and Anita Louise, dance-hall girls, are the two requisite sweethearts. (Oct.)

WE WHO ARE YOUNG—M-G-M

Another unassuming saga of young-marrieds, broke and despairing over the coming of a baby—noticeable, however, for the work of Lana Turner and John Shelton. (Oct.)

★ WHEN THE DALTONS RODE—Universal

Rip-snorting outlaw stuff, with Broderick Crawford magnificent as head bandit. Brian Donlevy, Stuart Erwin and Frank Albertson are the other brothers, with honest Randolph Scott and Kay Francis carrying the romance. Suspense, humor, thrills. (Oct.)

WILDCAT BUS—RKO-Radio

Fay Wray and her father, Oscar O'Shea, operate a cross-country bus line under difficulties. Implausible story, implausibly acted—though Paul Guilfoyle is fine and Charles Lang shows promise as the hero. (Nov.)

★ YOUNG PEOPLE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple proves herself a wonderful trouper, as do Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood, as a trio of vaudevillians who aren't accepted in the small town where they settle down. George Montgomery and Arleen Whelan provide love and support. Hokum, but pretty good. (Oct.)

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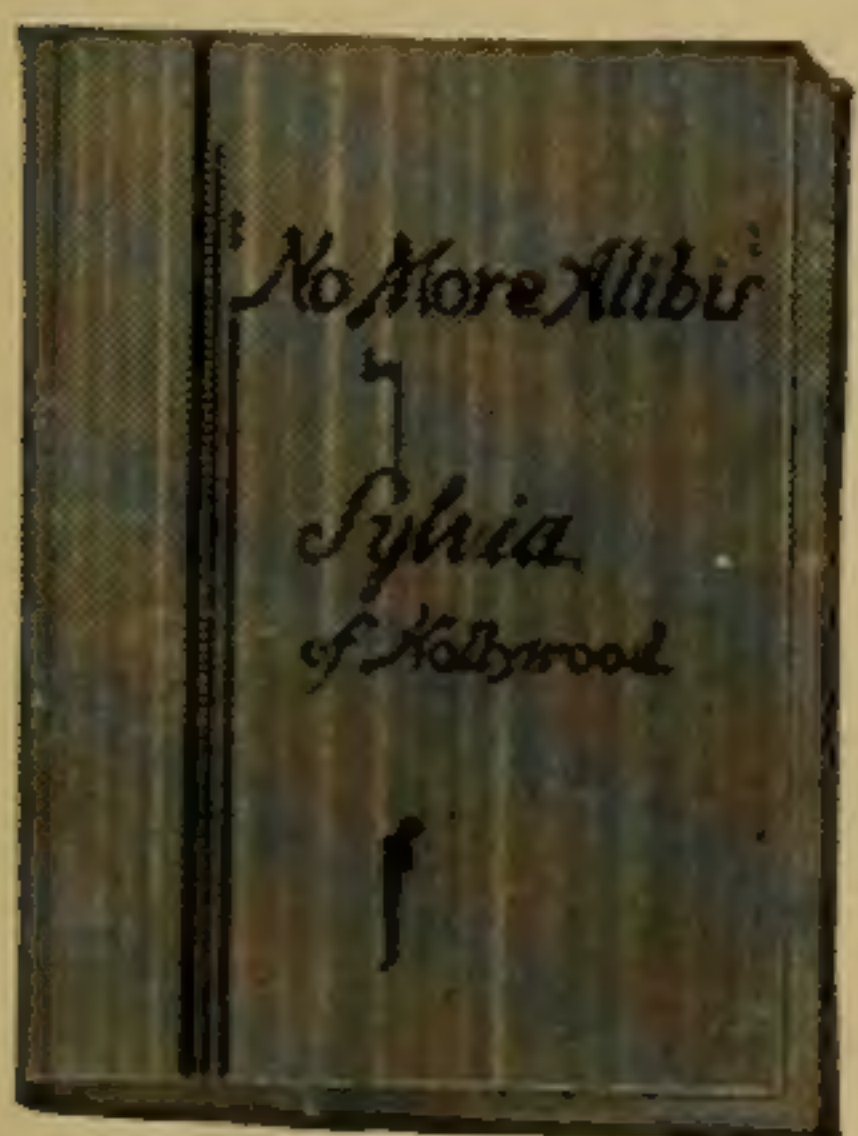
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By Sylvia of Hollywood

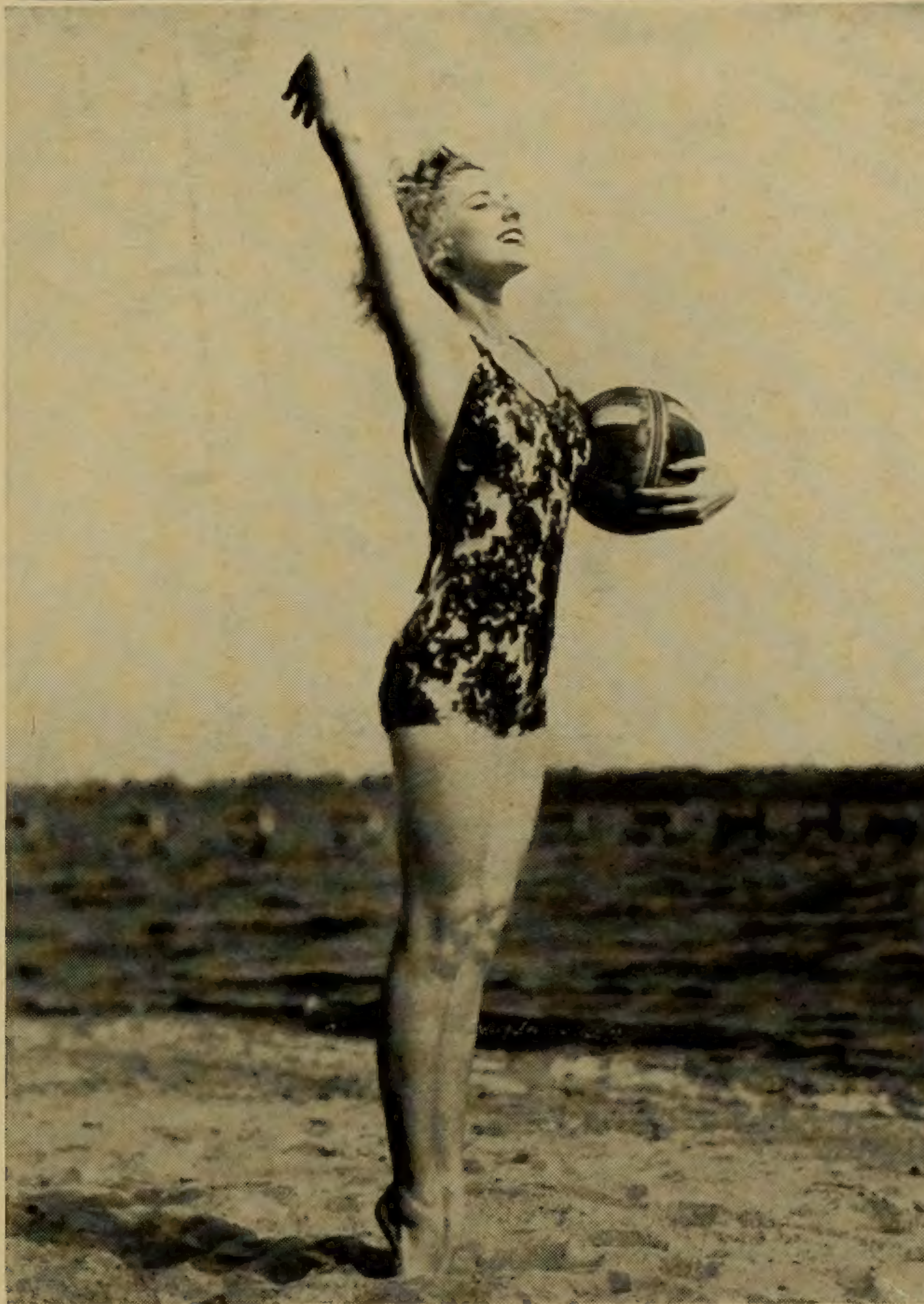
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